

DYNAMIC

COMICS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
DEC
NO. 2
10¢

FEATURING
DYNAMIC MAN
and
DYNAMIC BOY



**MAJOR
VICTORY**

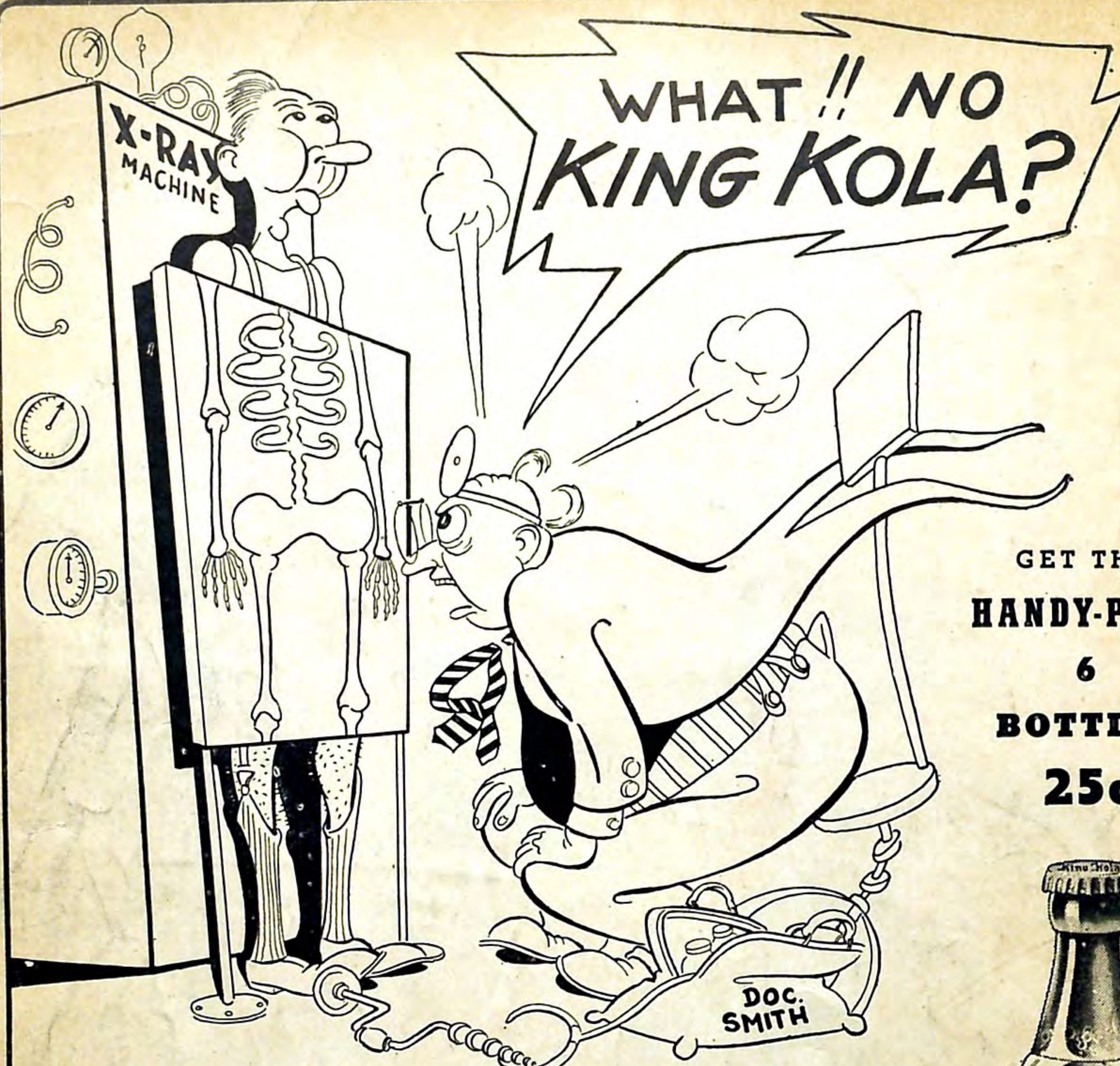
A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.
**WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS**

**LADY
SATAN**

"K-9"

**LUCKY
COYNE**

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



GET THE
HANDY-PACK
6
BOTTLES
25c

IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢
2 FULL GLASSES
AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS

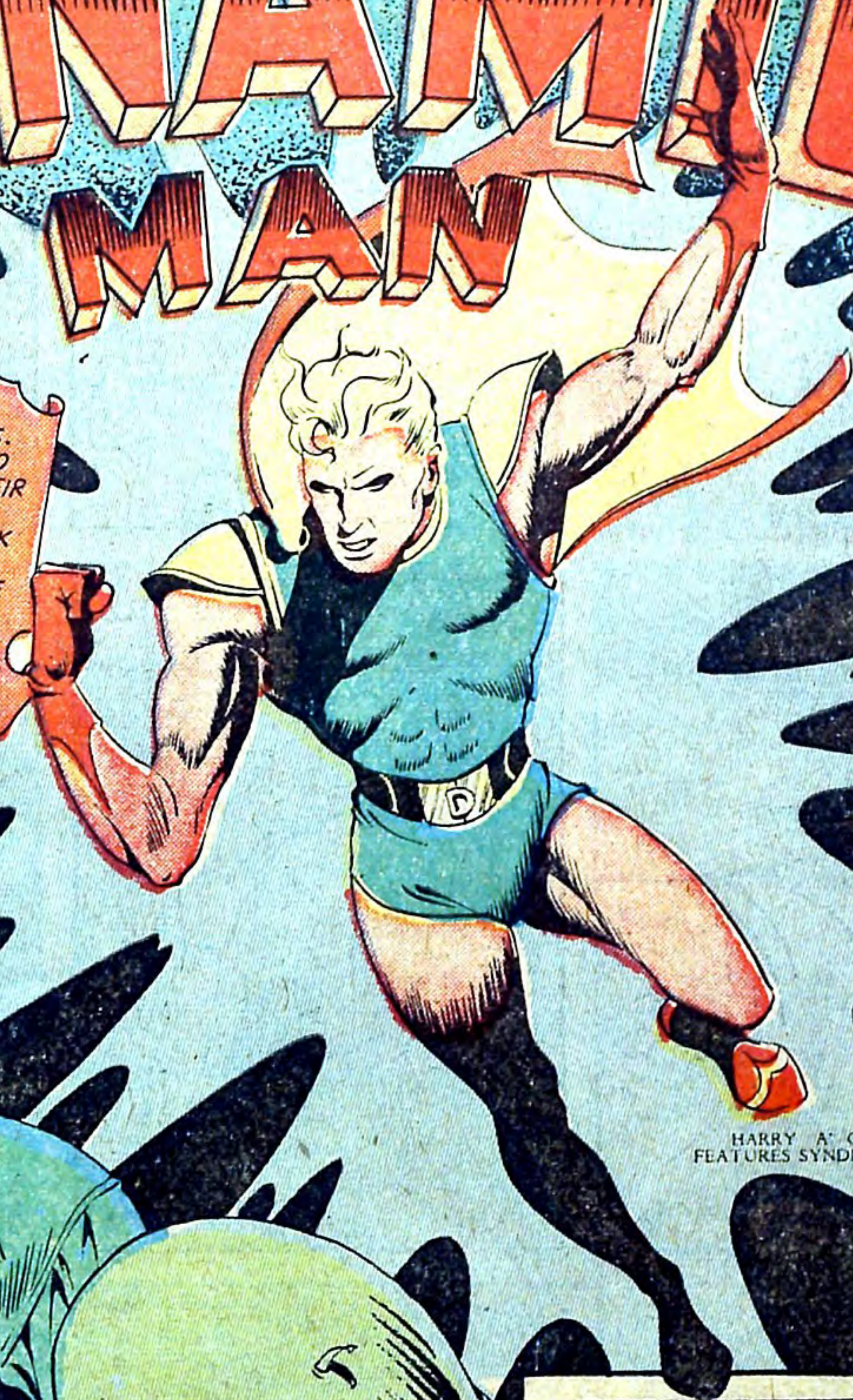
FIRST for THIRST
King Kola
SODA-LICIOUS



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

DYNAMIC MAN

OUT OF THE NIGHT CAME THESE STRANGE NOMADS. THEIR CREED WAS OBEDIENCE TO THE MAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE THEIR KING. HIS HOLD ON THEM WAS WELDED IN BLOOD... BUT IT TOOK THE POWER OF THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN TO SMASH THE HOLD AND SET A MISTREATED PEOPLE FREE.



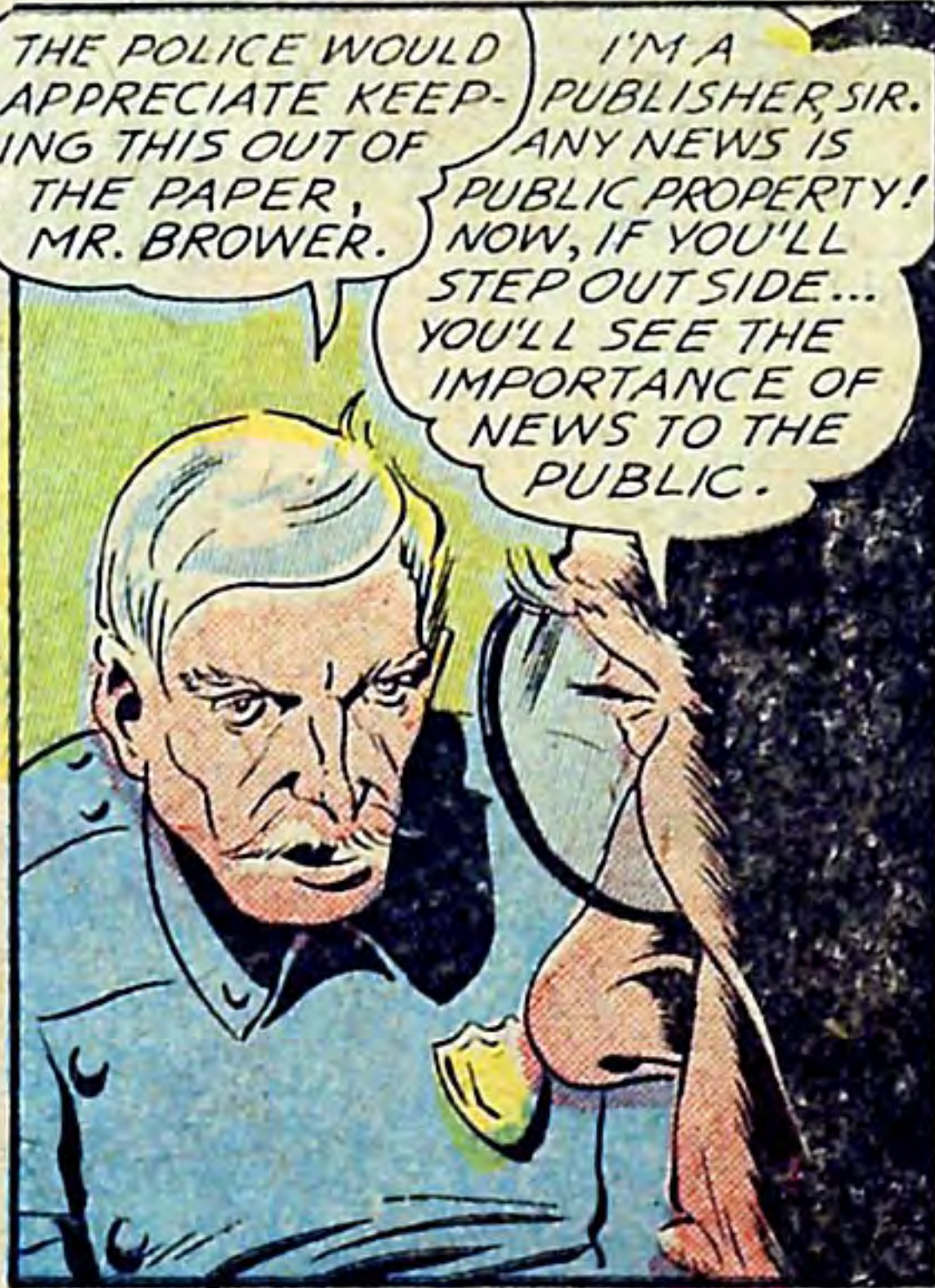
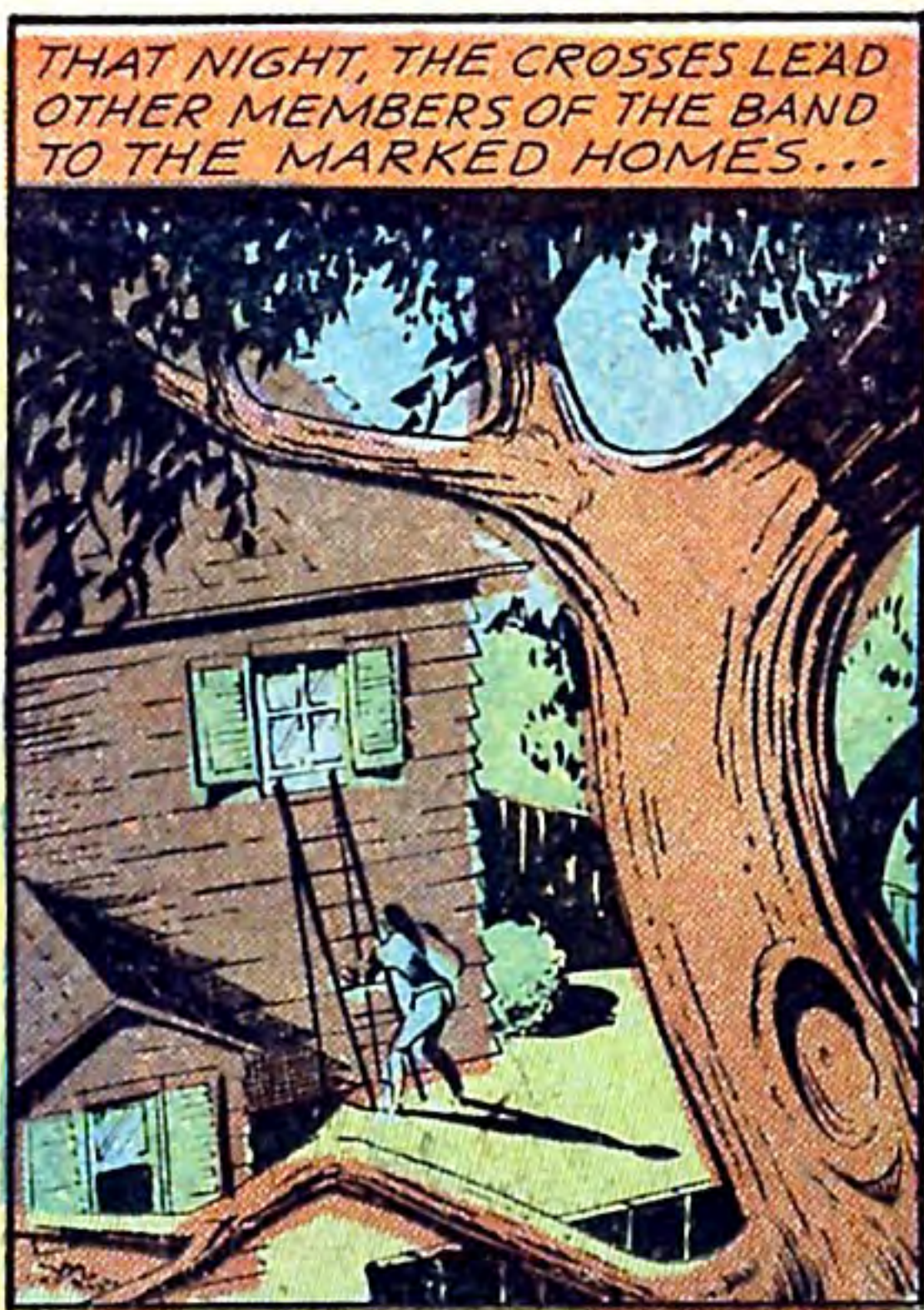
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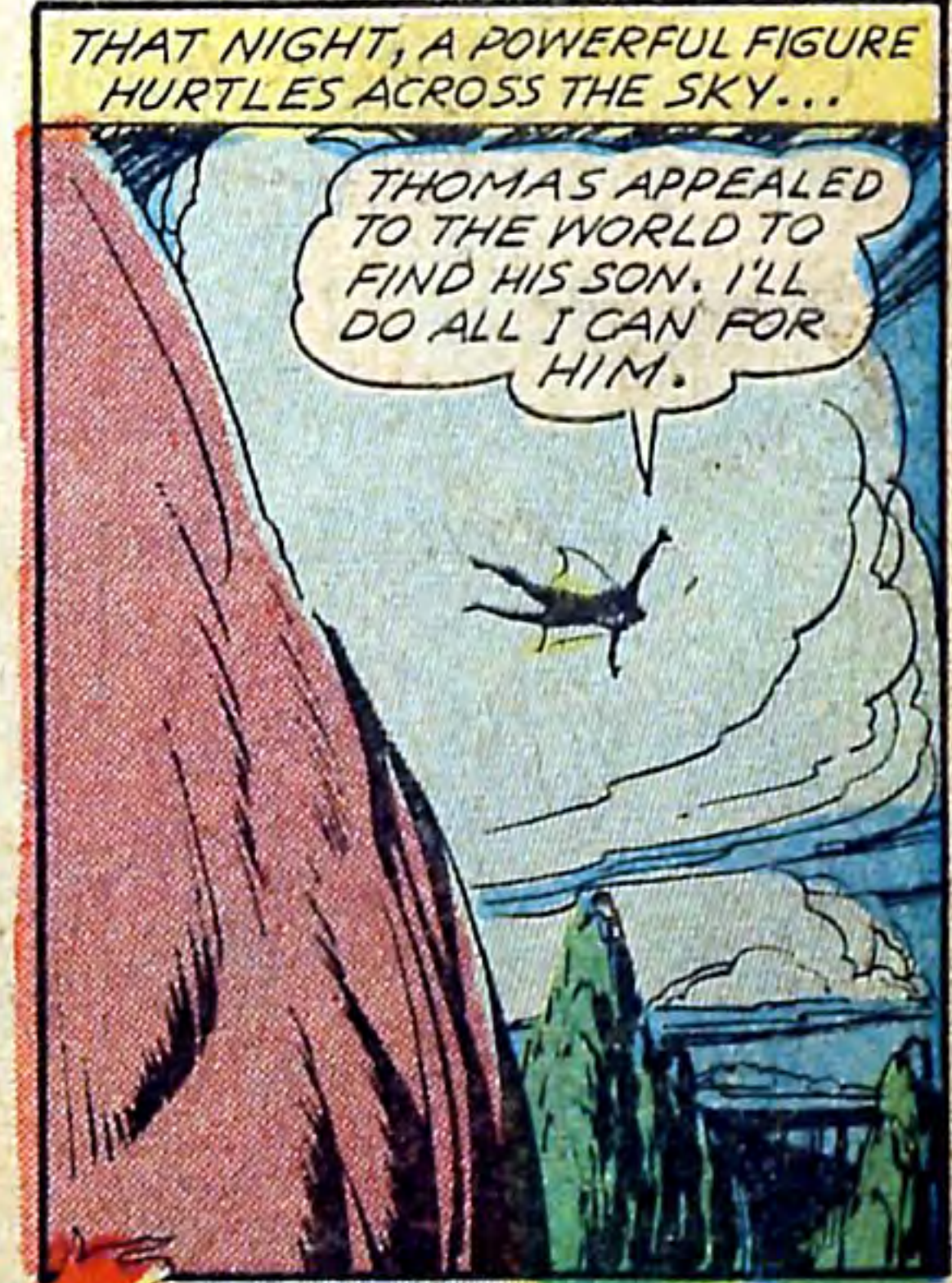


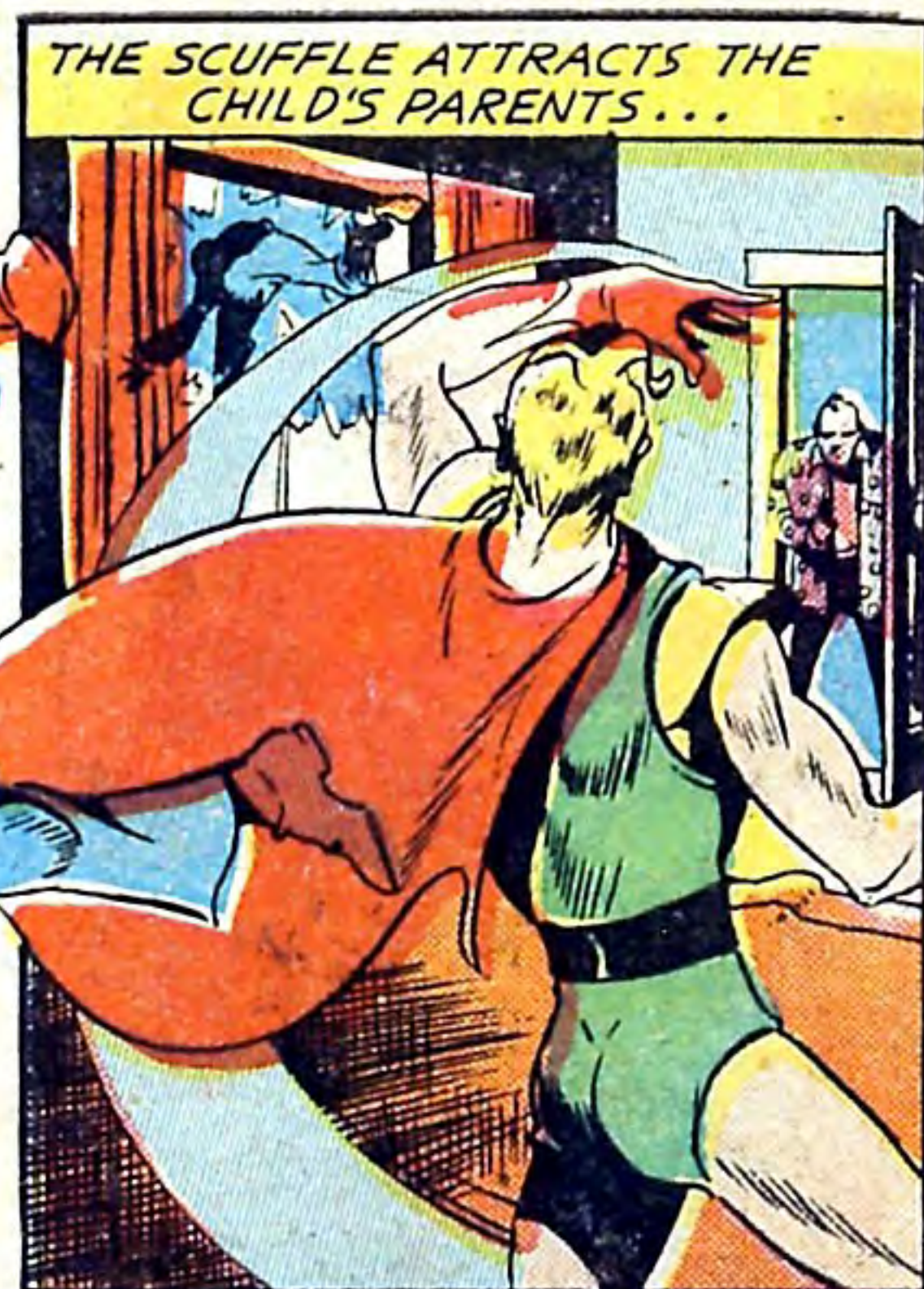
NIGHT,
AT A
WANDERING
GYPSY
CAMP,
WHERE ONLY
THE WOODS
OVERHEAR
THE
MUFFLED
VOICES.

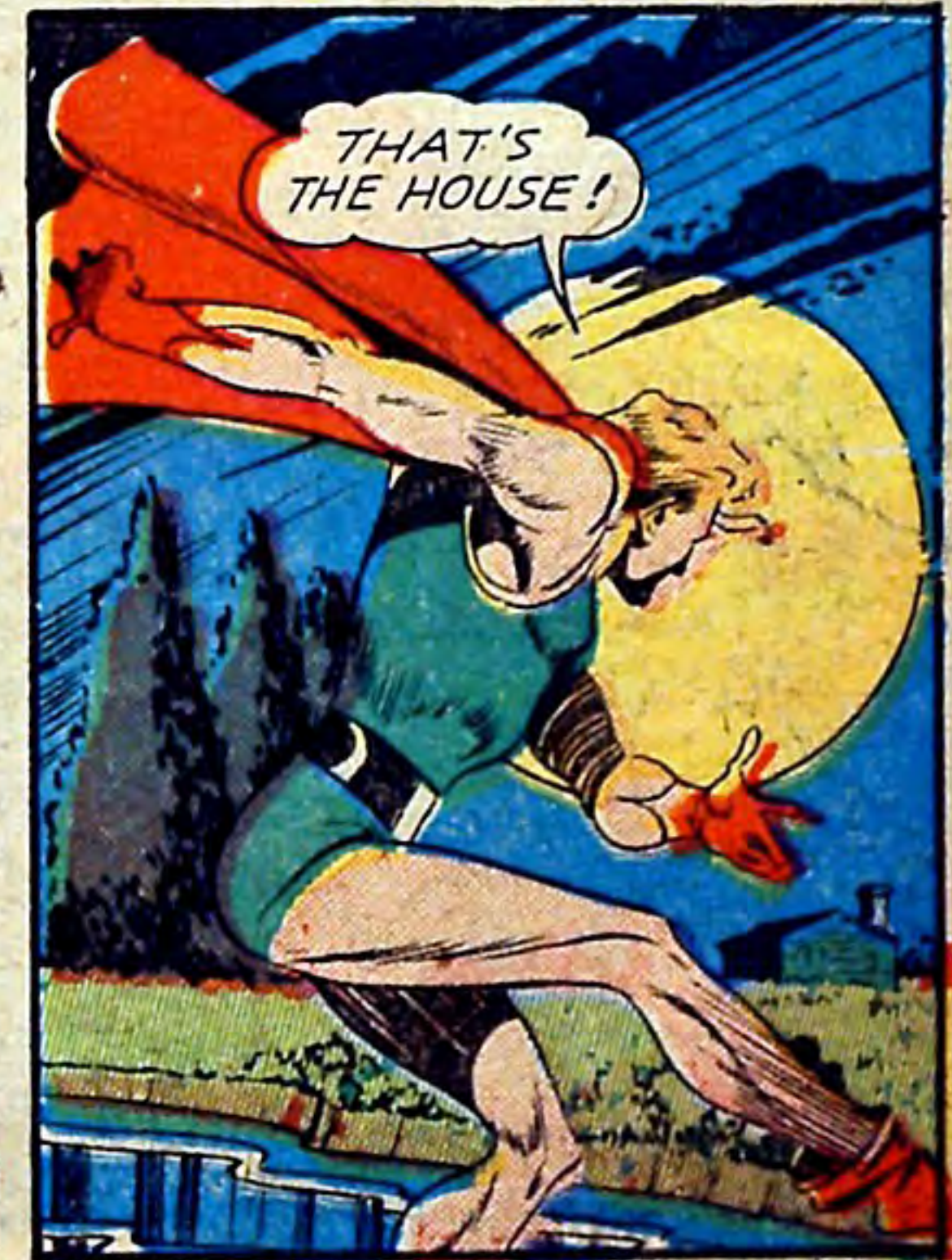
I AM YOUR KING!
YOUR TRIBE WILL
OBEY ME OR THE
CURSE WILL BE
RENEWED.

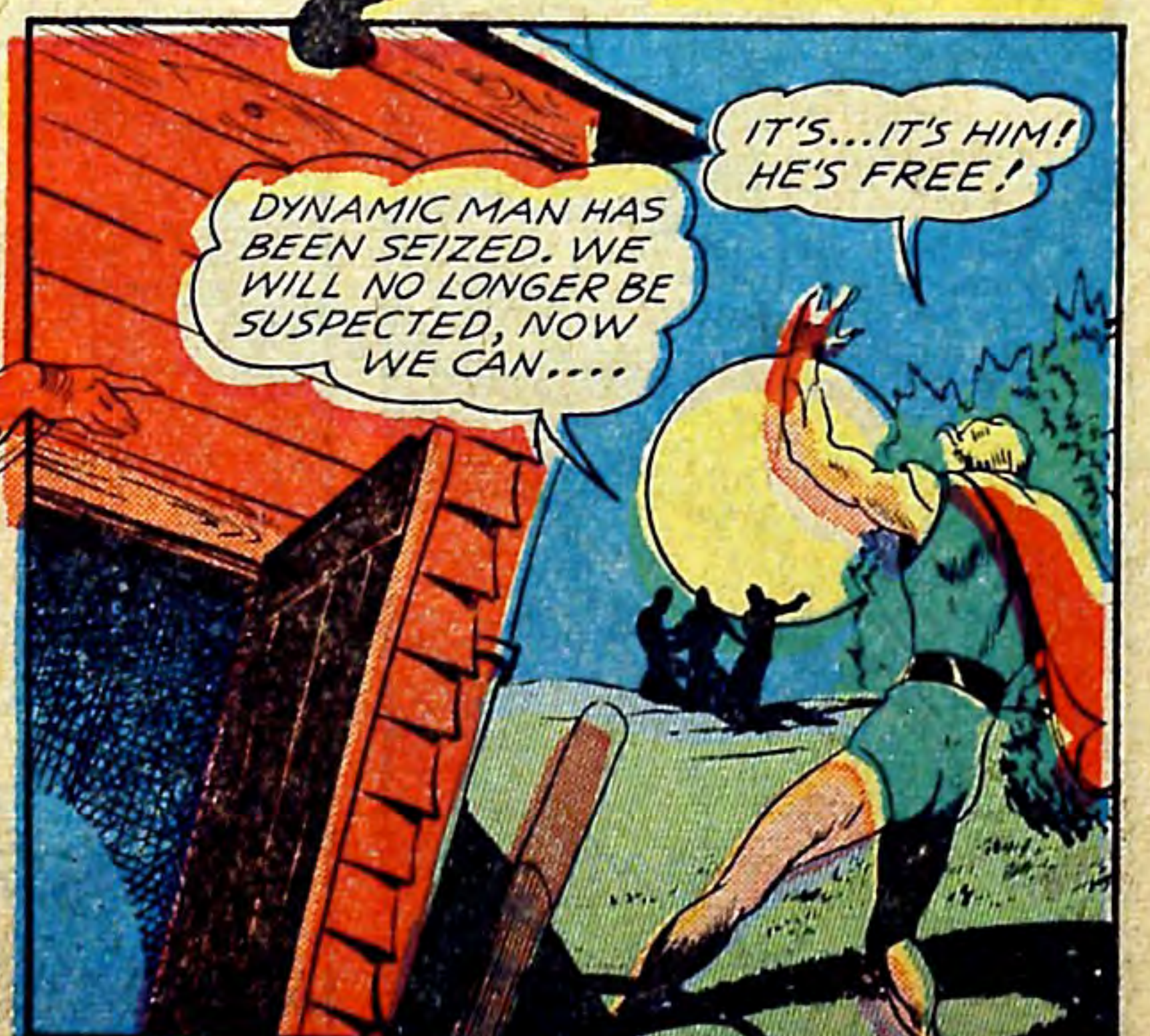
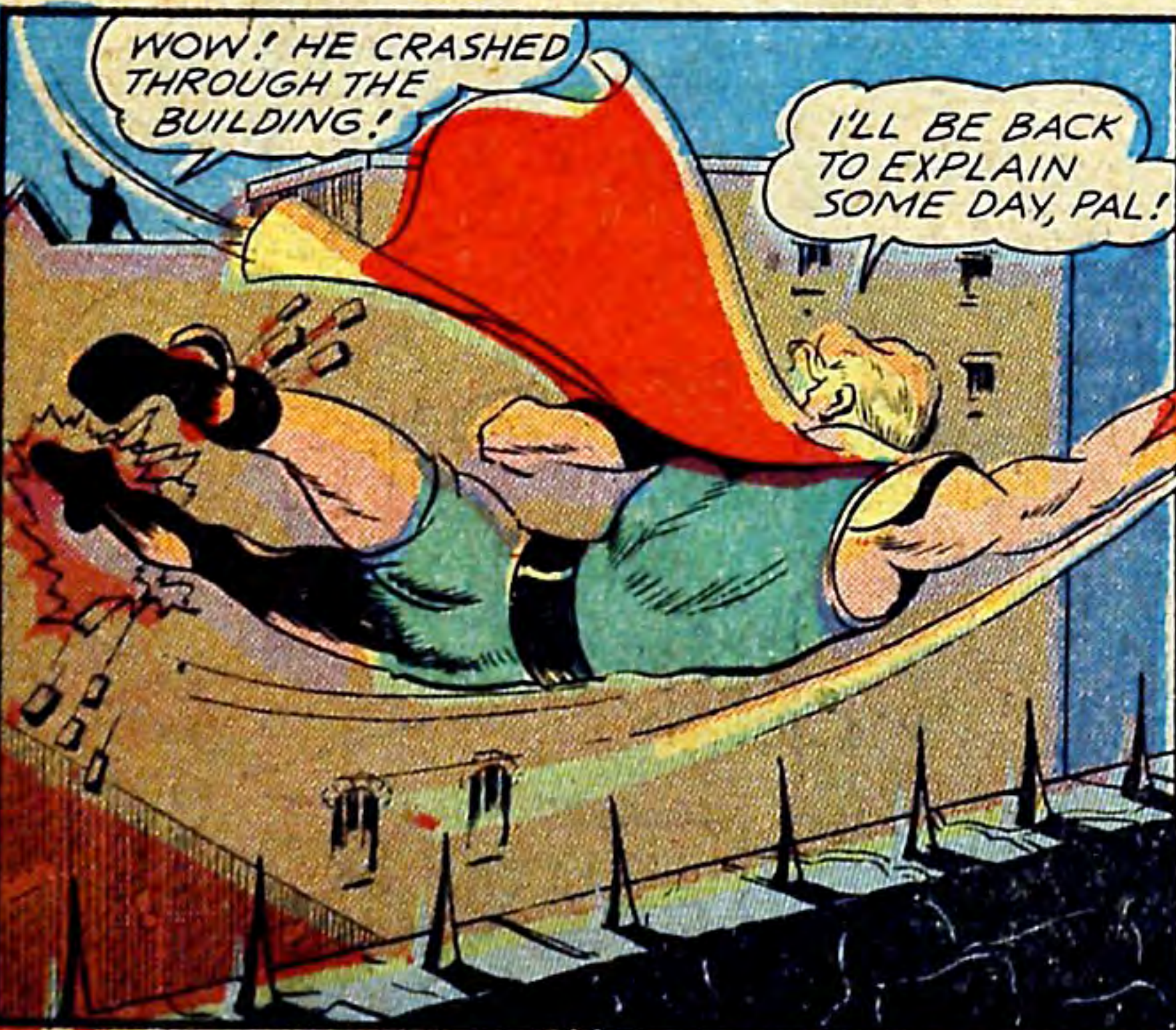
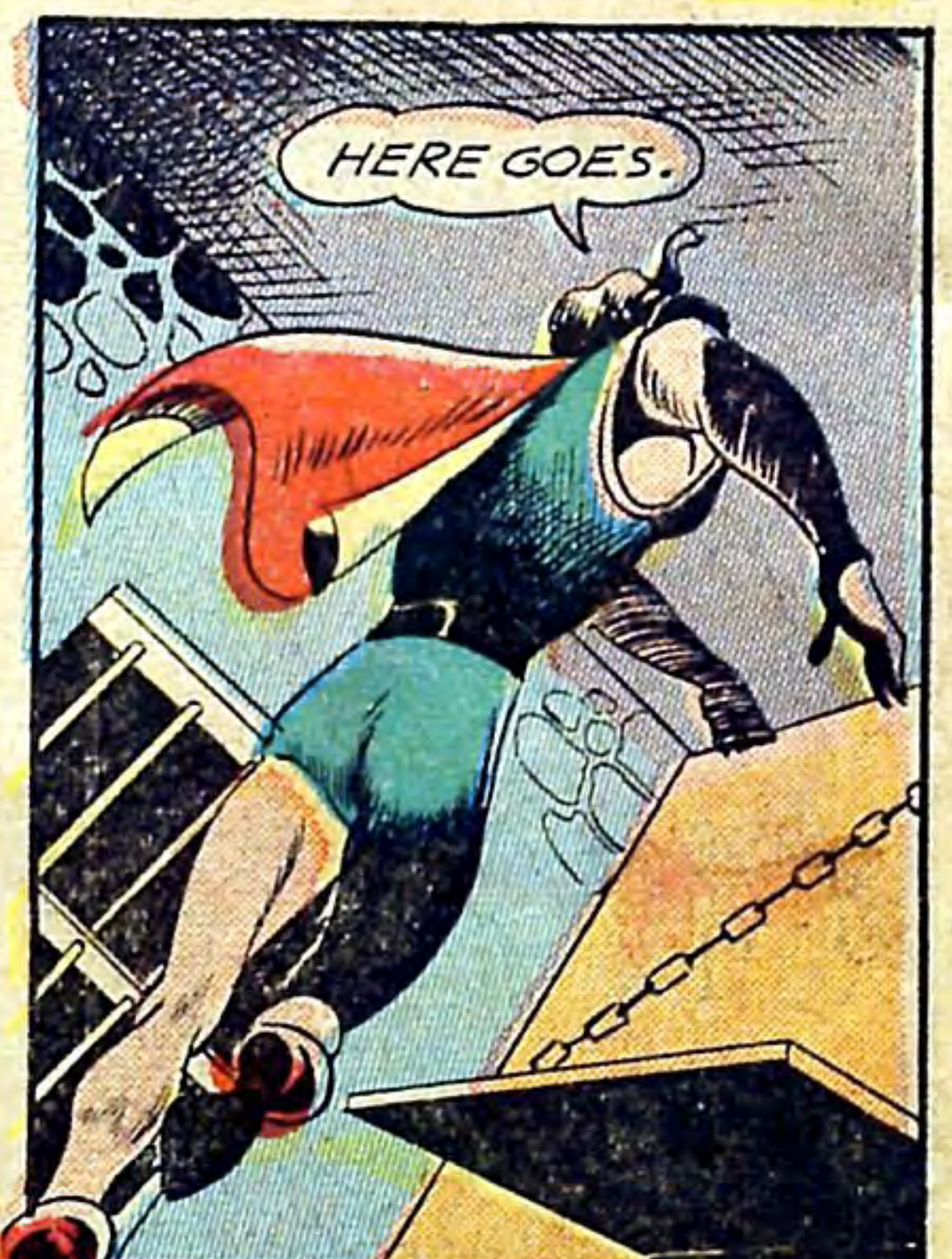


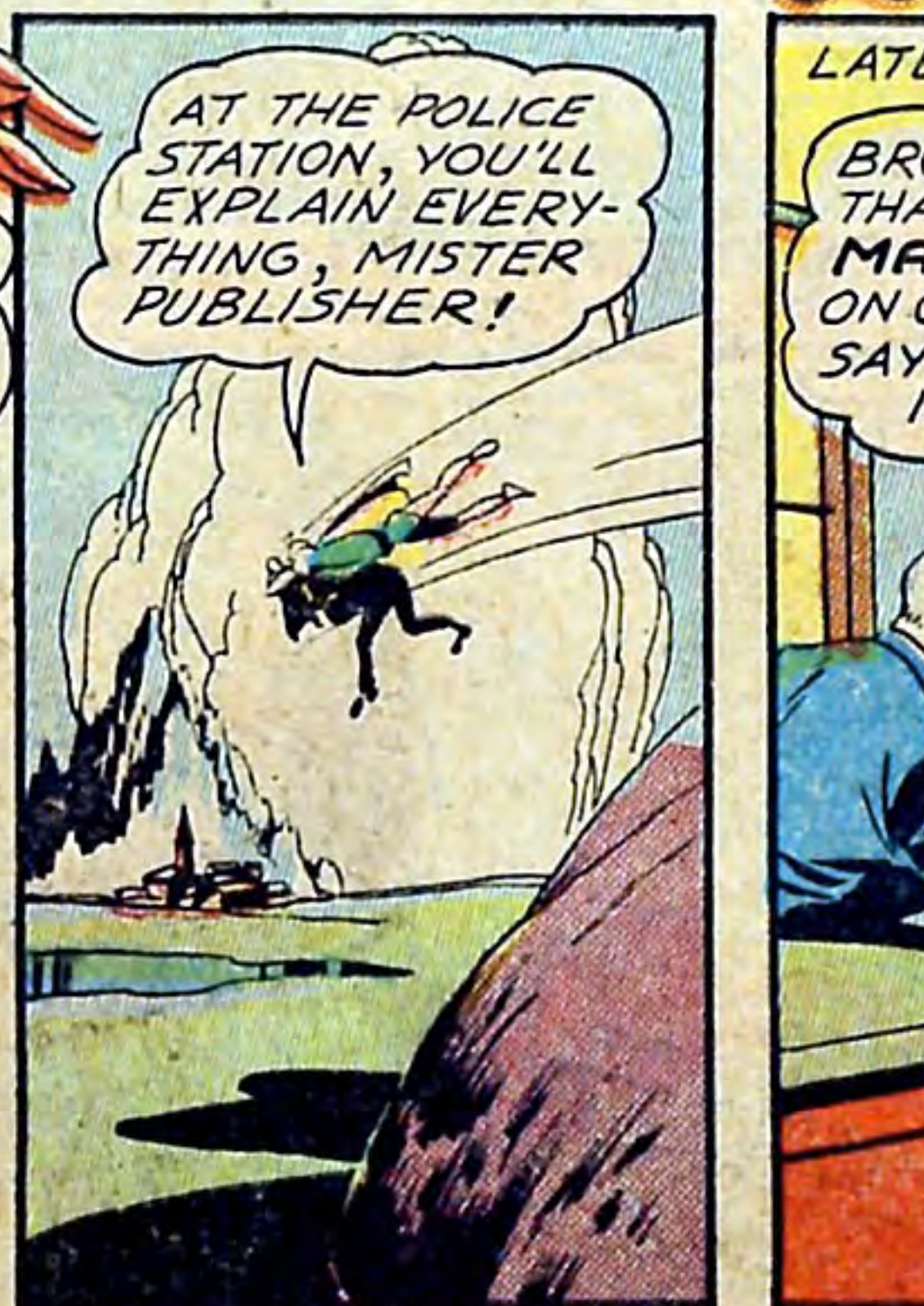




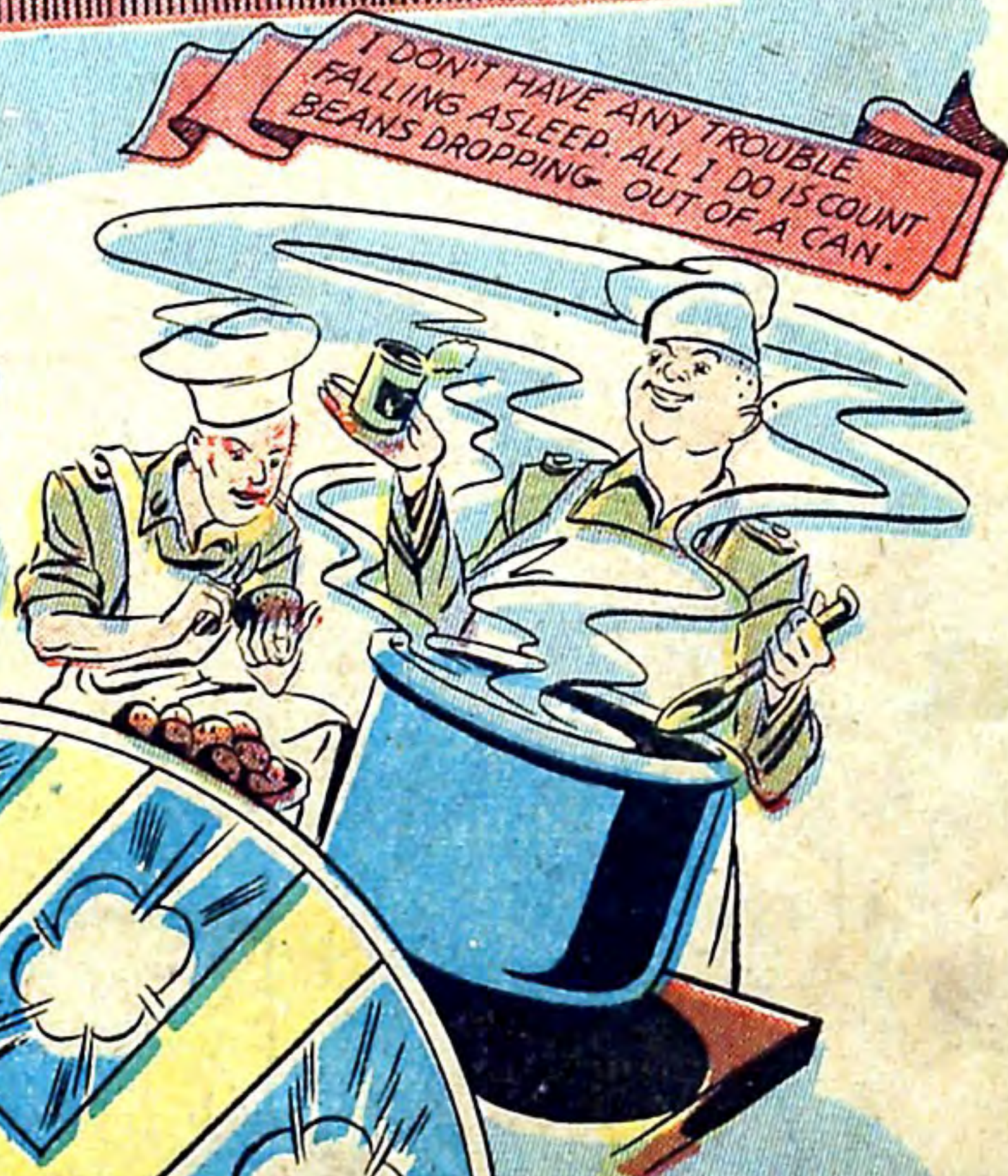
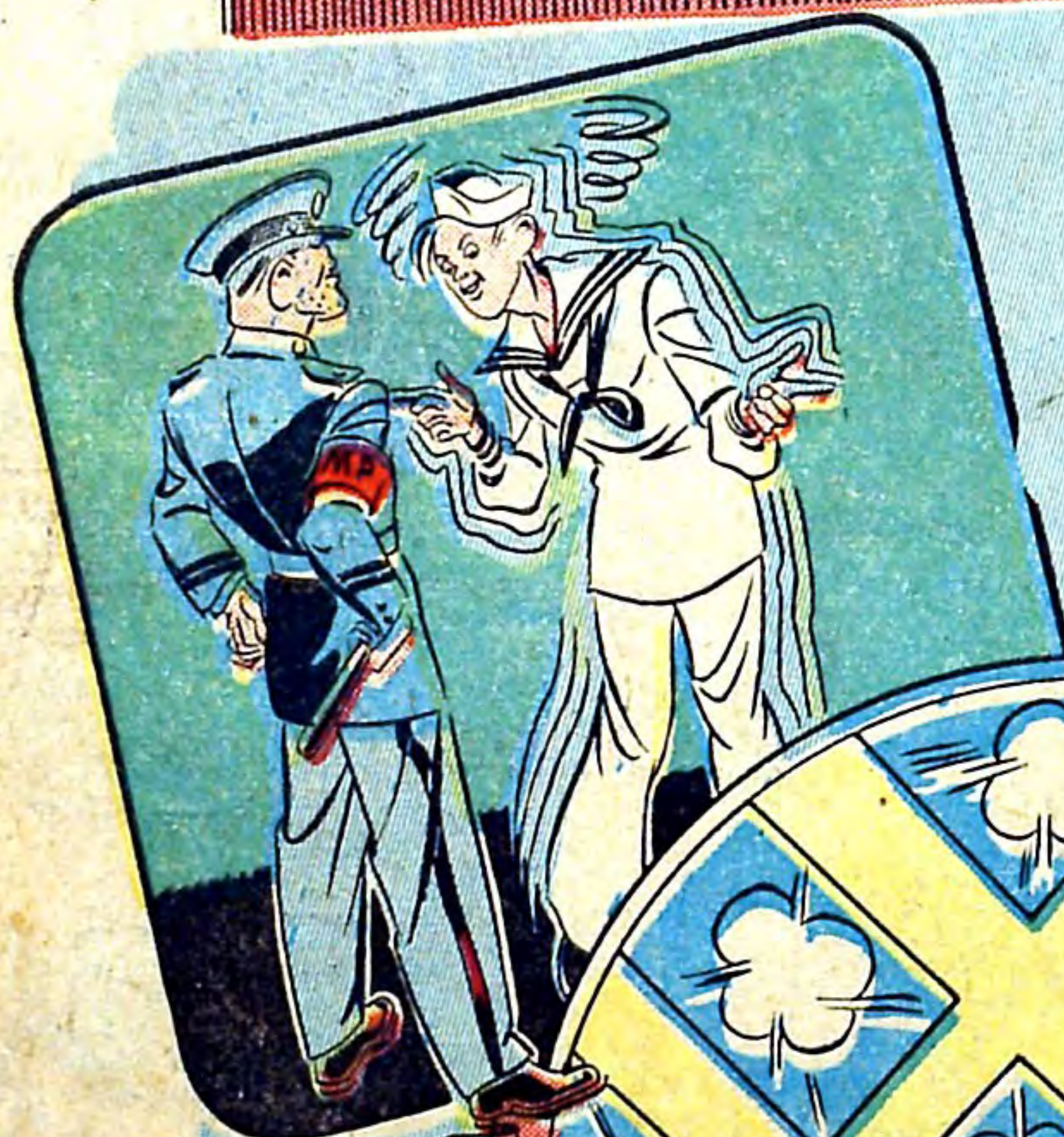






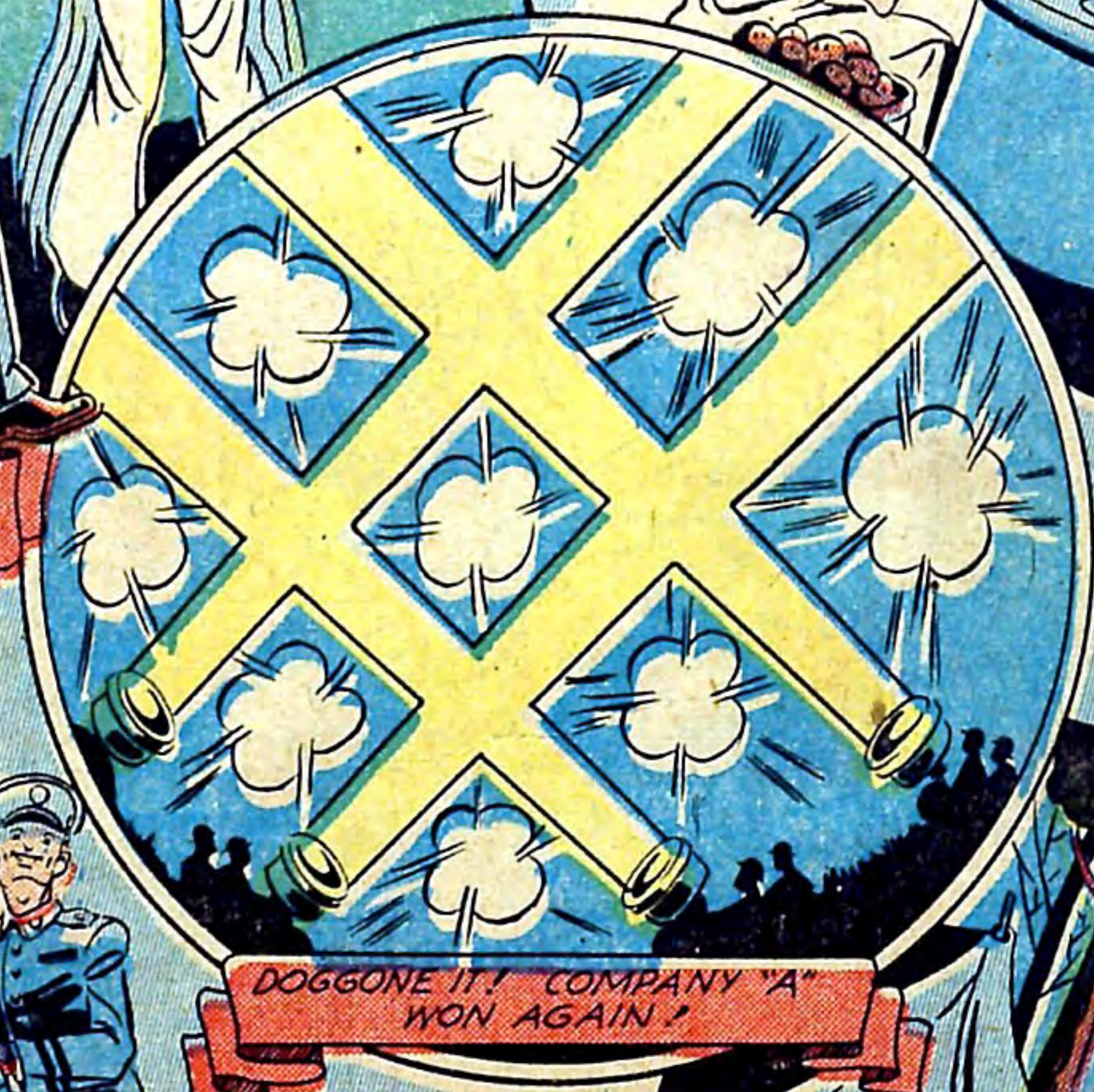


Tell it to the... MARINES

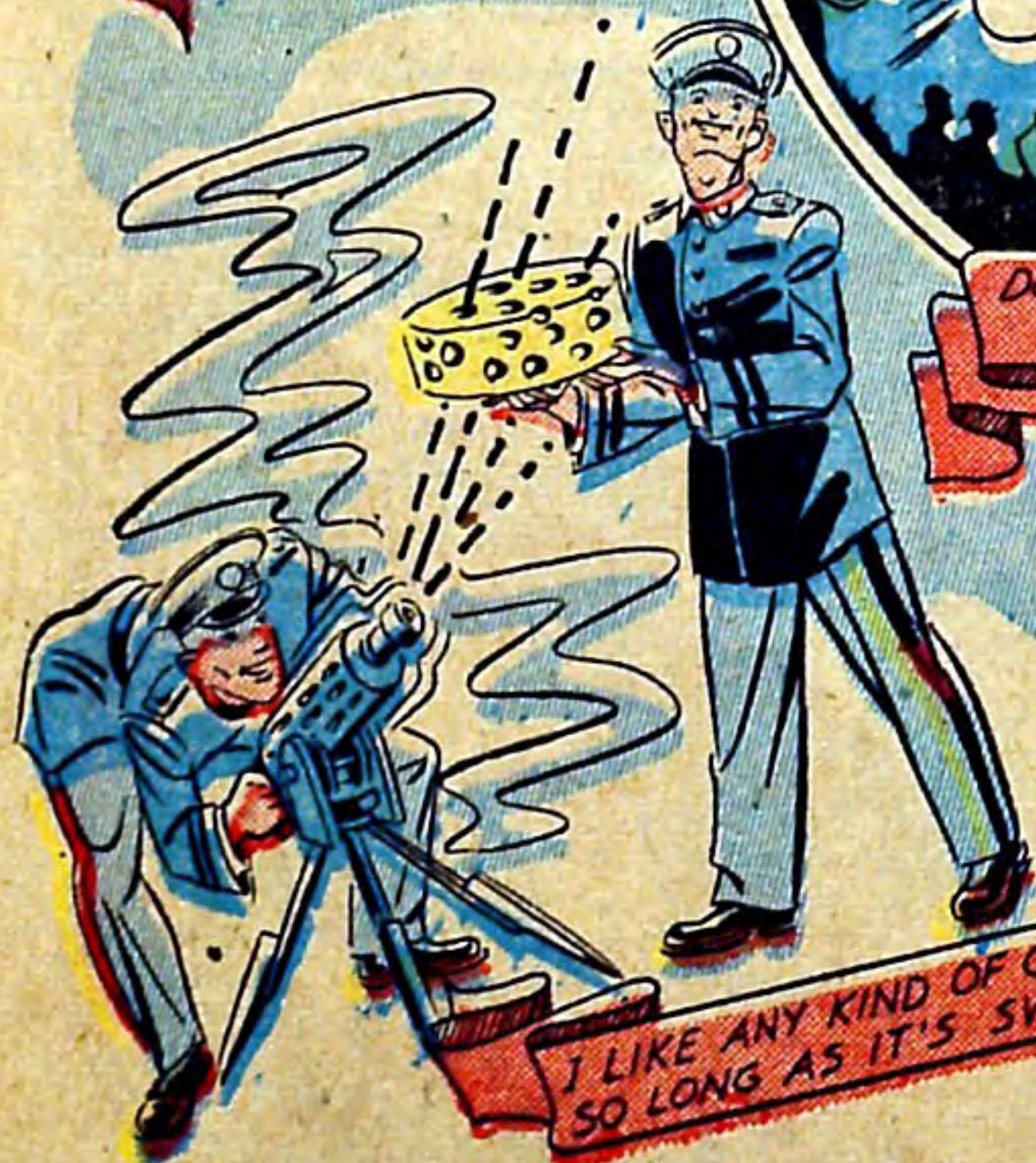


I AINT DRUNK, ORSHIFEE...
I JES' CAUGHT THE BLIND
STAGGERS FROM A HORSH!

HEY, JOE... SOMEBODY'S
GIVIN' ME A HOTFOOT!



DOGGONE IT! COMPANY "A"
WON AGAIN!



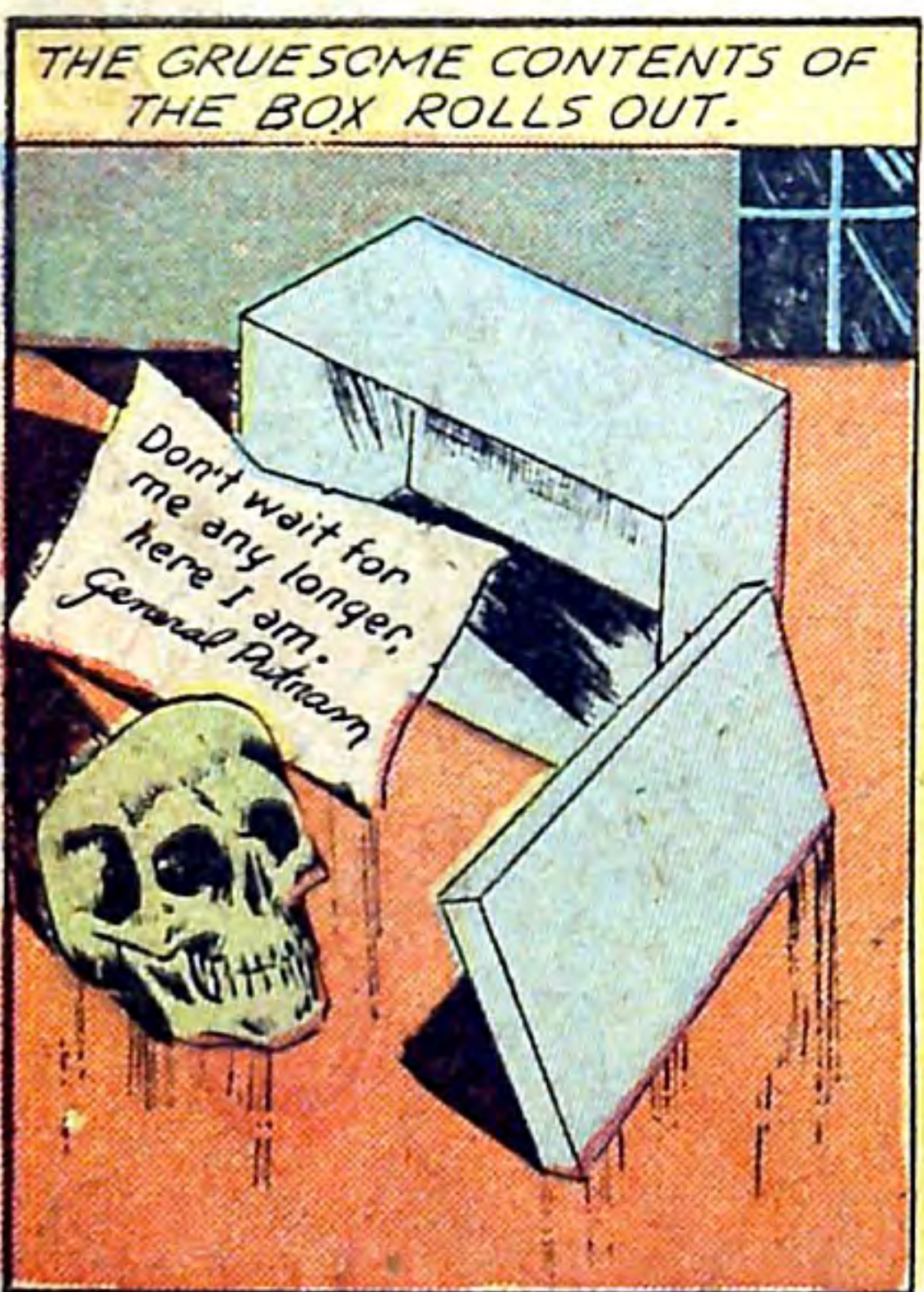
I LIKE ANY KIND OF CHEESE...
SO LONG AS IT'S SWISS!

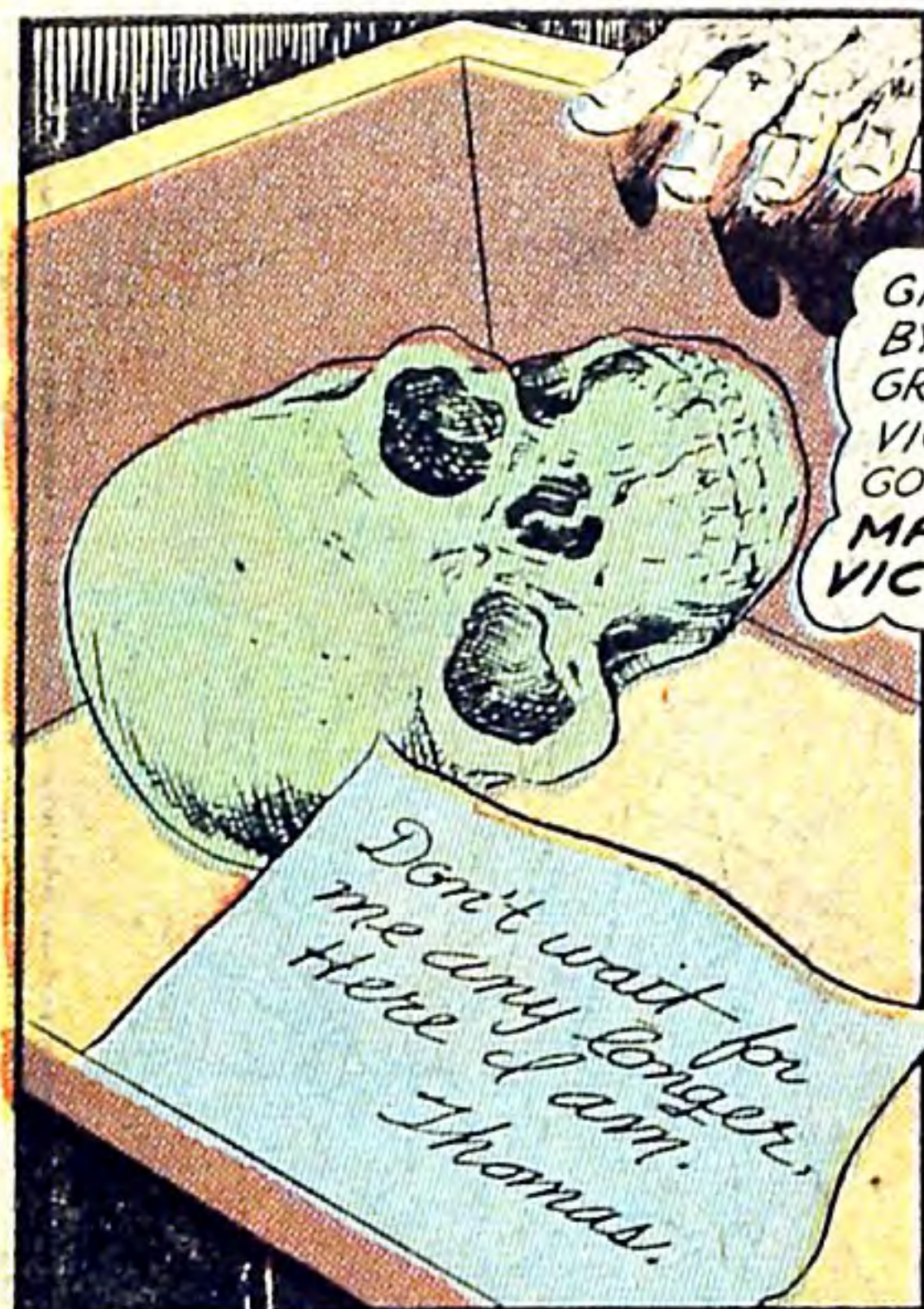


Major Victory

The
MYSTERY
OF THE
HUMAN
SKULLS







AS A GREAT NATION TREMBLES UNDER THE SPELL OF A SERIES OF GHASTLY DEATHS. FATHER PATRIOT SUMMONS HIS MIGHTY DEFENDER.

GREAT MEN ARE BEING MURDERED BY A DEVILISH FIEND...THE COUNTRY GROWS WEAK. 'TIS TIME FOR A VICTORY... GO FORTH, MAJOR VICTORY!



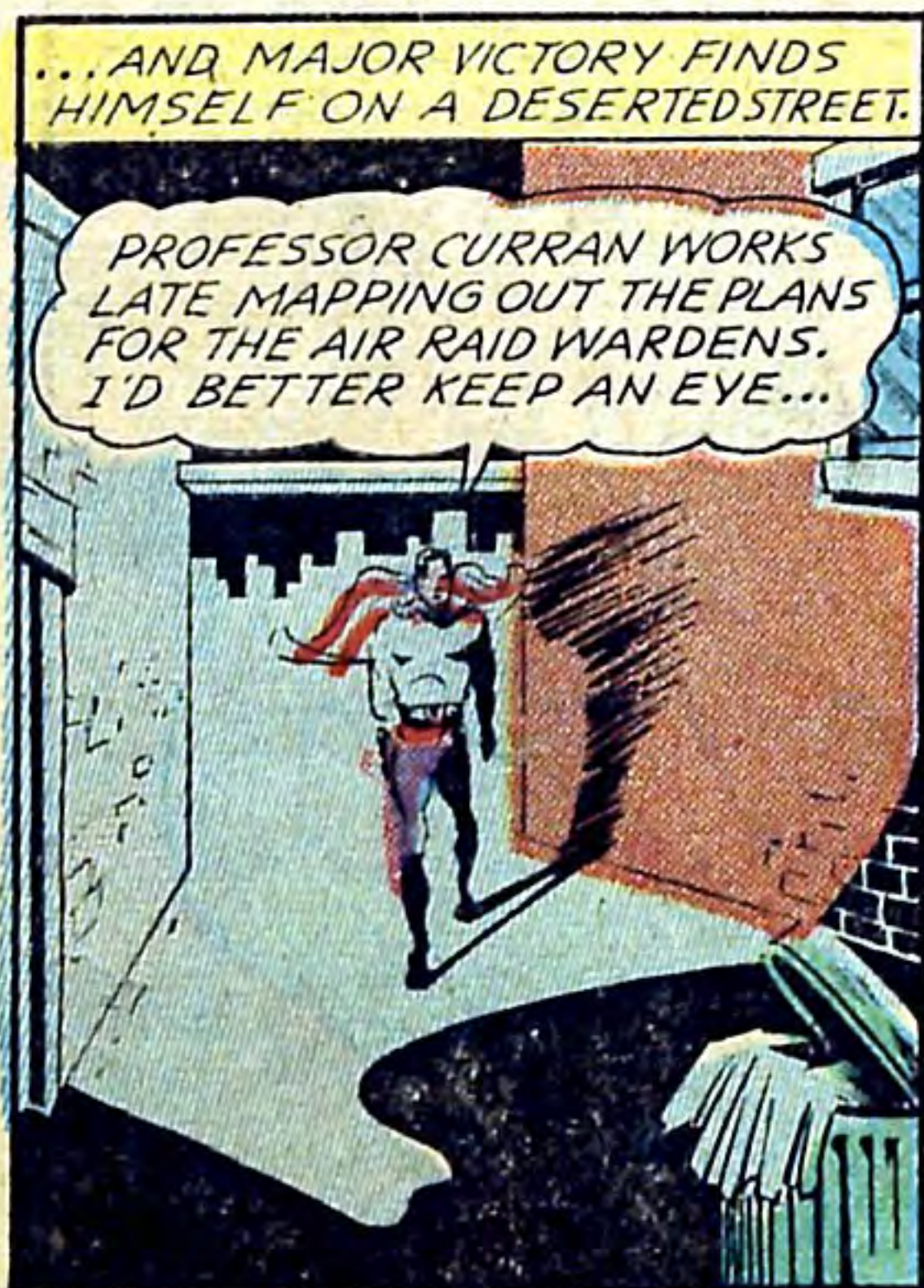
I AM READY, FATHER PATRIOT!

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING
A RUMBLE OF THUNDER

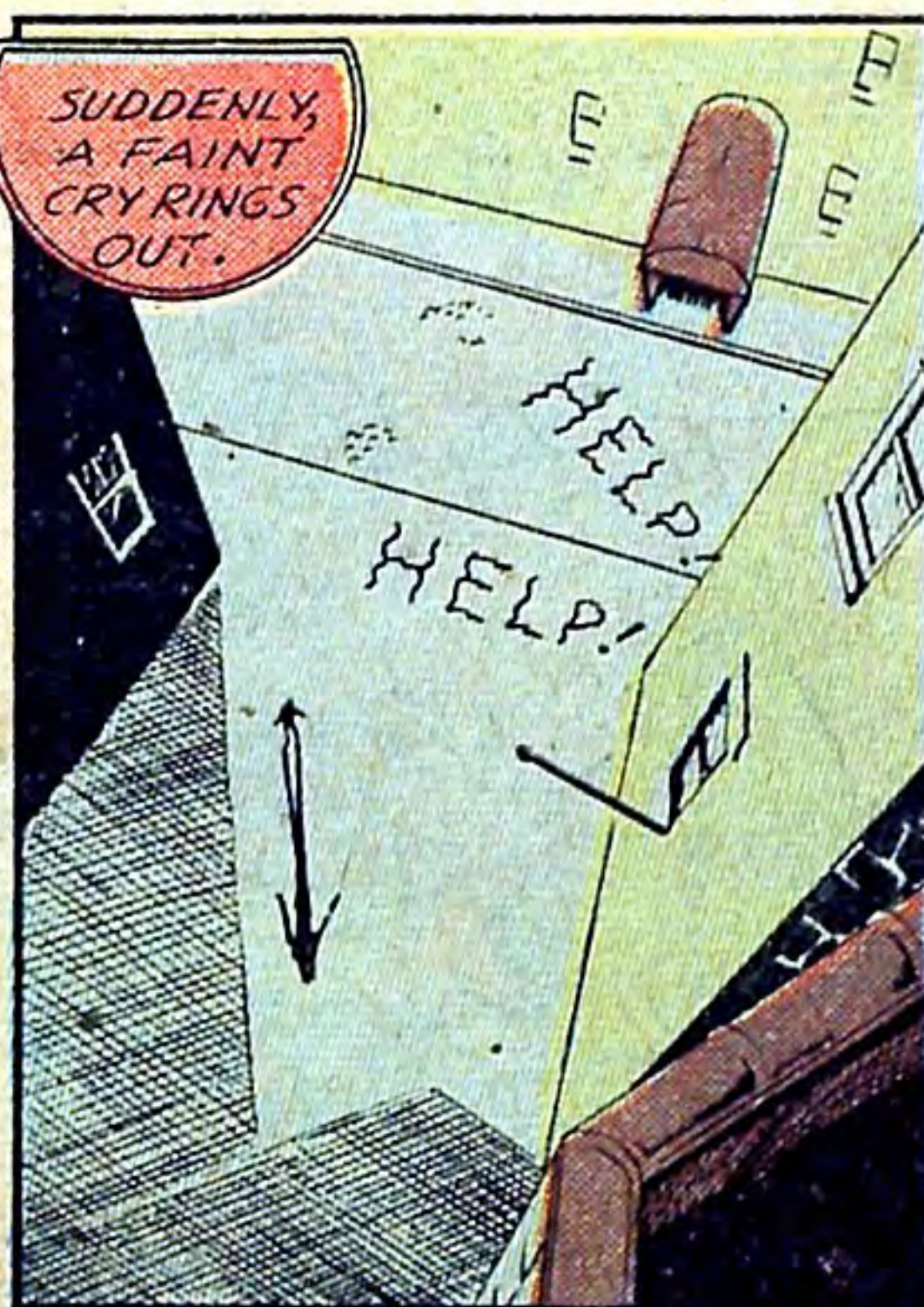


...AND MAJOR VICTORY FINDS HIMSELF ON A DESERTED STREET.

PROFESSOR CURRAN WORKS LATE MAPPING OUT THE PLANS FOR THE AIR RAID WARDENS. I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE...



SUDDENLY, A FAINT CRY RINGS OUT.



ON LANDING INSIDE, THE MIGHTY VICTORY STOPS IN HIS TRACKS..

WH-WH... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

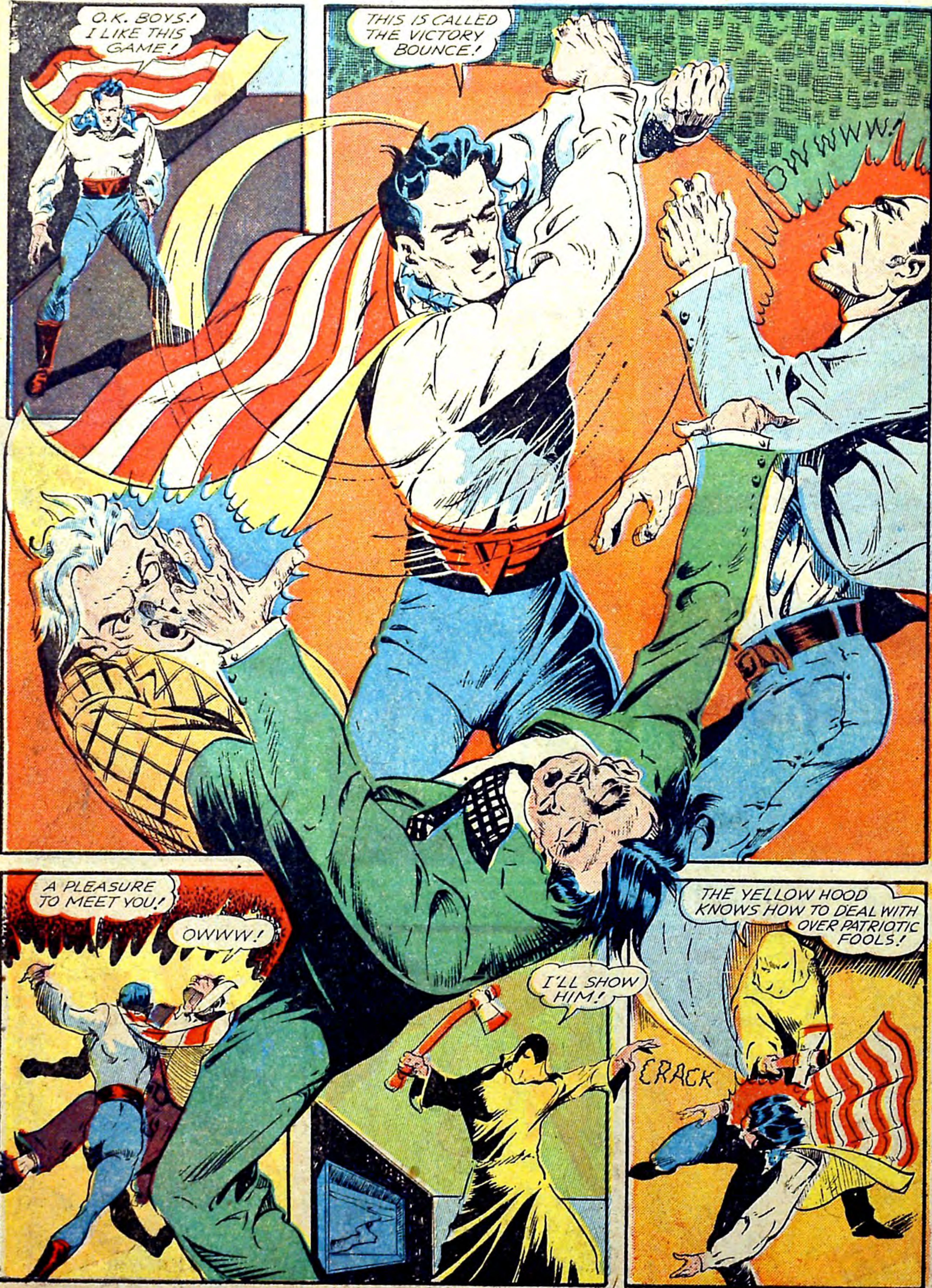


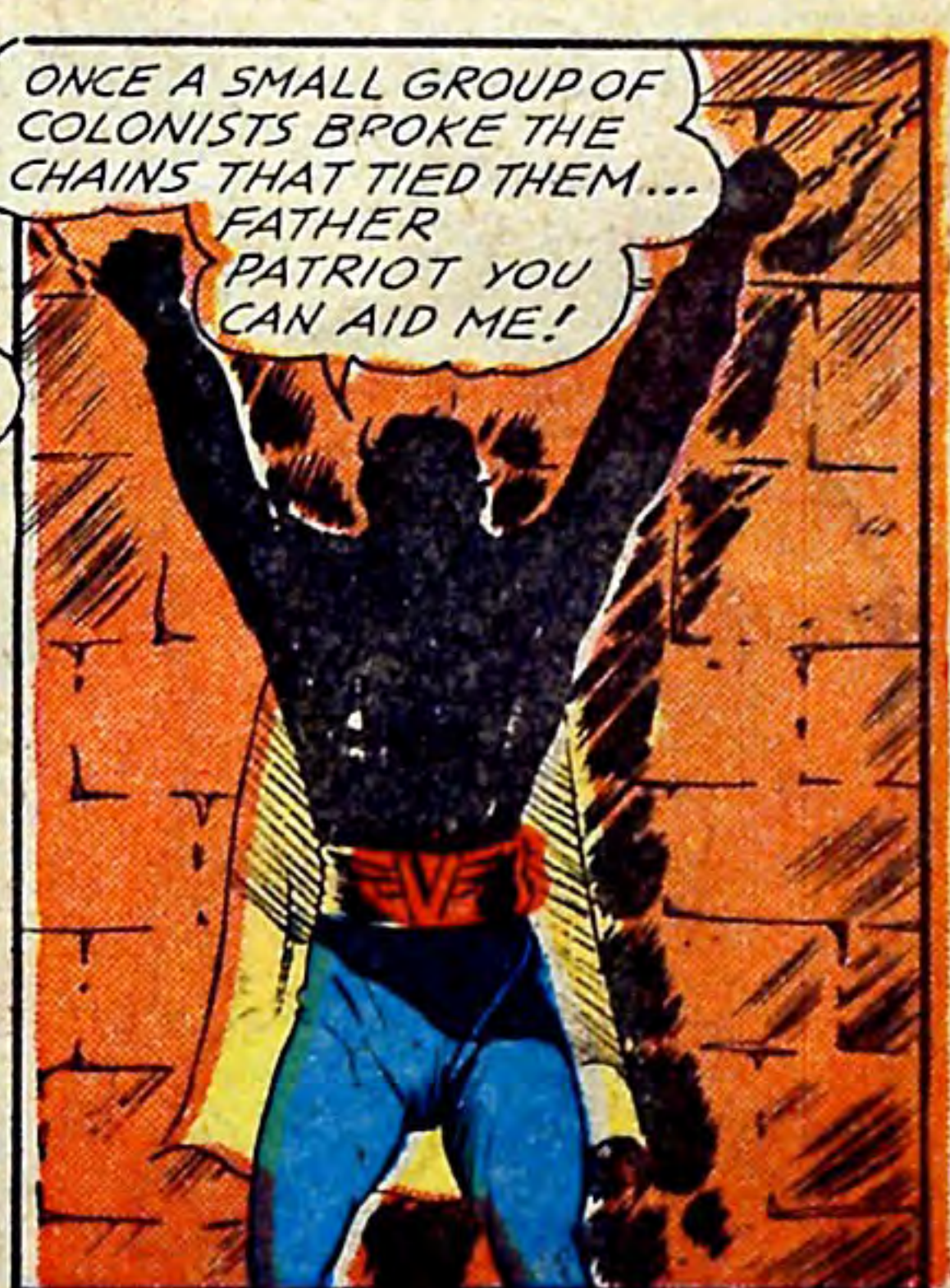
..AT THE GRUESOME SIGHT BEFORE HIM.

I'LL LOP HIS HEAD FROM...WHAT'S THAT?

KILL THE INTRUDER!







THE APPEAL REACHES THE EARS OF THE PATRIARCH. A STROKE OF THE BELL...



HERE IS HELP, MAJOR VICTORY!

... AND THE MIGHTY MAJOR VICTORY IS FILLED WITH THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN.



THE BELL... FATHER PATRIOT HEARD! THE CHAINS SNAP LIKE NOTHING!

EMBITTERED, THE POWERFUL DEFENDER CHARGES INTO THE NIGHT.



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...

I HAVE THE LIST OF TRAITORS IN OUR COUNTRY. THE ATTORNEY GENERAL WILL GET IT FROM MY OWN HANDS.



HEY! LOOK OUT!



THE SPEEDING CAR TEARS INTO THE LONE FIGURE SENDING HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR.



HA, HA, HA... NOBODY CAN OUTWIT THE YELLOW HOOD!



OOOHHH!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, MAJOR VICTORY ALSO WAITS...

WATSON PROMISED TO BE HERE WITH A SURPRISE.. THE LEADER'S NAME!

SOMEONE'S KNOCKING...

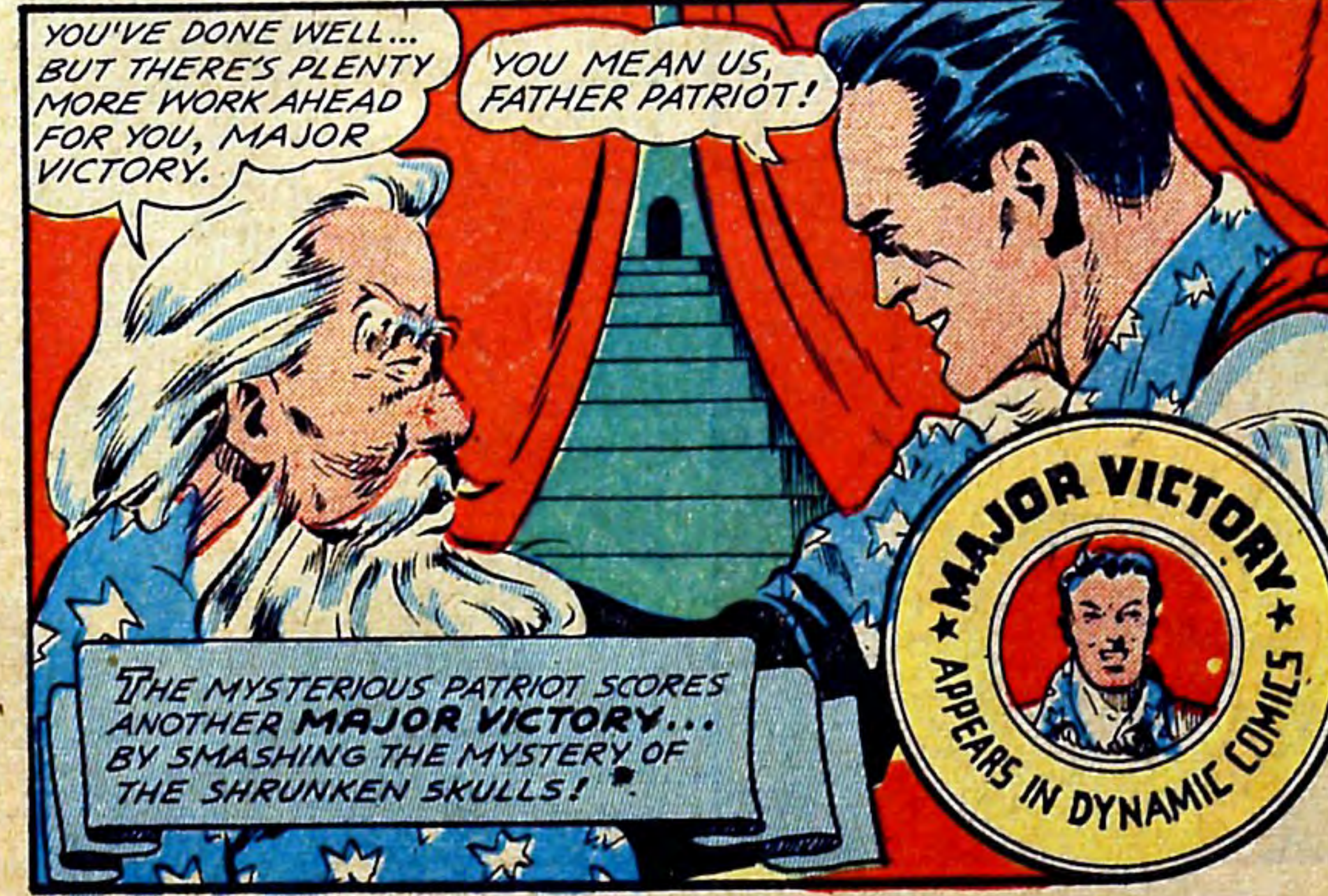
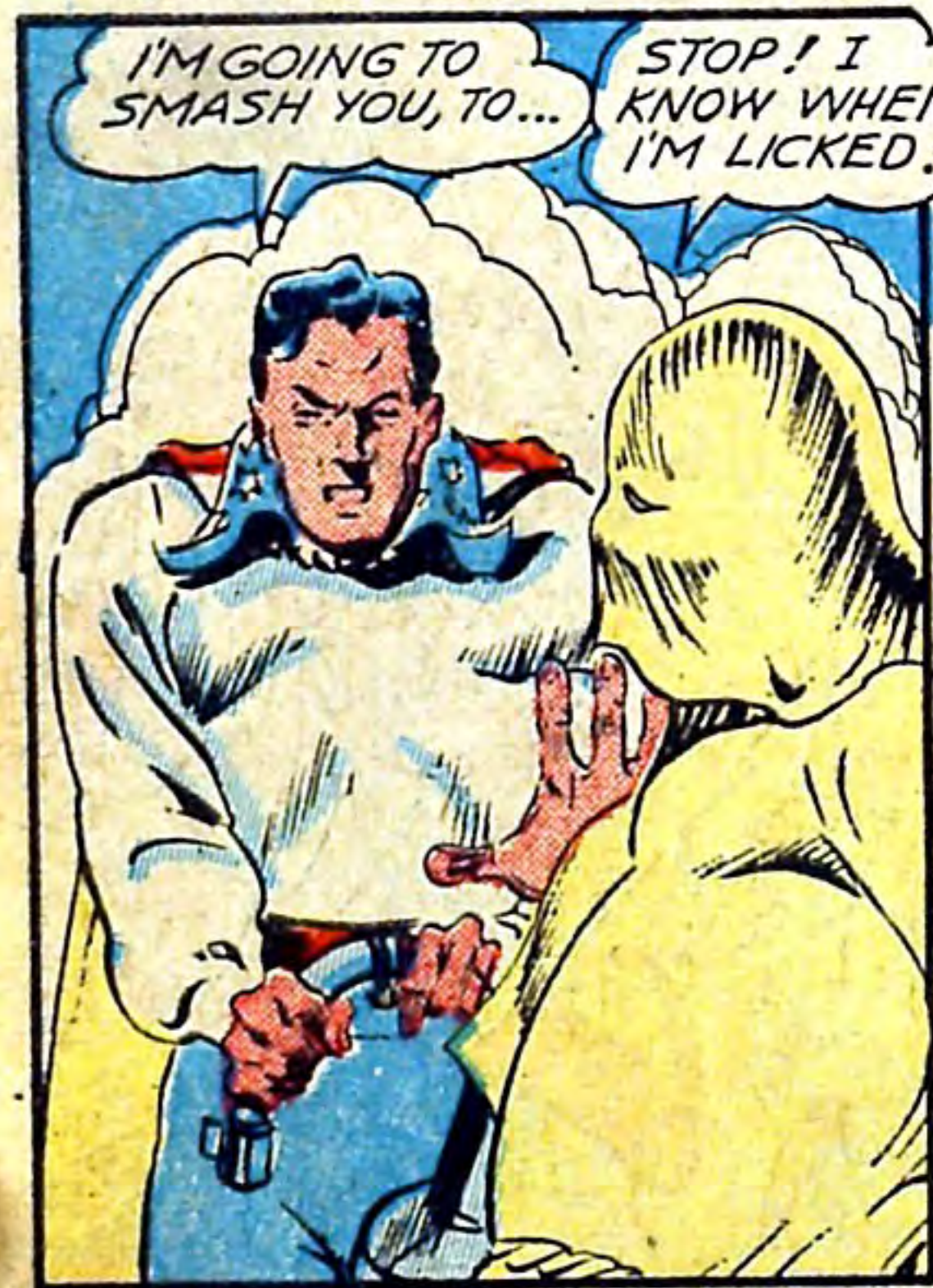


LOOK... SOMETHINGS BEING THROWN IN!

IT'S WATSON'S PORTFOLIO!







MIDNIGHT PRESENT

Major Victory, the mighty guardian of America, on a visit to London, walked slowly down a side street during the blackout. There were no lights as the all clear signal had not been sounded.

He paused to cross the street. A faint cry reached his ears, "Major Victory, Major Victory!" a woman's voice called. He stopped in amazement. Who, in such darkness, could have recognized him?

The woman came closer. She held a bundle in her arms. "I recognized you half an hour ago from the flare of a bomb," she spoke, "I've been following you ever since."

"What is it lady?" the American asked, "Are you in trouble?"

"I know of your daring exploits in America, Major Victory," she said quietly. Then thrusting the bundle in his arms, she continued, "Take this to my sister in Dover, 47 Narrow Lane." With that she disappeared.

Major Victory stepped forward and called into the darkness. "Miss! Miss!" he repeated. Only the echo of far away footsteps answered him.

Holding the bundle carefully, he hurried to his hotel. It was soft, squashy and moved several times. Not until he was in his own room did Victory discover that the strange package contained a tiny baby.

The next morning, Major Victory carried the little burden up the stairs, of the house in Dover.

He knocked on the door and a man answered. Victory held out the child and said, "During last night's blackout in London, a woman asked me to deliver this child to her sister, here."

The old man nodded. "Thank you, thank you," he mumbled, as he took the tiny bundle and turned away from the door.

Major Victory pushed his foot forward and held the door open. Then, with a heave, he pushed his way inside.

"Get out! get out!" the old man cried. "I will take care of the child now!"

"I think I'll help you!" shot Major Victory, as he leaped forward grabbing the gun out of the man's hands.

From behind a curtain in the living room, several men suddenly dived on Victory. Stunned for an instant he fell and the men piled on top of him. Cold steel touched his neck. "Move and I'll splatter your brains all over the place!" a sinister voice whispered into his ear.

With a lunge, the mighty Major Victory leaped to his feet. The gun at his neck exploded harmlessly into the ceiling. Using both fists, Victory landed blow after blow on the men crowding forward.

Like a powerful battering ram, the mighty American's fists smashed at the faces that loomed before him.

It was several minutes later before

the husky Major Victory stood over the beaten group of men. He wiped a streak of blood where a knife point had touched him. Three men came through the door. "Ahhh! Inspector Manners," the American said politely.

"Yes and I see you've done as good a job rounding up spies in London as you've been doing back in the U. S. A.," the Scotland Yard man said smilingly, as he surveyed the group on the floor.

"Not yet, Inspector," Victory shouted, as he rushed to the window. Then, yanking the drape from the bar, revealed the figure of a woman. "The last and probably the most shrewd of all," he shouted.

Inspector Manners covered her with a gun while another Scotland Yard man slipped a pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

"You were very clever," the voice of the night before said softly, "but, how did you figure it out?"

"When a baby cries one should change its clothing," Victory responded calmly. "In doing so, I found the map of the munitions factory drawn on its underthings. The rest was simple. A matter of cooperation between Scotland Yard and myself."

As the last of the prisoners was ushered out the door, Inspector Manners turned to the American and said, "Never knew a name to fit a man better—Major Victory—over the enemies of liberty!"

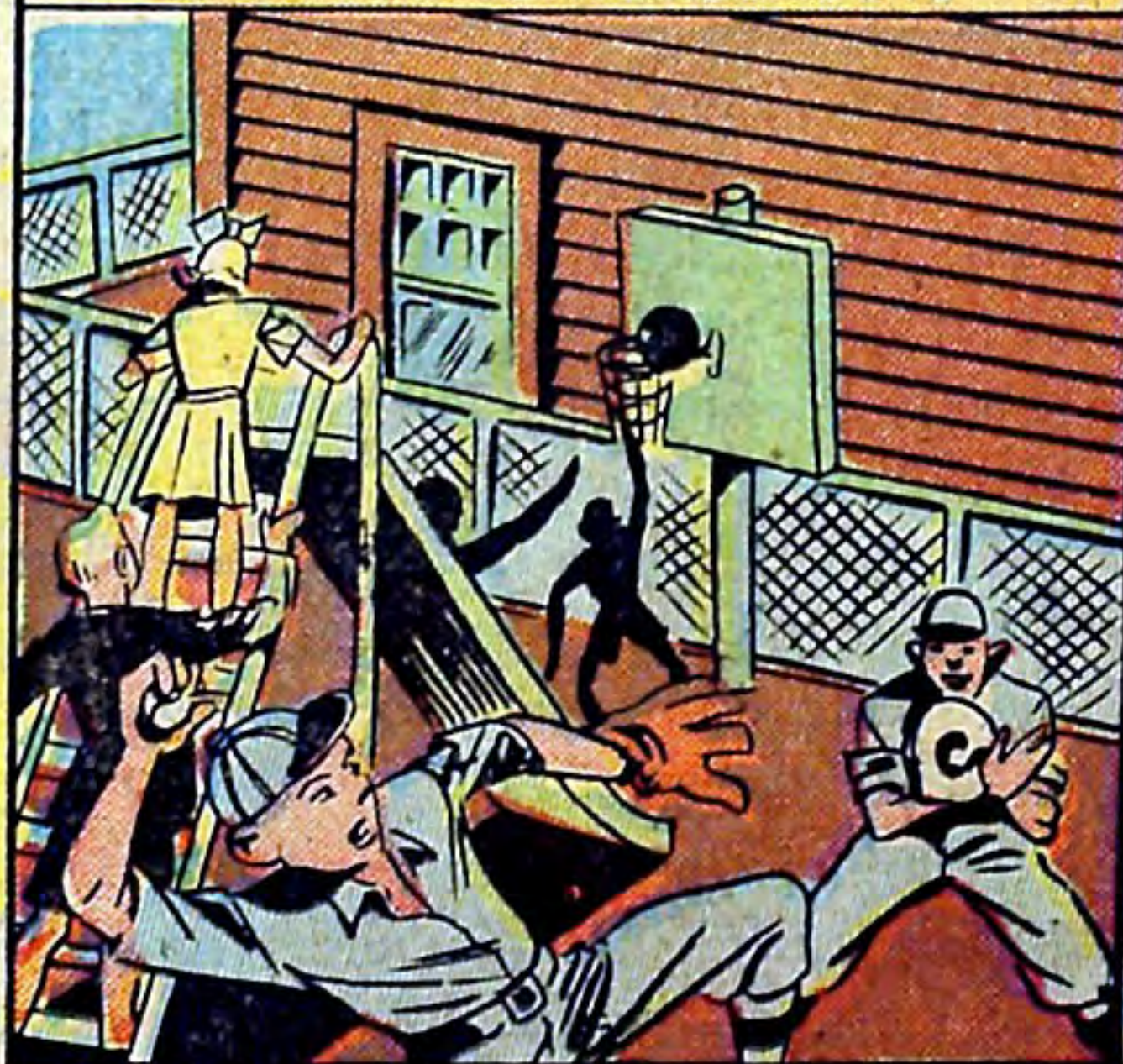
DYNAMIC BOY

ENDOWED WITH THE ABILITY TO OVERCOME ALL PHYSICAL OBSTACLES, KENT BANNING, THE DYNAMIC BOY, PITS HIS STRENGTH AND CUNNING ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER TO BATTLE THE FORCES OF EVIL.

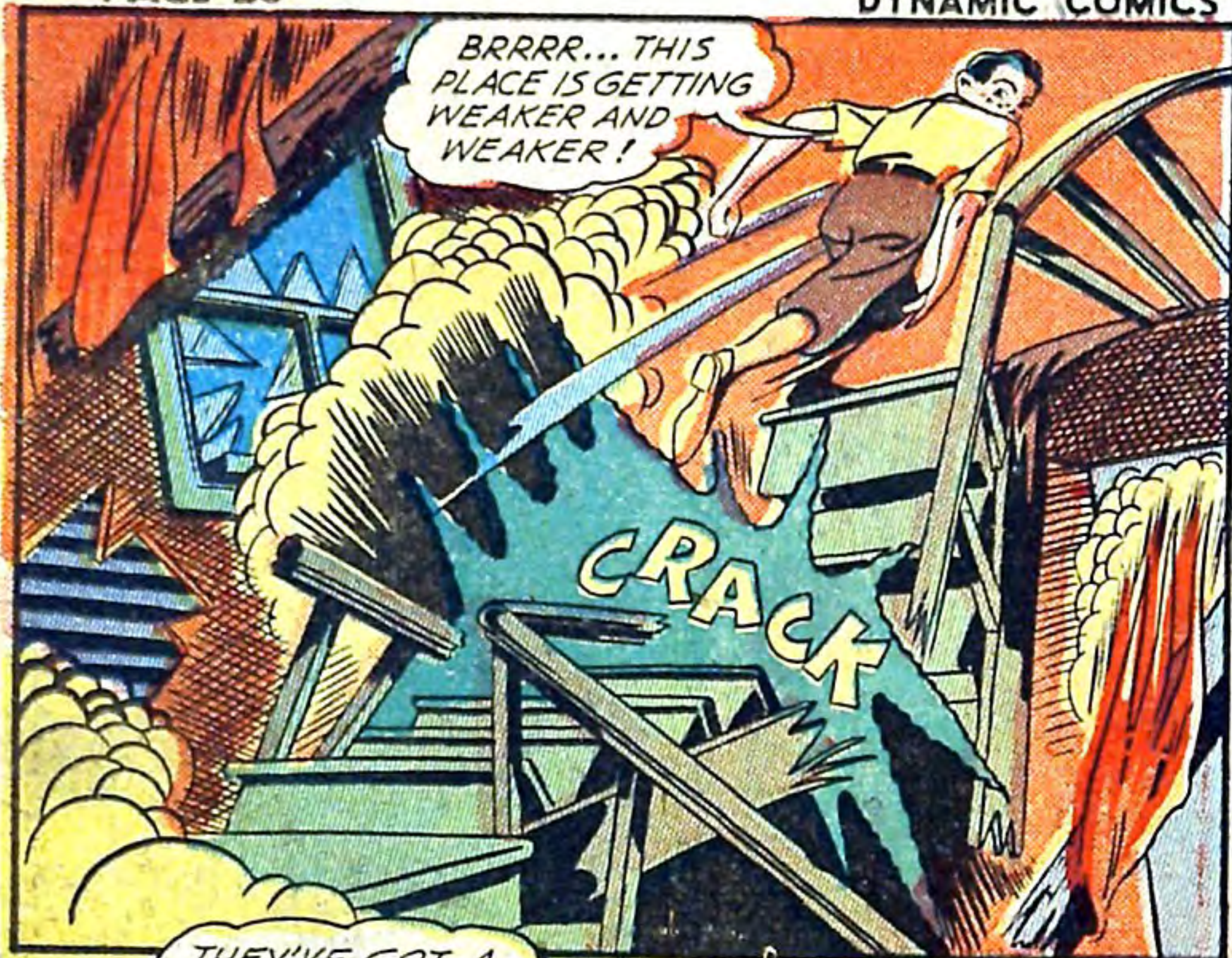


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ARTURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

RECESS TIME, FINDS THE SCHOOLHOUSE DESERTED AS THE CHILDREN ENJOY THE USE OF THE PLAYGROUND...







AND HOURS LATER, THE DOCTOR WORKS FRANTICALLY OVER THE LIMP FORM OF THE BRAVE LAD.



BUT BEFORE KENT CAN LEAP TO SAFETY, THE CHARRED BUILDING CRUMBLES UNDER HIM.

EITHER I RESTORE AN INVINCIBLE LIFE TO THE BOY... OR SACRIFICE MYSELF IN DEATH FOR FAILURE!





DYNAMIC BOY...
THAT'S THE NAME
FOR HIM!

THAT COSTUME...
I MADE IT FOR
HIM!



THE RECENT FIRE IS
PROOF OF THE LAXITY OF
THE PRESENT ADMINISTRAT-
ION. ELECT ME MAYOR AND
BE ASSURED OF THE SAFETY
OF YOUR CHILDREN, AWAY
FROM HOME!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF
TOWN, A CANDIDATE CLOSES HIS
CAMPAIGN.

MAYOR NORRIS AND HIS FIANCEE
LISTEN TO THE DENOUNCIATIONS
BY HIS OPPONENT.

I THINK THAT
SCHOOL FIRE
WILL DEFEAT
YOU, SAM!

I'VE TRIED TO
BE A GOOD MAYOR,
JULIA, BUT IT
SEEMS I HAVEN'T
TRIED HARD
ENOUGH.



THE RETURNS SHOW THE REFORM CAN-
DIDATE WINNER OF THE ELECTION...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, JULIA
HEARS A STRANGE OFFER.

I REPRESENT A
SYNDICATE OUT TO
ERECT A FACTORY
HERE, MISS WATERS.
WE'LL PAY TWELVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
FOR THIS SITE.

SORRY,
BUT I'D
NEVER
CONSIDER
SELLING
MY HOME.



THAT
NIGHT..

HERE THEY COME!
GRAB HER. THIS
OUGHT TO BE A
CINCH!



HELP! HELP!

THAT CRY CAME
FROM THE OTHER
END OF THE
STREET!

THE FRANTIC PLEA REACHES THE
EARS OF THE YOUNG CRUSADER,
THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC BOY...



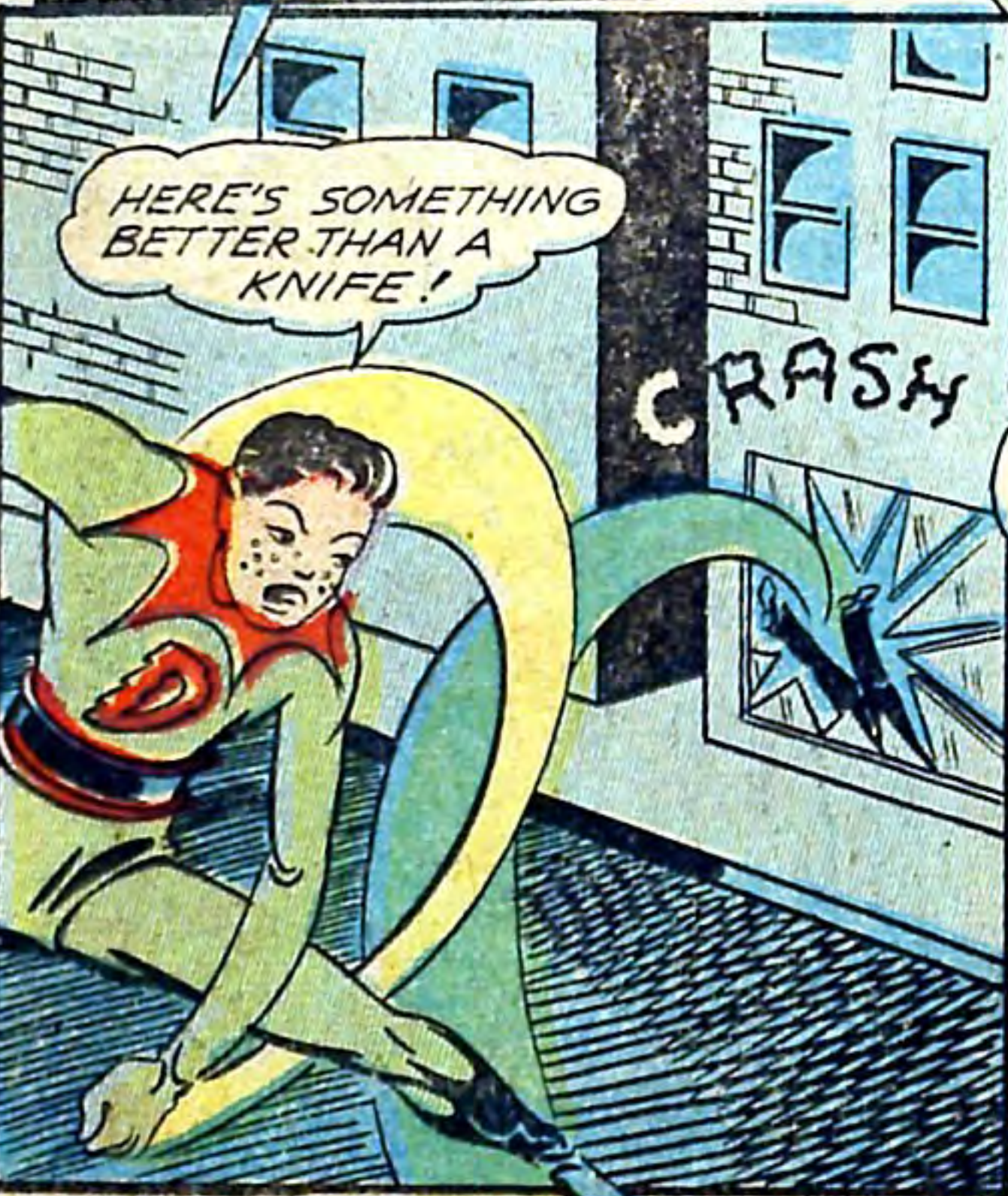
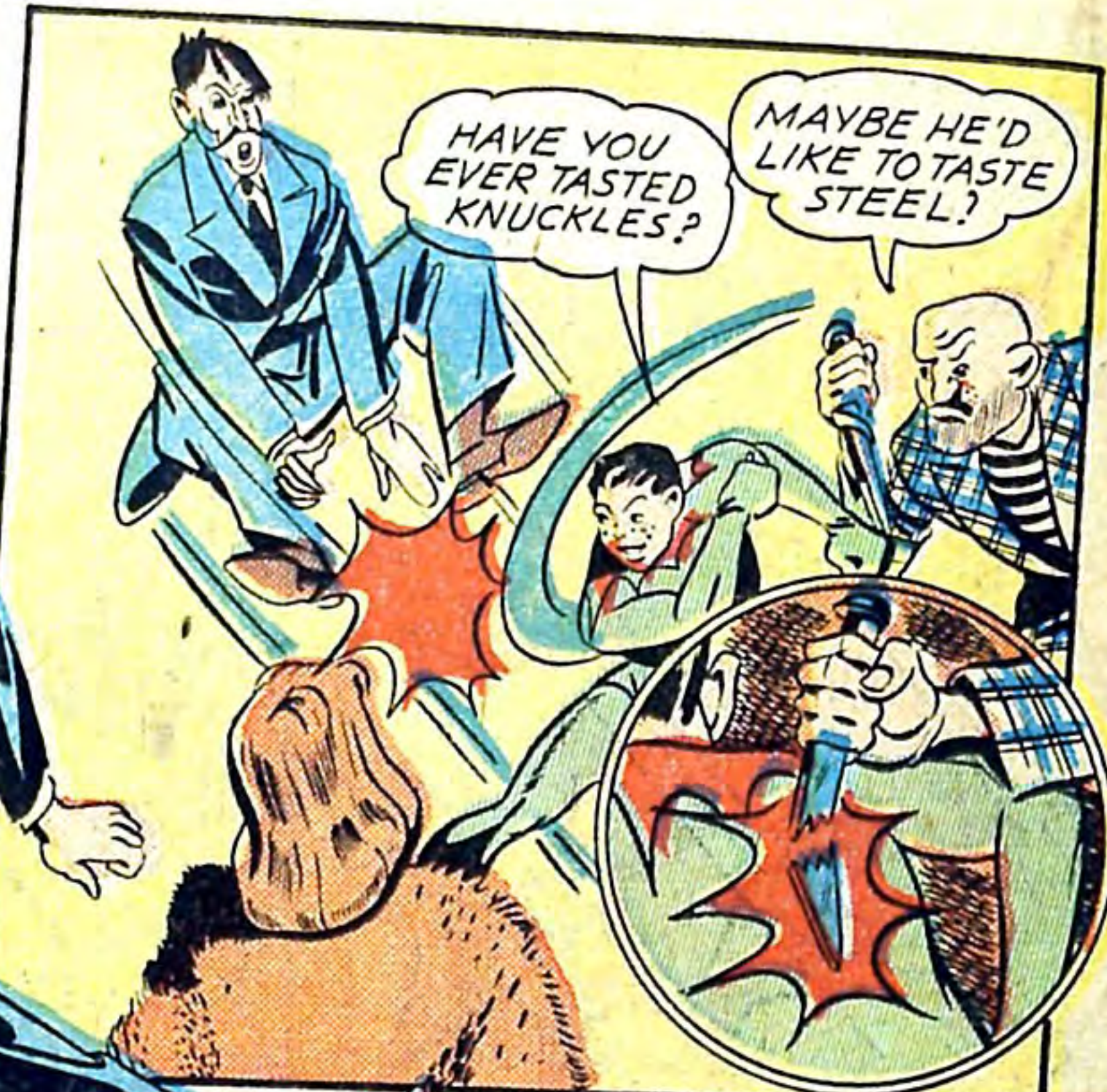
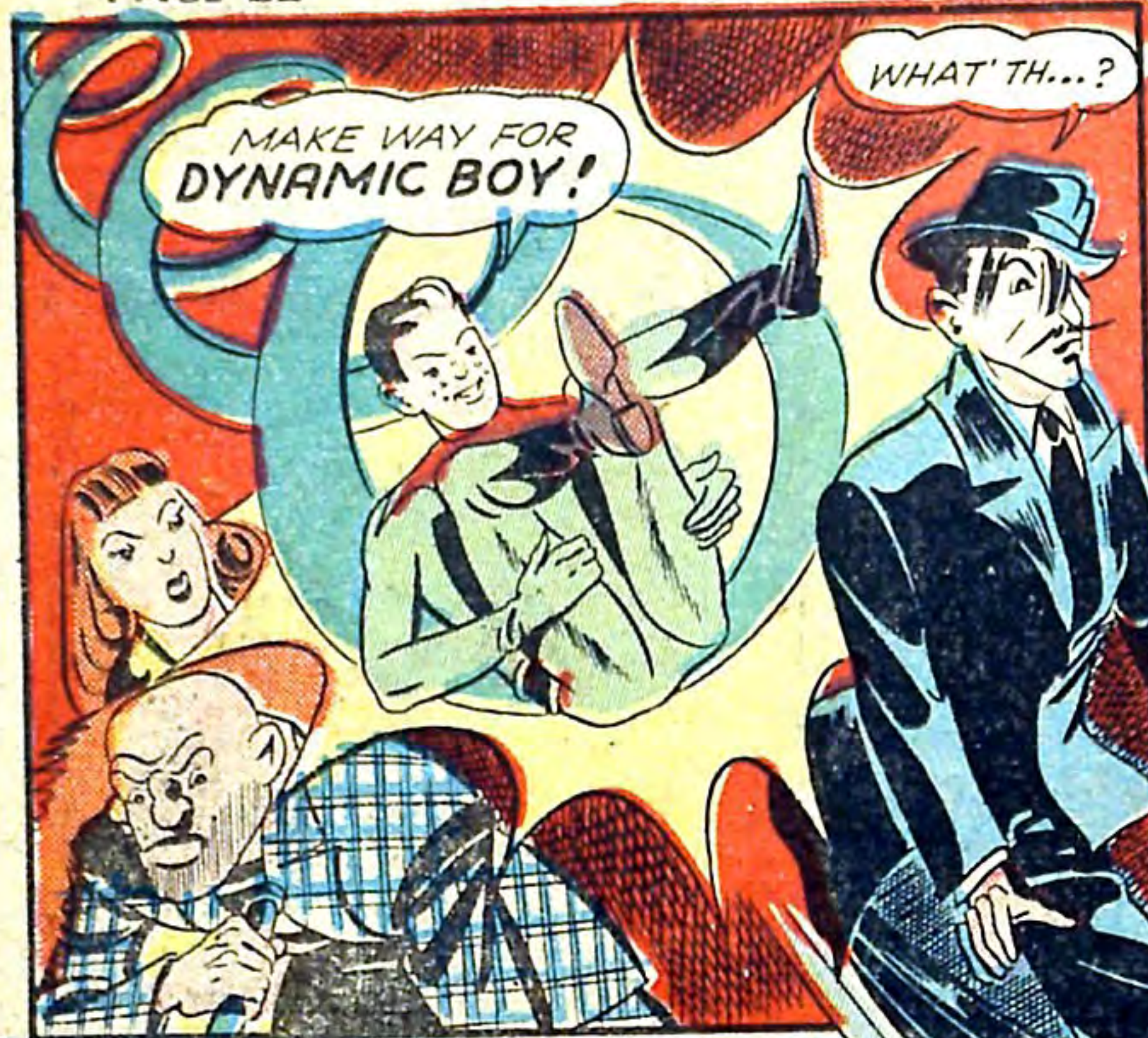
IN A SPLIT SECOND HE SPEEDS FOR THE ATTACKERS.

WH...I'M TRIPPING!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE
IT! FASTER...
I MUST RUN FASTER!

WH...I'M FLYING!
DR. BROWN MUST
HAVE FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THIS PROPERTY
IN THE DRUG! THEY
CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!

BUT INSTEAD OF FALLING...



AT DOCTOR BROWN'S HOME, THE FOLLOWING DAY.

YOU'RE MOVING AWAY, JULIA? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHY?

SAM AND I AGREED TO IT! I, ER... RECEIVED AN EXCELLENT OFFER FOR MY HOME. THEY'RE GOING TO ERECT A FACTORY THERE!

THERE'S A CITY ORDINANCE AGAINST FACTORIES IN THAT PART OF TOWN.

HMMM... THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO GET TO KNOW THE NEW MAYOR! I'M GOING CALLING!

SO, DYNAMIC BOY SMELLS SOMETHING WRONG!

H'MM... SO THAT'S THE NEW MAYOR. I DON'T LIKE HIS FACE!

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW SCHOOL, MAYOR!

AHEM! WE ARE NEGOTIATING FOR A SITE!

AN UNINVITED GUEST ATTENDS THE MAYOR'S PRESS CONFERENCE.

THERE IS SOMETHING FISHY HERE. WHY A NEW SITE... WHEN THE OLD ONE IS LOCATED CONVENIENTLY? I THINK I'LL SOON KNOW!

THE WATER'S DEED'S BEEN RECORDED UNDER THE NAME OF SMITH, BOSS!

THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO!

JUST DYNAMIC BOY!

WH...WHAT! WHO'S THAT?

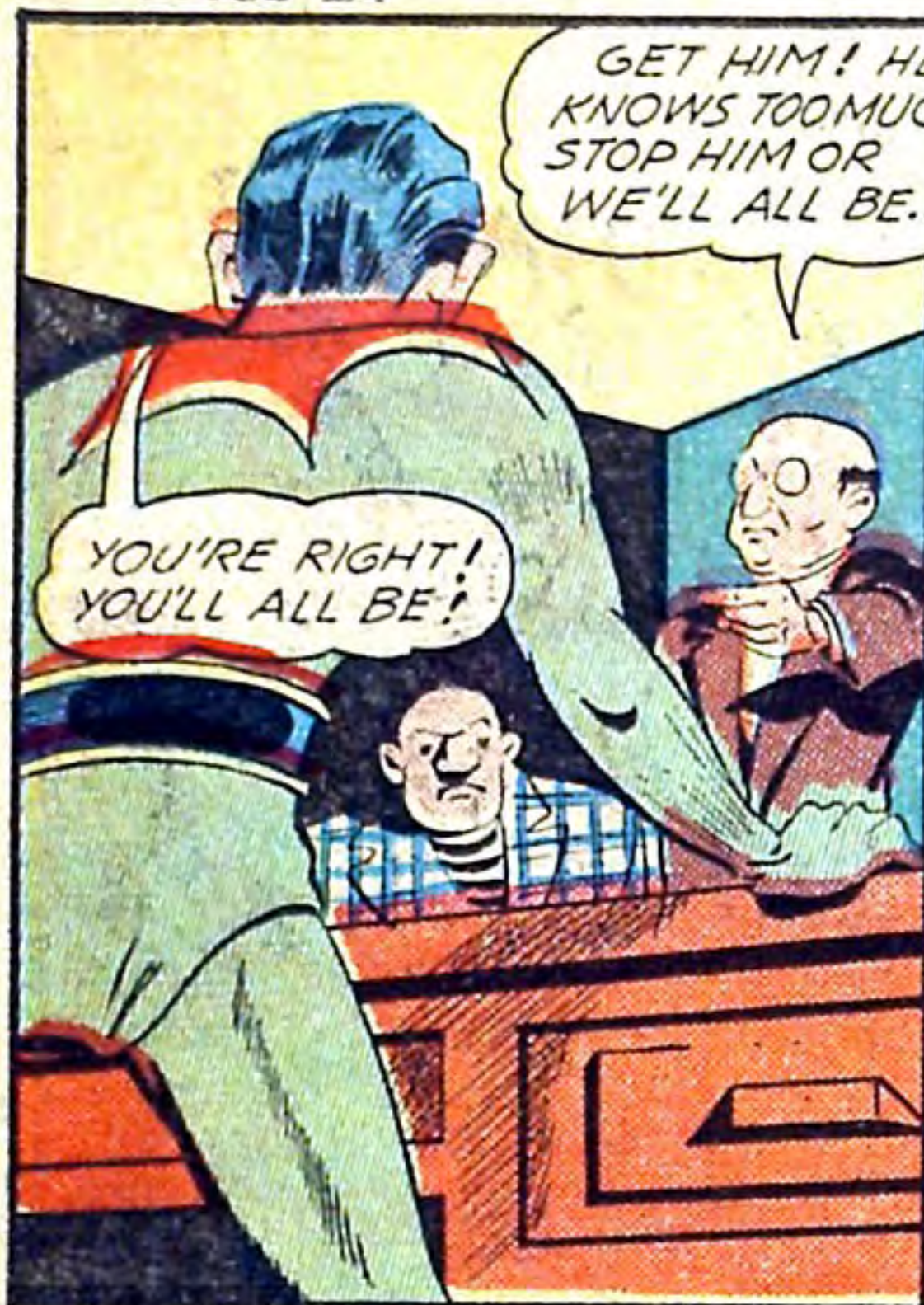
GOOD, I'LL SEE THAT THE FINANCE COMMITTEE PAYS TEN TIMES AS MUCH FOR THE PROPERTY. THEN WE'LL SPLIT AND.....

...AND HERE I COME!

I'LL FIX THAT MONKEY!

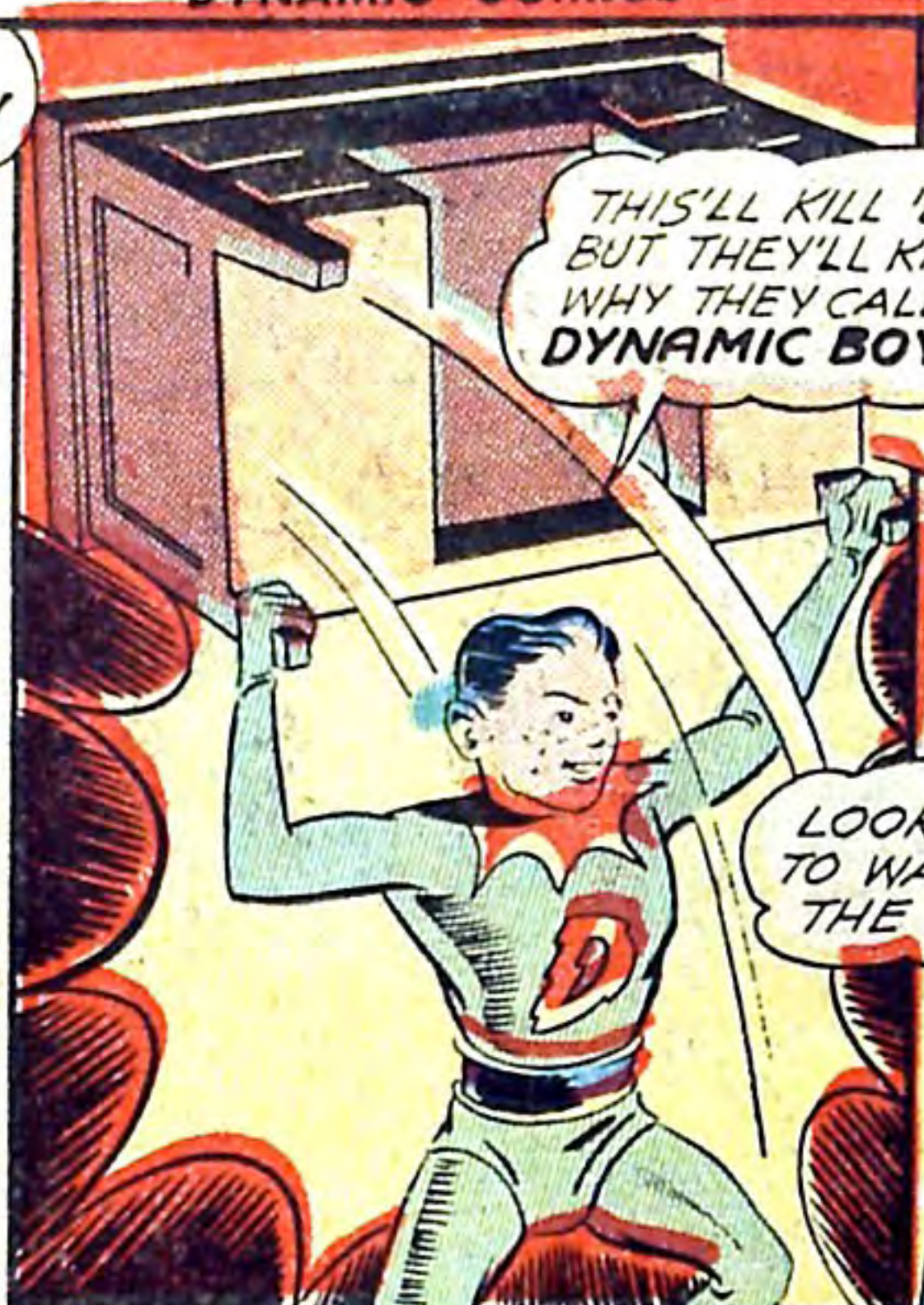
TUT, TUT, THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT THE MAYOR!

SOX
HAM
BLAM



GET HIM! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! STOP HIM OR WE'LL ALL BE...

YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU'LL ALL BE!



THIS'LL KILL 'EM... BUT THEY'LL KNOW WHY THEY CALL ME DYNAMIC BOY!



WOW! HE'S A CYCLONE... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

LOOK... HE'S TRYING TO WALK OUT ON THE PARTY!



YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!



LET ME DOWN. I'LL TELL EVERYTHING!

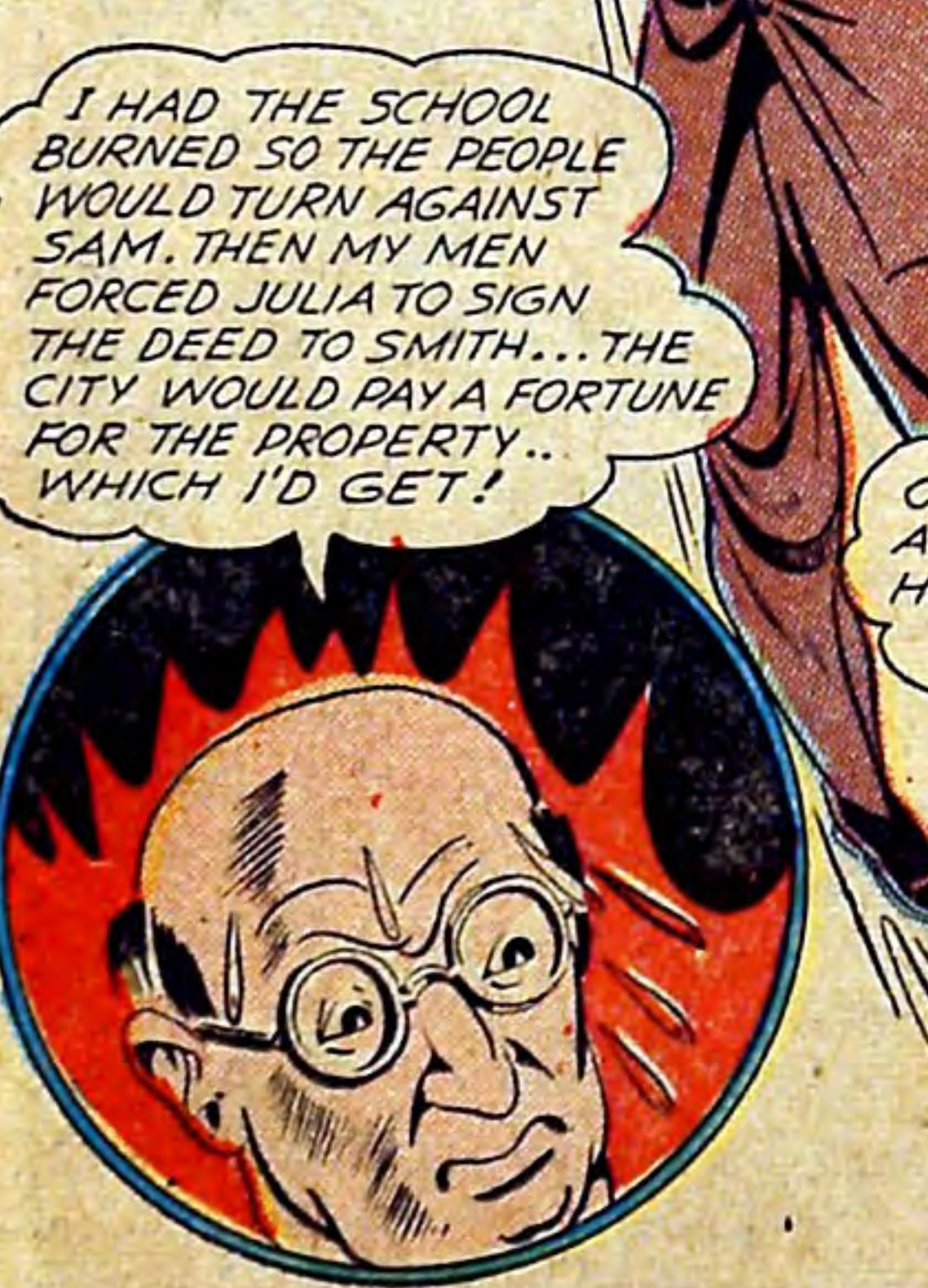
WHAT TH.?

NOT TO ME... BUT DOC BROWN AND SAM NORRIS! WHY, THEY'RE DOWN THERE NOW!

COMPLIMENTS OF DYNAMIC BOY. REST OF THEM ARE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!

IT'S MAYOR WILKINS!

HE PROBABLY HAS PLENTY TO TELL!



I HAD THE SCHOOL BURNED SO THE PEOPLE WOULD TURN AGAINST SAM. THEN MY MEN FORCED JULIA TO SIGN THE DEED TO SMITH... THE CITY WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR THE PROPERTY... WHICH I'D GET!



WELL SAM... WHEN THE PEOPLE LEARN THE TRUTH, YOU'LL BE OUR MAYOR AGAIN!

OH, IT'S WONDERFUL. AND I'LL HAVE MY HOUSE BACK AGAIN!

THANKS TO A LITTLE BOY, DYNAMIC BOY!



SPEAKING OF DYNAMIC BOY, THAT LAD WITH YOUR DAUGHTER, DOC, REMINDS ME OF HIM!

OH, NO. THAT'S MY ADOPTED SON, KENT!



The Mystery OF THE INLAID BOX

"If you can't ask your friends to help you when you're in trouble, what good is it?" Kent Banning addressed his friend, George. "If I was DYNAMIC BOY you'd let me help."

"Even he couldn't," George responded. Then glumly shaking his head he continued. "My father was in China on business. He wrote my mother that he was sending her the money necessary to pay off the house. Sometime later, we received this pretty inlaid box but no money. Soon, word followed that Dad was killed during a Japanese bombardment."

Kent fingered the box and swallowed hard. Kent, an orphan, knew what that meant—but at least George still had his mother.

George continued. "Mother hates to sell this. It's the last thing he sent back, but we need the money. I'm going to try to sell it at the auction sale." With that, he walked off.

..."A beautiful Chinese inlaid box, what am I bid?" the auctioneer chanted to the room full of people.

"One dollar," an Oriental shouted.

"Five," shouted Kent, from the far end of the room.

"Ten dollars," screamed the Oriental.

"Twelve," Kent gasped faintly. That was all he had.

"Any more bids?" the auctioneer questioned, as he looked toward the

Oriental who was engaged in a deep conversation with another at his side.

The auctioneer's gavel thumped. "Sold," he shouted, pointing at Kent.

Kent paid and left. He decided to keep the box and give it to George for a Christmas present. But as he rounded the corner, he recognized the two Orientals as they leaped for him. One hit him in the face while the other grabbed the box and soon the two of them disappeared down the street.

Ducking behind a fence, Kent shed his school suit and stood in the uniform of the mighty DYNAMIC BOY.

In a split second, he zoomed down the street and to the amazement of passersby, descended on the last of the fleeing Orientals. Dynamic Boy seized him and hurled him across the street.

Not waiting to see the unhappy landing, the powerful lad darted after the other fleeing figure and with a flying tackle brought him to the ground.

Bam! And Dynamic Boy lifted the startled Oriental off his feet with a right to the jaw. He followed through with another to the stomach.

"I'll tell!" the victim screamed.

"Tell what?" questioned Dynamic Boy.

"My brother, Mister Rich's servant in China, see Mr. Rich send box to Mrs. Rich, here in America. He put much money in false bottom. My

brother send me message to get box," the Oriental whispered.

In a flash, Dynamic Boy tucked the box under his arm and zoomed to the sky. Conveniently descending behind the fence, Dynamic Boy changed back into his school clothes. Then he hurried to the Riches' house. He entered as George handed his mother some money and said, "The box sold for twelve dollars and we had to pay the man a commission for selling it. Here's what's left, mother."

"Wait," Kent broke in, as he laid the box on the table. "I bought it, but look," he said, as he twisted the bottom. A roll of bills dropped to the floor. "It's yours, Mrs. Rich," Kent shouted. "Your husband hid the money in the false bottom. He must have written you where to find it but the letter probably got lost during a bombardment."

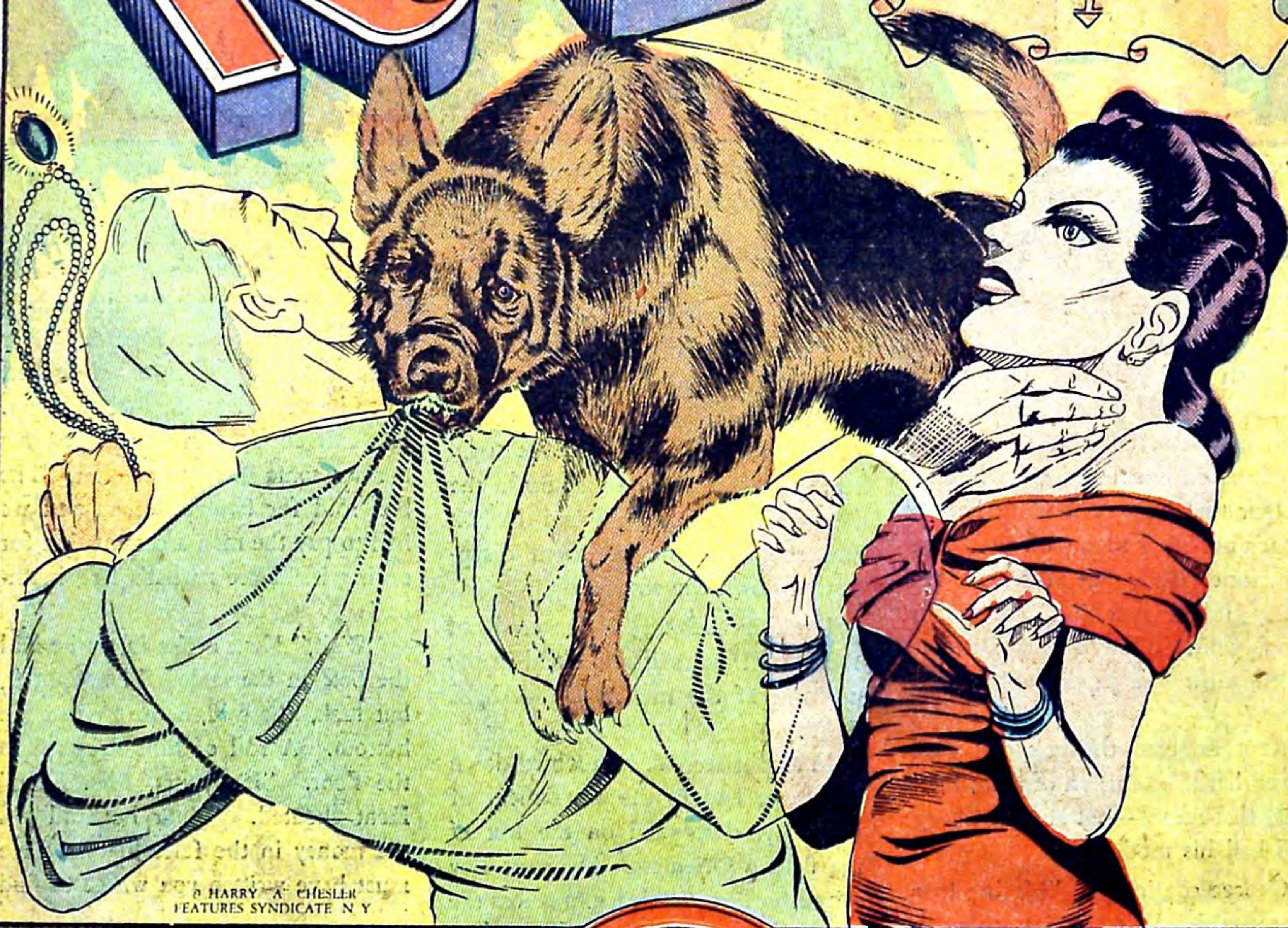
Mrs. Rich counted the small stack of bills. Tears streamed down her face as she turned to Kent, "There's enough here to take care of our home until George will be old enough to go to work. You have kept us from being forced to the poor farm," she sobbed bitterly.

Touched by the sight of tears, Kent turned to leave as George came up, shook his hand and said, "Gosh, you might have even been Dynamic Boy the way you helped us."

Kent gripped his friend's hand and replied laughingly, "I might have been at that!"

K-9

A CRUEL, FIENDISH, INVISIBLE MENACE STALKS THROUGH A FRIGHTENED POPULACE LEAVING A TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. IT TAKES ALL THE CUNNINGNESS AND COURAGE OF THE FLEETLY K-9 TO TRACK DOWN THE BLOODY KILLER.



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FEATURES SYNDICATE N.Y.

COME ON K-9, WE'RE GOING TO VISIT DOCTOR WARREN, THE SCIENTIST. HE COMPLAINS OF BEING THREATENED BY GUNMEN.

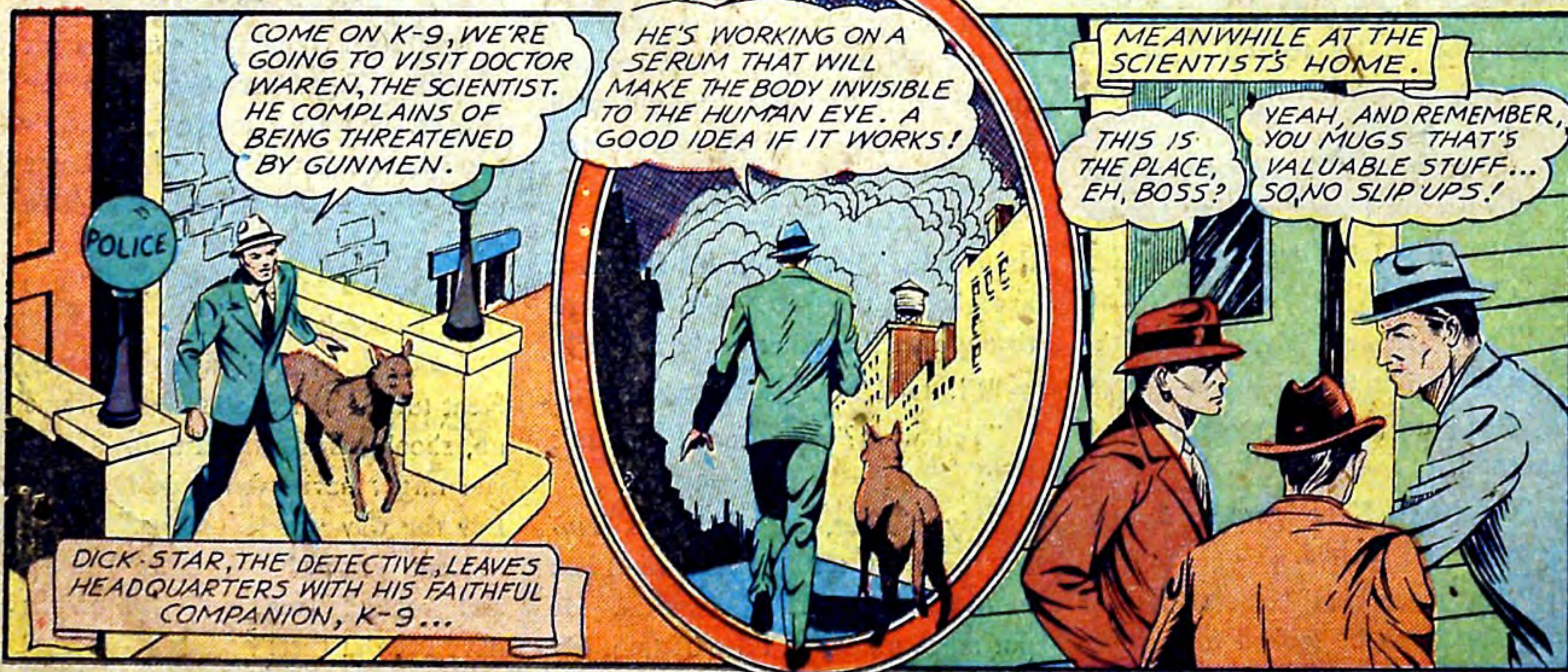
HE'S WORKING ON A SERUM THAT WILL MAKE THE BODY INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE. A GOOD IDEA IF IT WORKS!

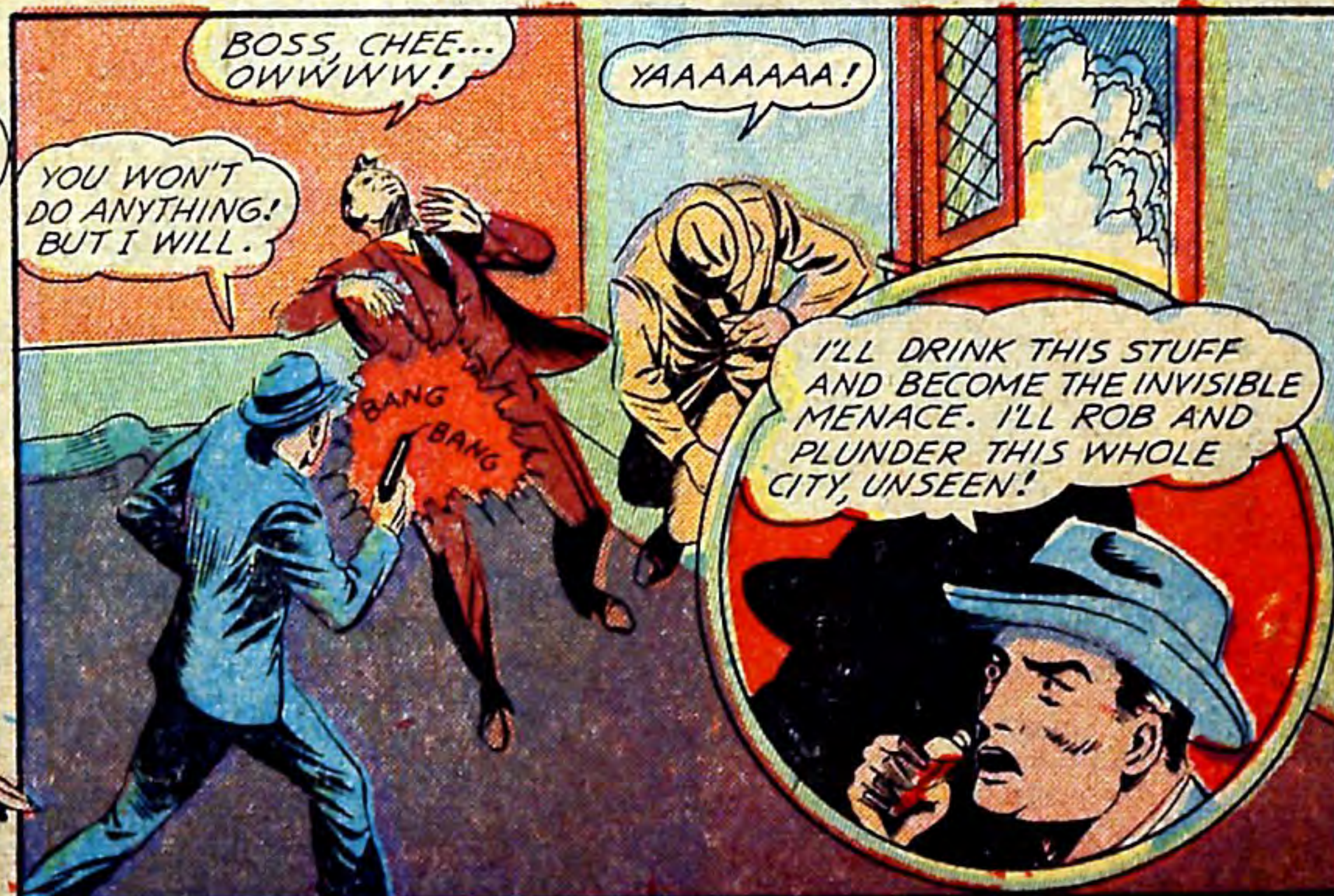
MEANWHILE AT THE SCIENTIST'S HOME.

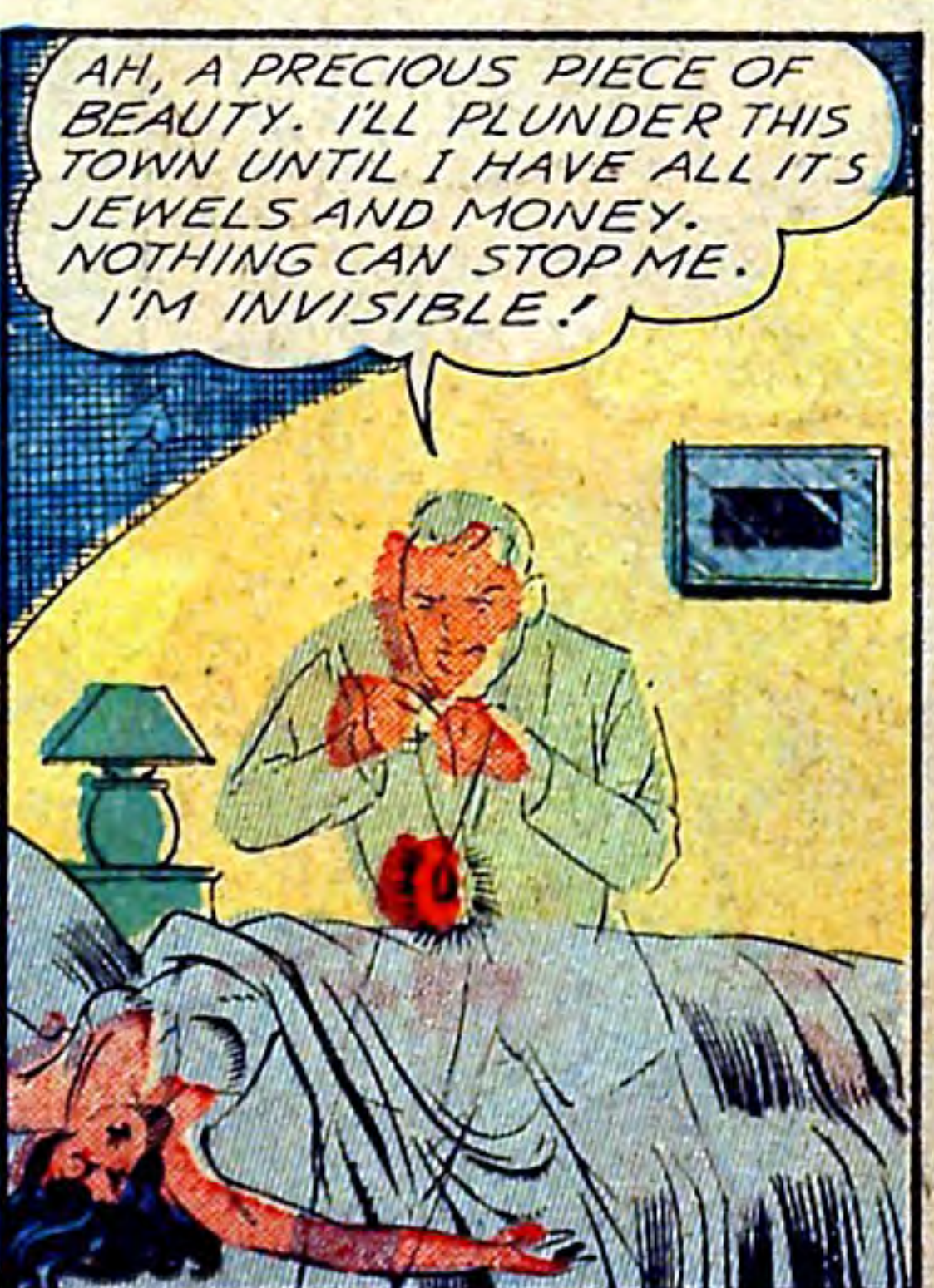
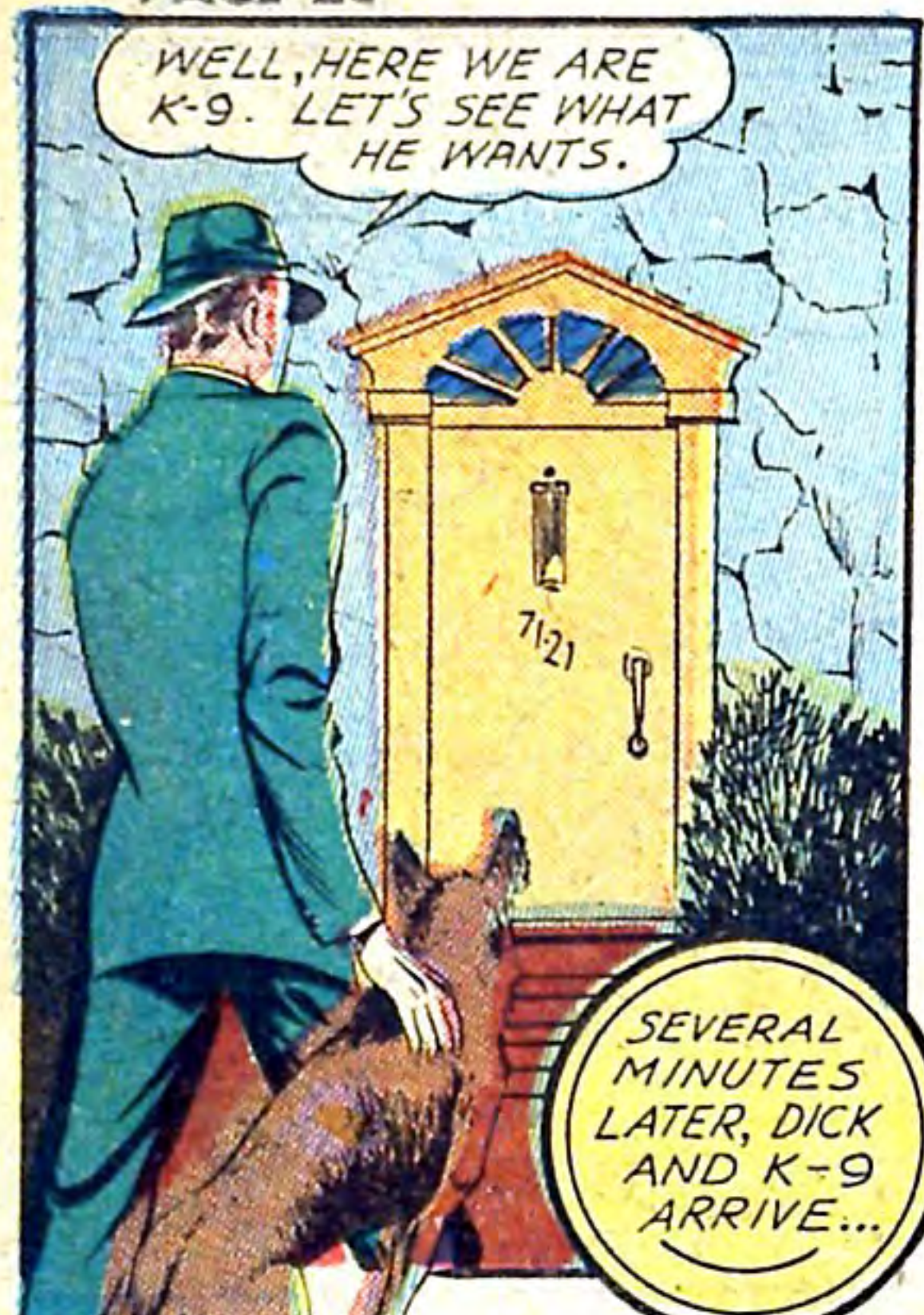
THIS IS THE PLACE, EH, BOSS?

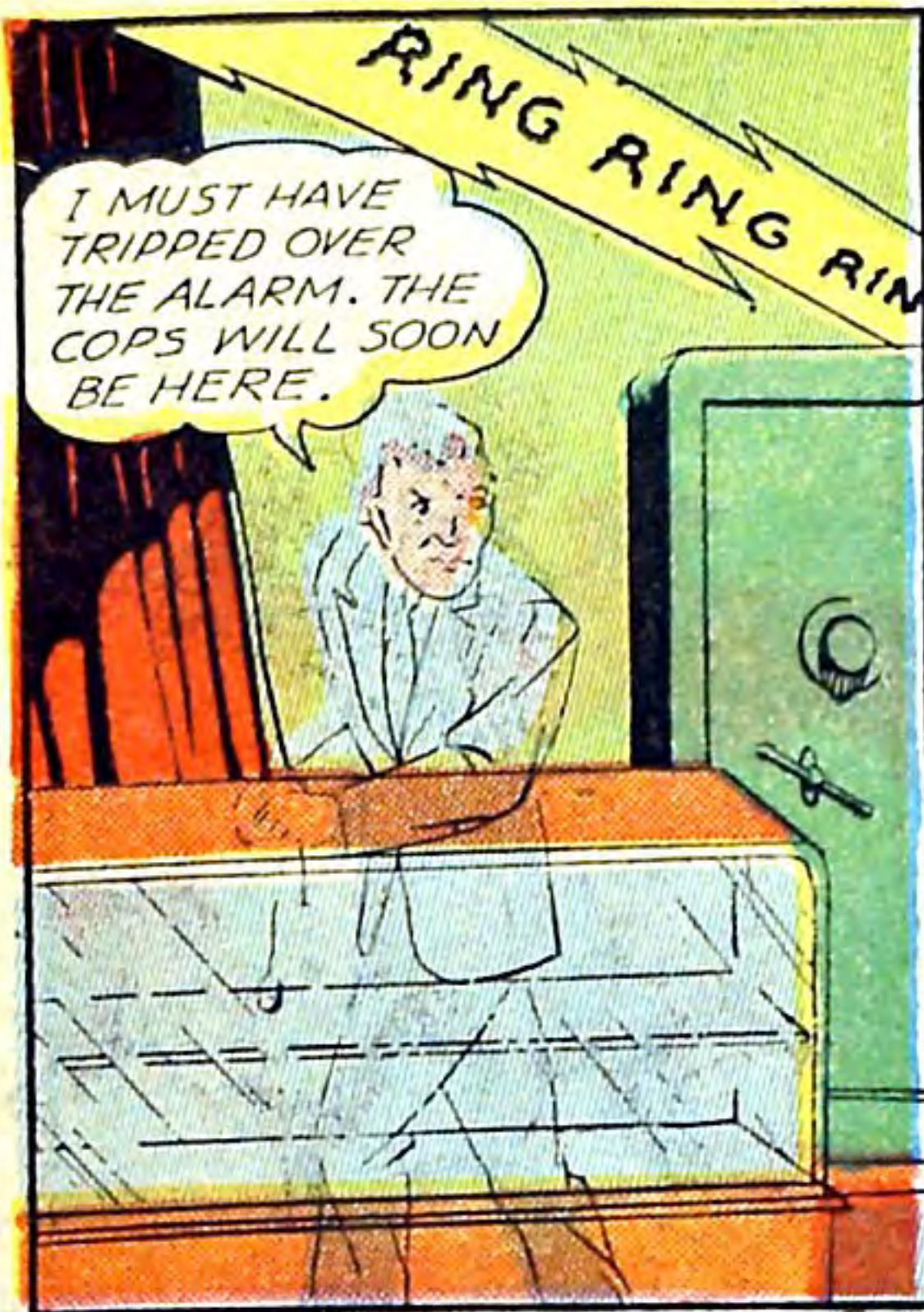
YEAH, AND REMEMBER, YOU MUGS THAT'S VALUABLE STUFF... SO, NO SLIP UPS!

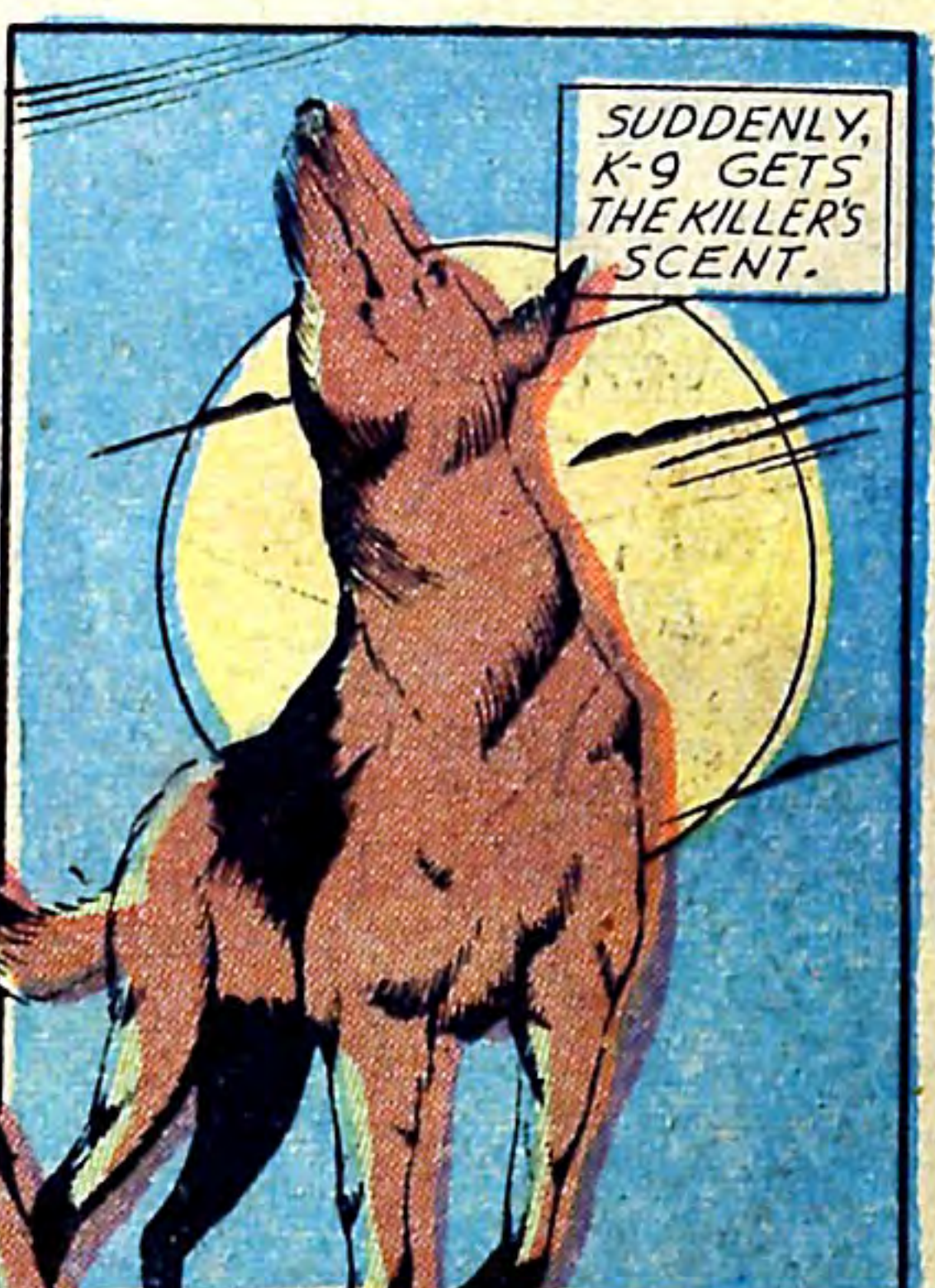
DICK STAR, THE DETECTIVE, LEAVES HEADQUARTERS WITH HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, K-9...

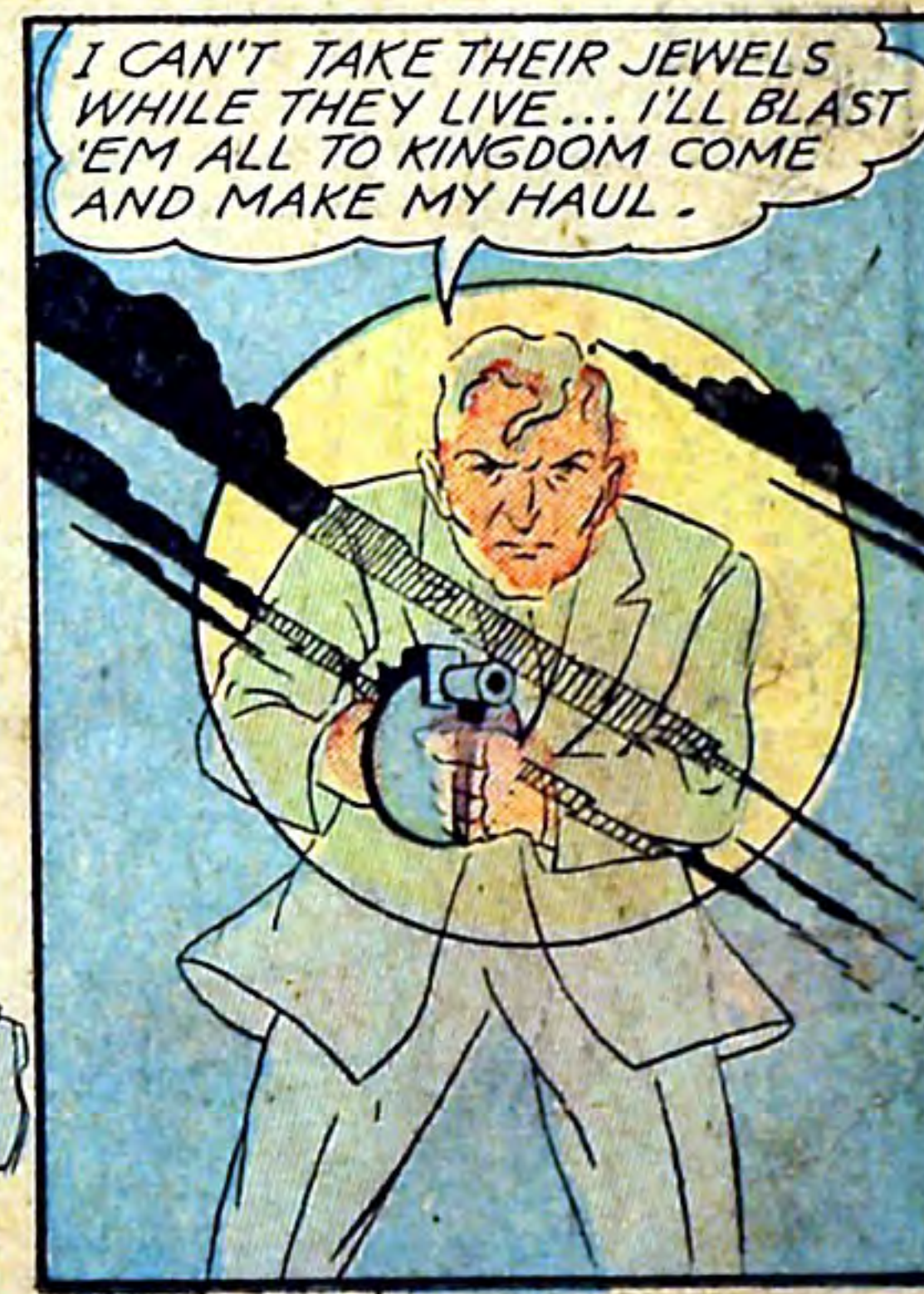


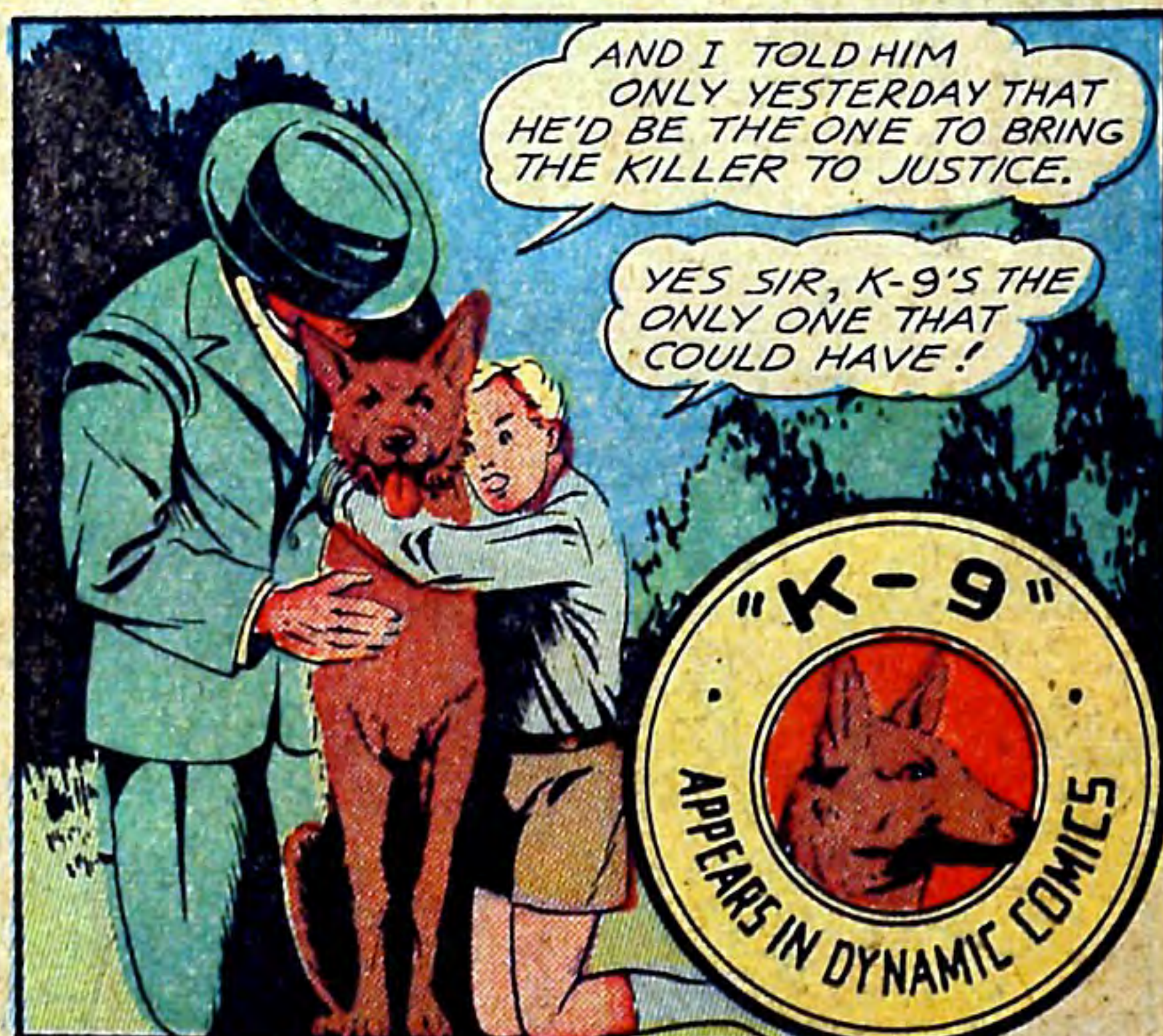
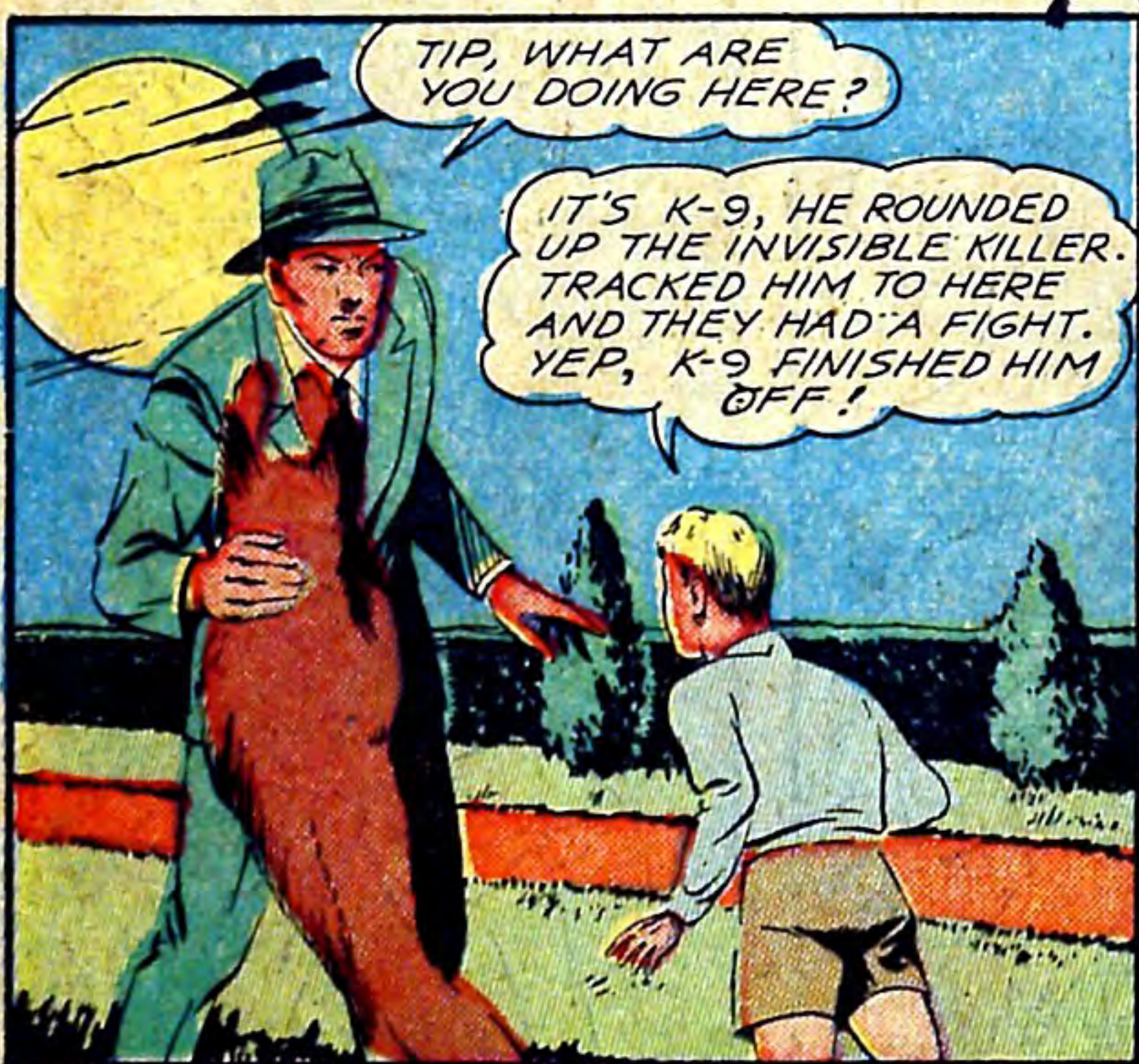




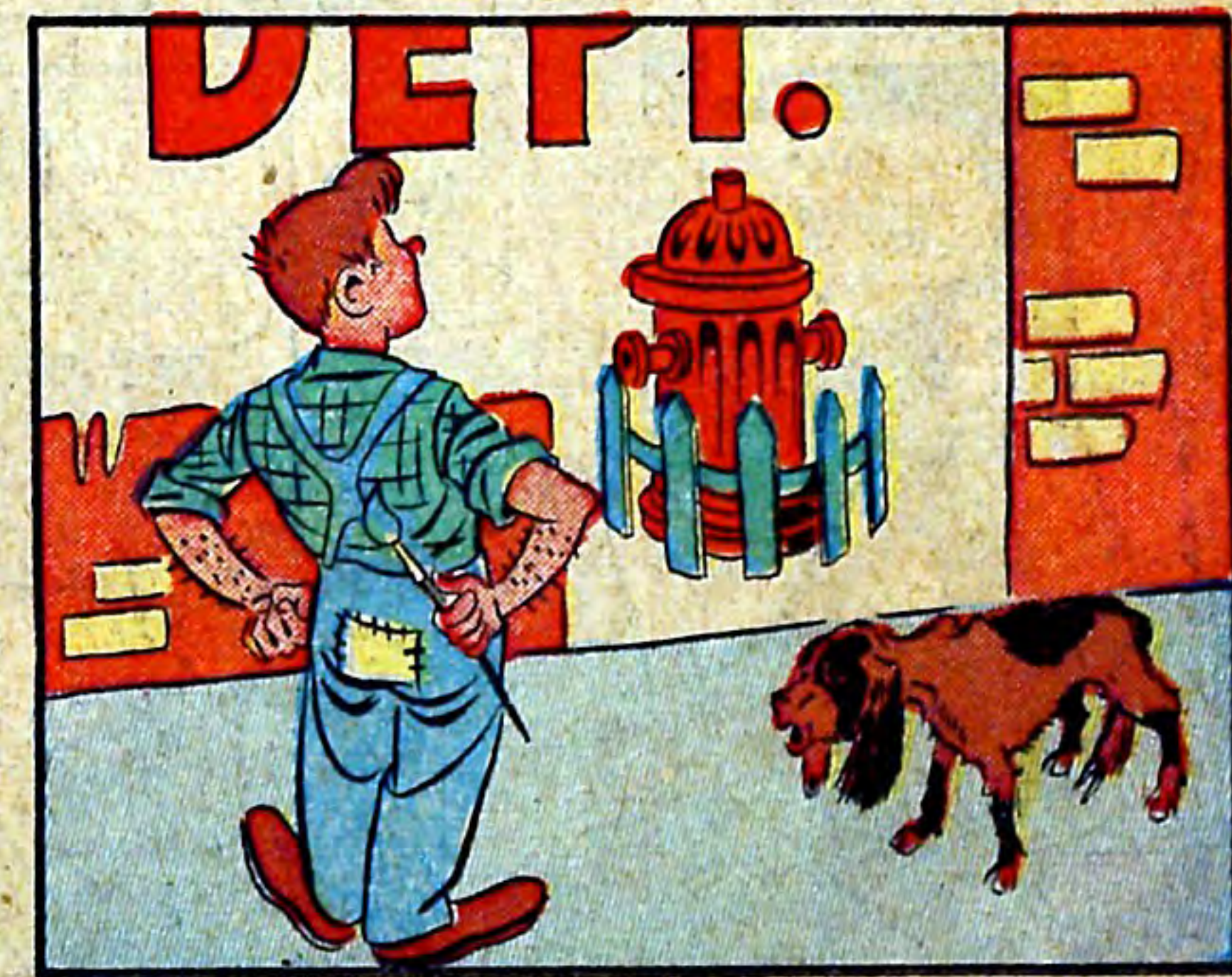
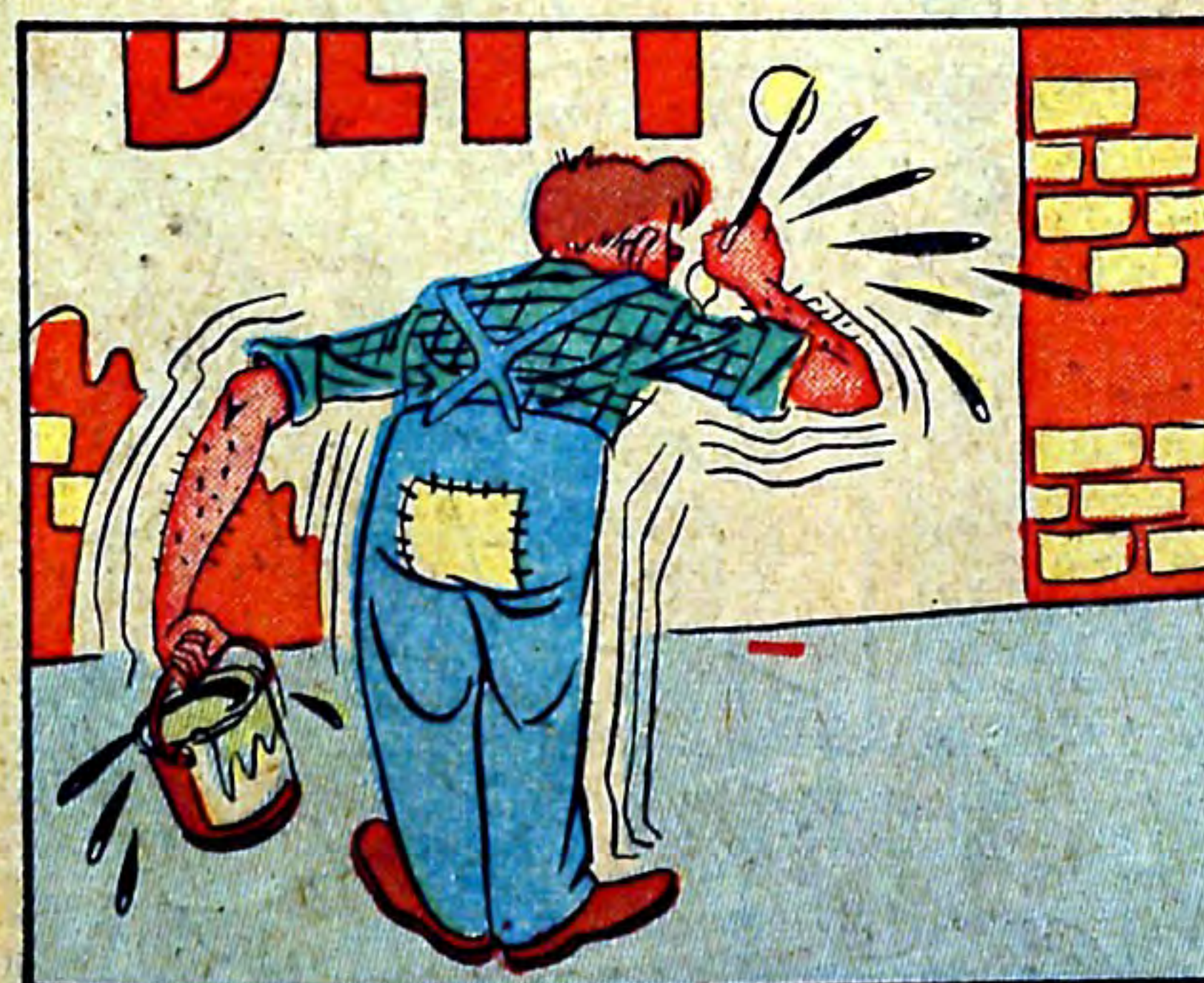
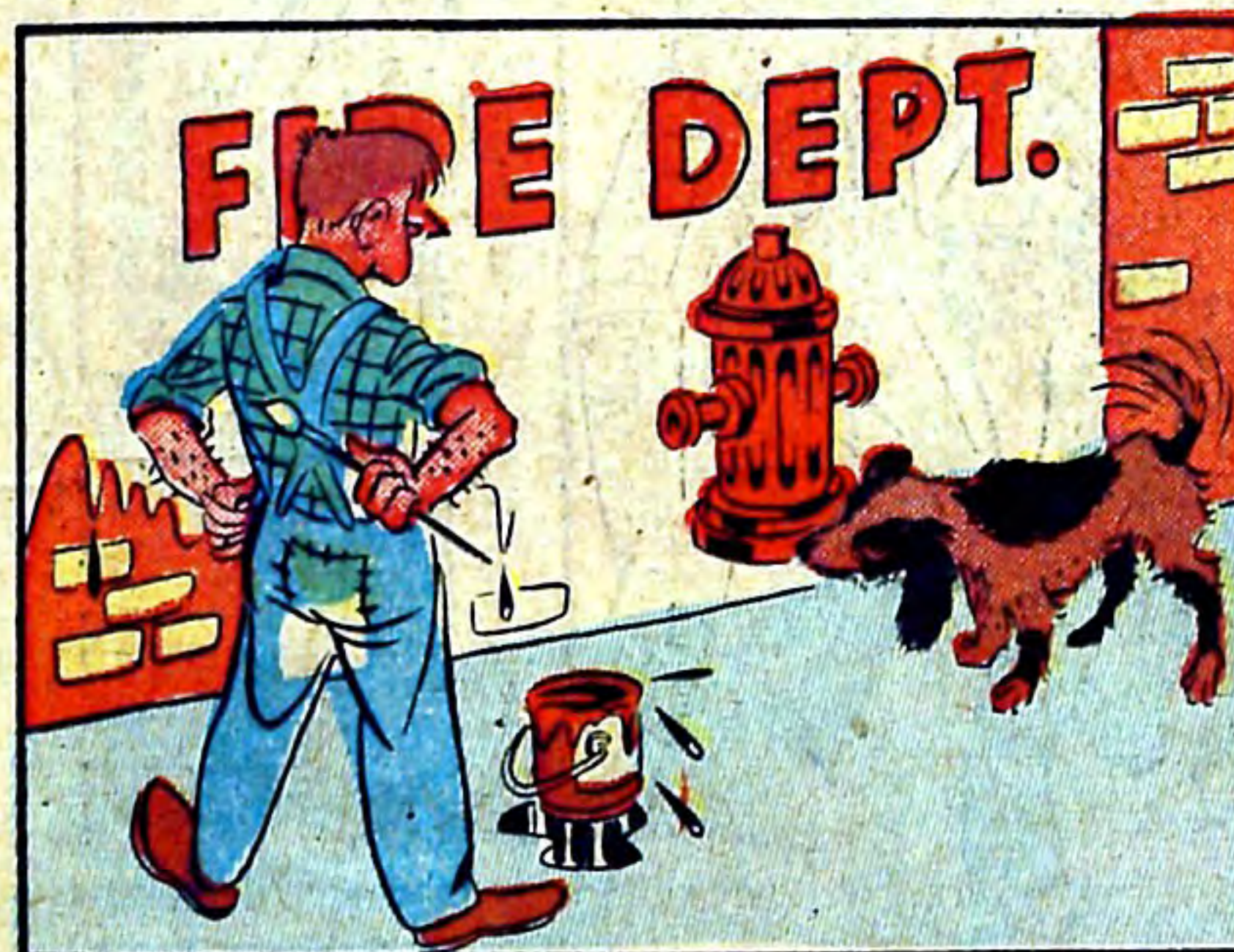








Jack POTS



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IN THE OFFICE OF
PRIVATE DETECTIVE,
LUCKY COYNE.

I THINK I'LL RUN
ALONG AND TRY
OUT THIS NEW
CLUB, LUCKY.

BETTER WAIT UNTIL
OUR VISITORS LEAVE.
THERE ARE TWO OF
THEM RUNNING UP
THE STAIRS, I FEEL
A CASE COMING UP.

I'M WILSON, THE
TRUSTEE OF THE MUNICIPAL
MUSEUM. MR. BLACK IS
OUR ART SUPERVISOR.
HE BOUGHT THIS PICTURE
FOR \$25,000. A MASTER-
PIECE WHICH WE HAVE
JUST DISCOVERED TO
BE A FAKE.

I STILL INSIST
IT IS GENUINE.

JUST A MINUTE
GENTLEMEN, I'M
A DETECTIVE NOT
AN ART CRITIC,
BUT . . .

I CAN TELL BY THE CANVAS THAT IT IS A FAKE. THIS CANVAS IS A TYPE THAT HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET ABOUT TWO YEARS.



WILL YOU TAKE THE CASE AND TRY TO RECOVER OUR INVESTMENT?



BAH! WHAT DOES A STUPID DETECTIVE KNOW ABOUT ART?

PERHAPS! HEADS I TAKE THE CASE... TAILS I GO GOLFING WITH TERRY.



SORRY, GENTLEMEN. I DON'T TAKE THE CASE!



GET OUT, BLACK! YOU'RE FIRED FOR SQUANDERING THE CITIZEN'S MONEY. MR. COYNE, WE WILL PAY YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU WILL TAKE THE CASE....



WHAT TH-?

MR. COYNE... LUCKY COYNE?



SORRY, MR. WILSON, THE COIN SAYS I'M TO PLAY GOLF WITH TERRY. GOOD DAY!



MY FATHER, JOHN SMALL, THE PAINTER, HAS DISAPPEARED! THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO DO A THING. PLEASE HELP ME!



WHY HE'S KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR HIS PAINTING. LET'S SEE WHAT THE COIN SAYS.

WITH A FLIP OF THE COIN, LUCKY AND TERRY ARE PLUNGED INTO ANOTHER MYSTERY.

HEADS! YOU WIN, MISS SMALL, I'LL TRY TO FIND YOUR FATHER.

ZIP... AND THERE GOES OUR GAME OF GOLF!

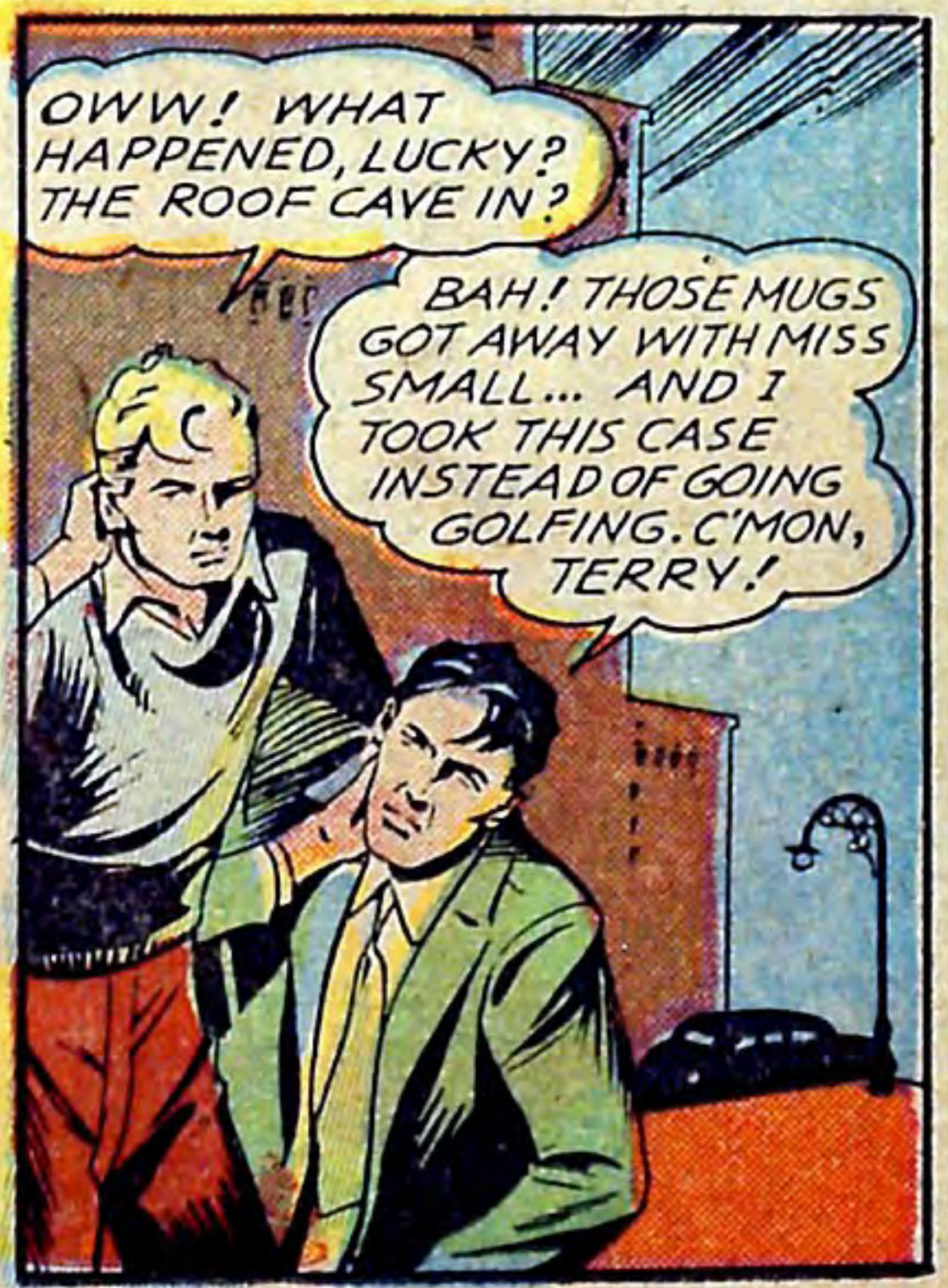
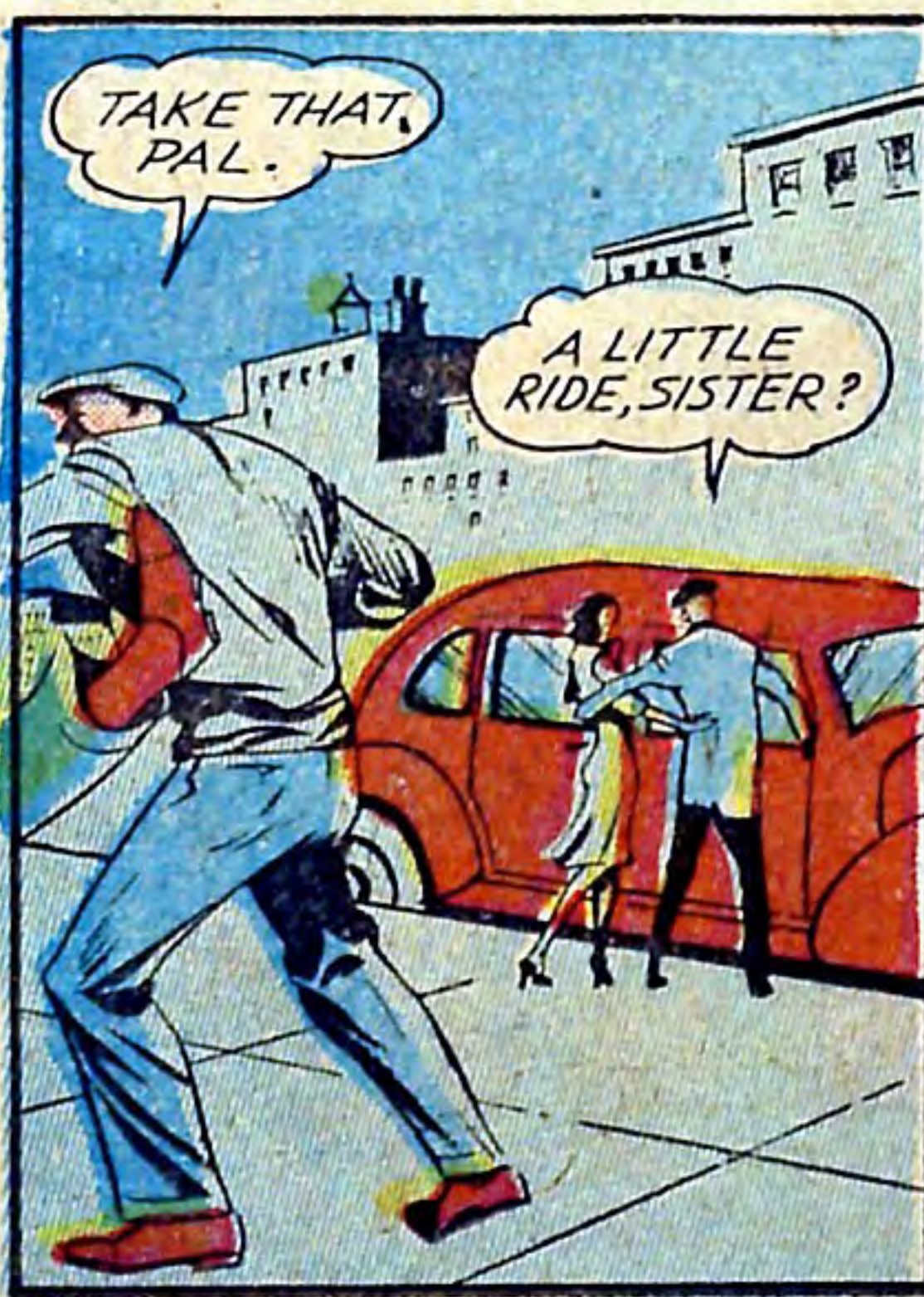
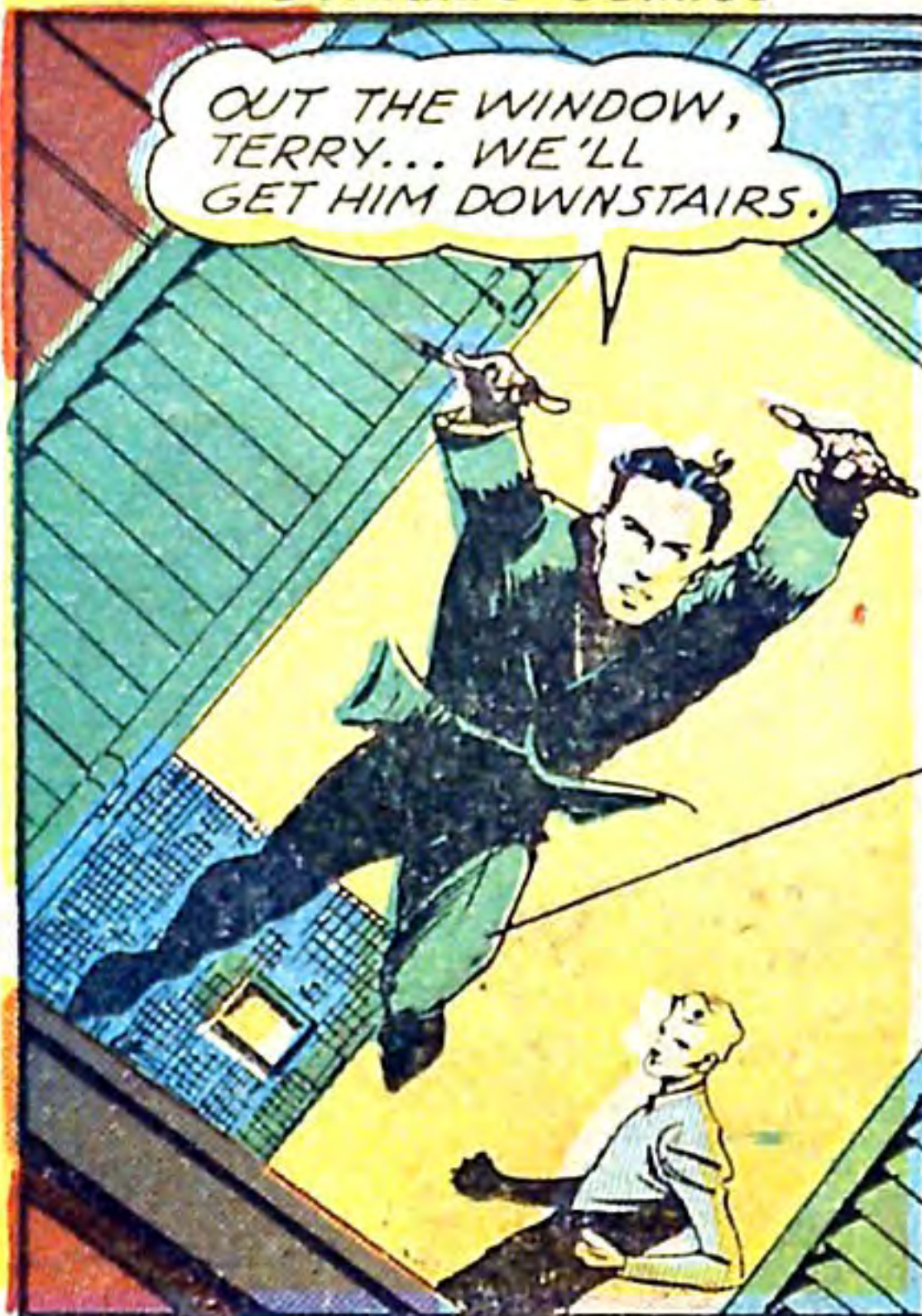


AT THE VERY PORTALS OF THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE... LONG GRASPING HANDS REACH OUT.

THANK YOU MR. COYNE. THANK... OOH...

THE CASE HAS STARTED, TERRY. COME ON!





SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, THE DETECTIVES STAND OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



FAR FROM THE CITY LIMITS, THE CAR SWERVES INTO A DRIVEWAY.



HE WENT INTO THE HOUSE, LUCKY.

LET'S GET CLOSER.



FOOL! I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO SELL ANY PICTURES UNLESS I ORDERED YOU TO. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TRAP.

I ANSWERED AN AD IN THE PAPER AND TRIED TO SELL ANOTHER PICTURE.



THIS WILL TEACH YOU, MY WORD IS LAW!



PLEASE... DON'T... AAAAGH!



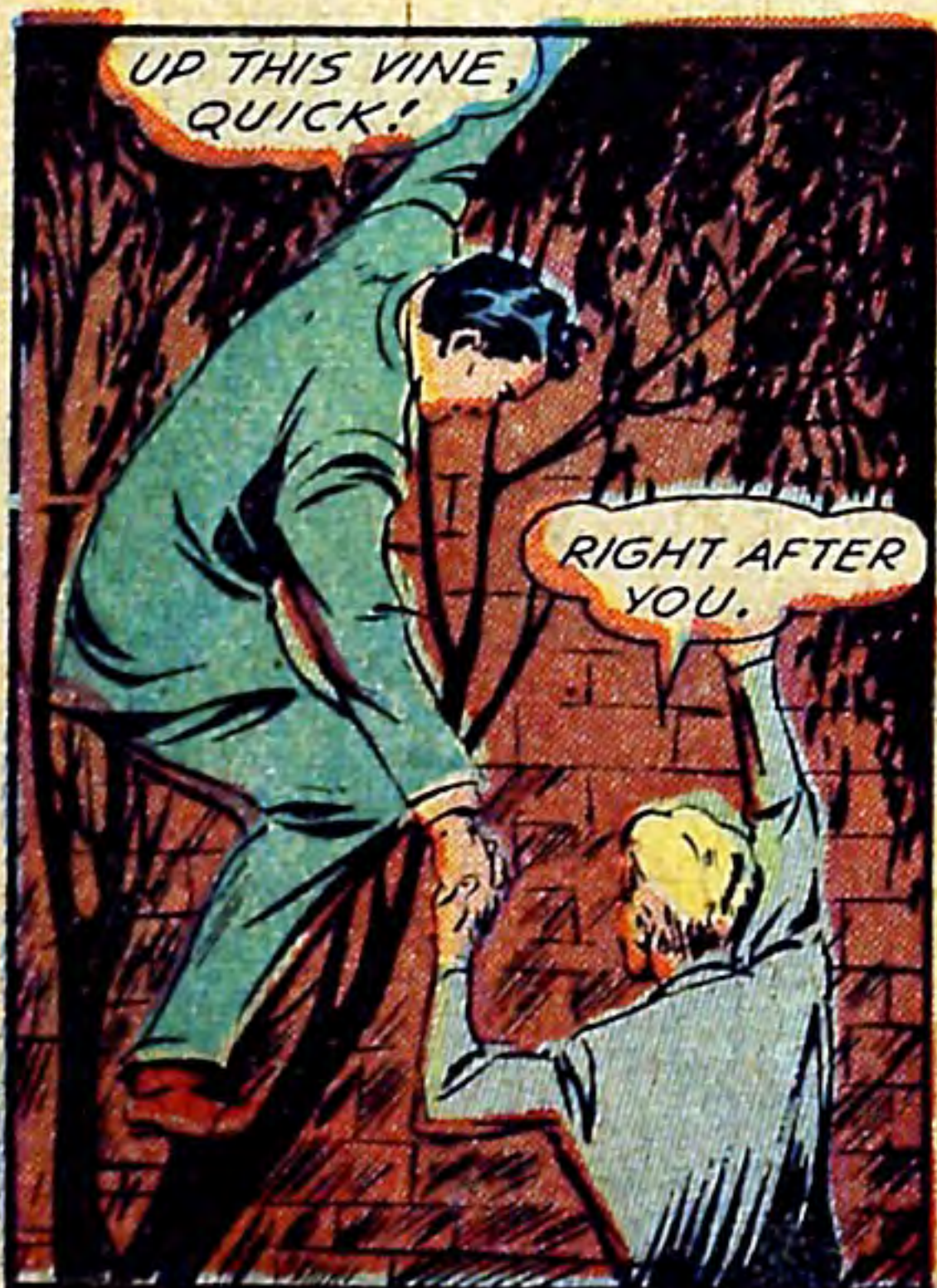
WOW! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING BIG ON OUR HANDS. THAT GUY STOPS AT NOTHING!

C'MON TERRY. WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE!



UP THIS VINE, QUICK!

RIGHT AFTER YOU.



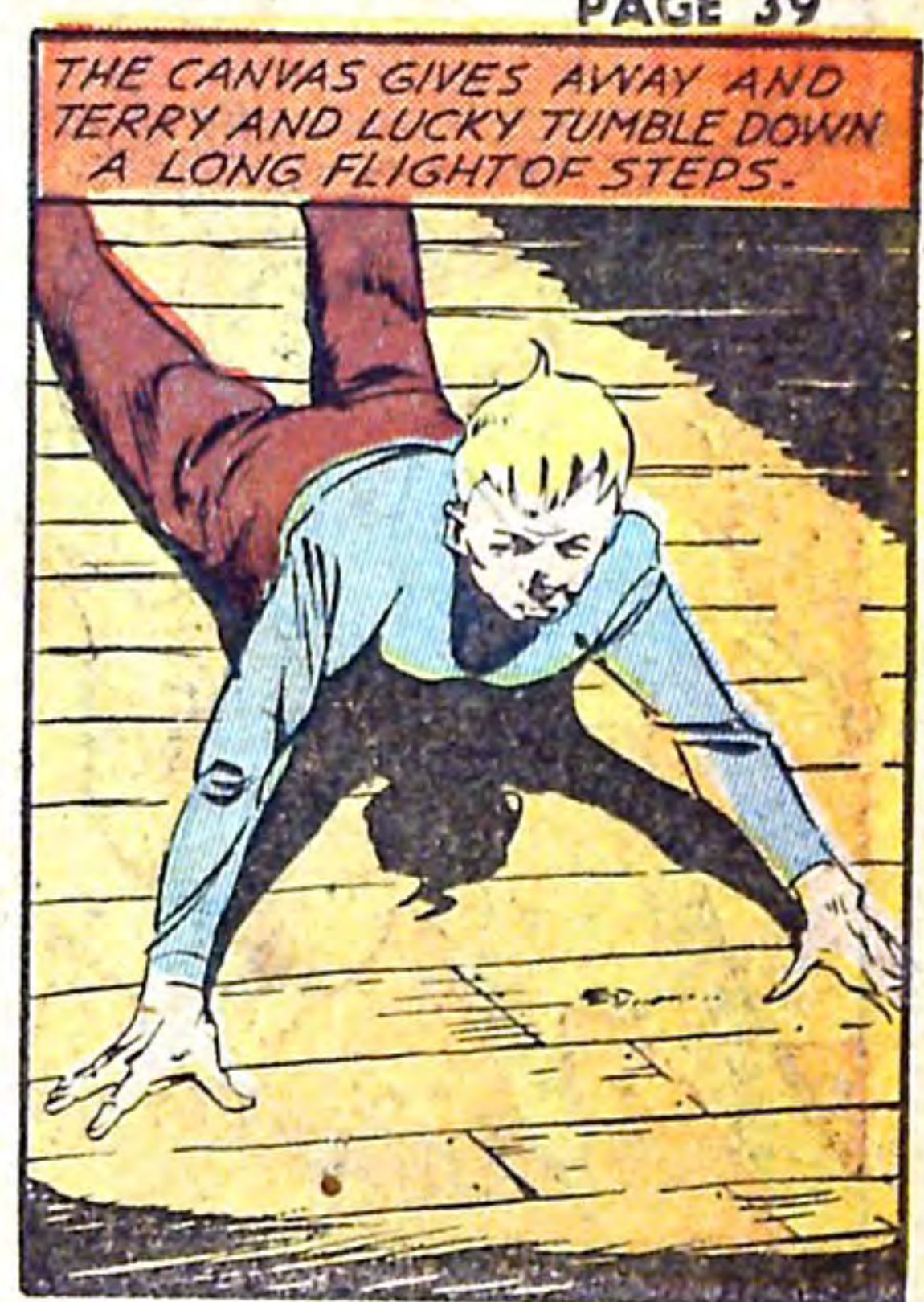
WELL, WE MADE IT ALRIGHT.

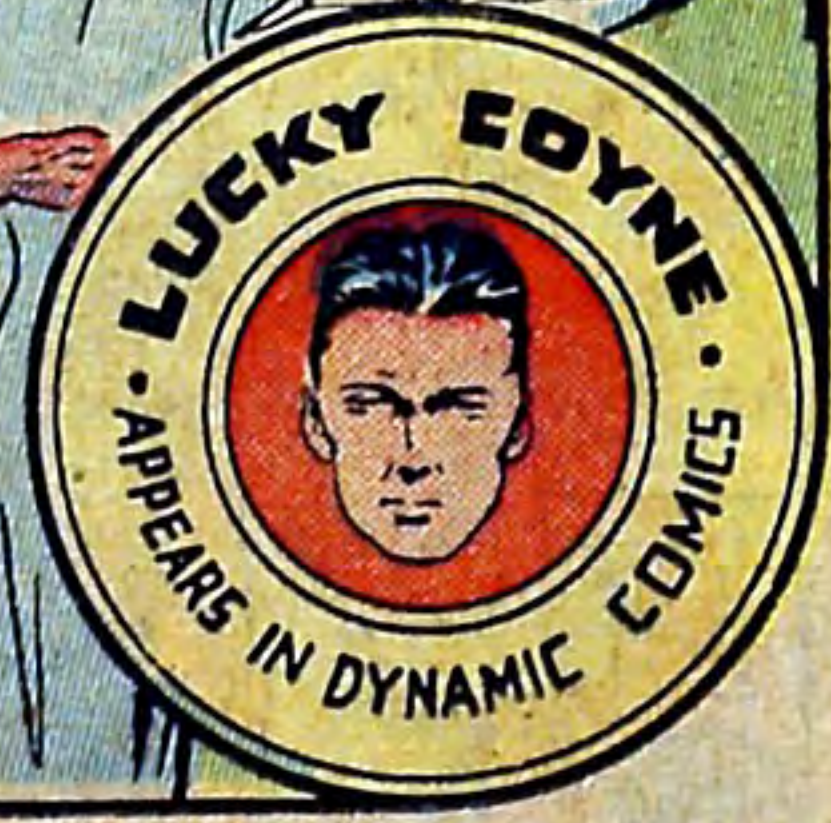
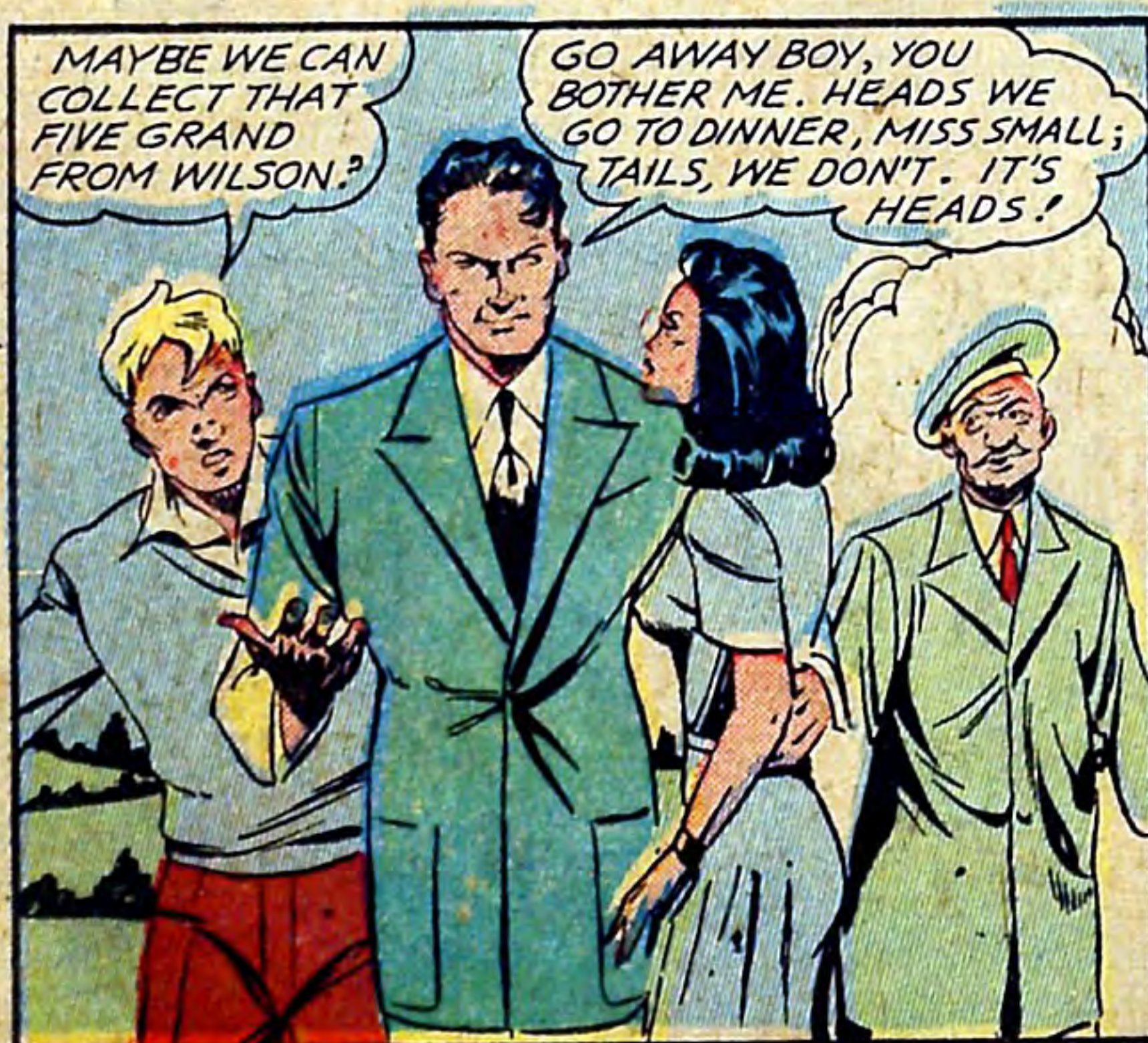
SOME ROOM! WHAT NEXT?



TERRY... LOOK!







Ticking Treasure

Jimmie Nelson returned to the grocery store with the push cart. He carefully unloaded the empty boxes and called out a cheery goodnight to the owner, Mr. Neil.

"Just a minute, Jimmie!" Mr. Neil called. "Tonight is pay night you know." He counted out five one dollar bills and handed them to the boy.

Jimmie thanked the kindly man. Then he separated the money, putting four bills into one pocket and one in the other. He grinned to himself and mused, "Won't Mom be surprised when she hears that I had her old clock fixed? She thought so much of that clock. It had been her grandfather's and his grandfather's before him."

He entered the house, and with the smile on his lips, kissed his mother. Then he handed her the four dollars.

"I hate to take this from you, Jimmie, but I have to," she said. She always said that and Jimmie always felt a little guilty that he was holding out the one dollar, even though it would eventually bring her happiness.

As Jimmie sat down at the kitchen table to a steaming plate of onion stew, his mother turned to him and said, "I was talking to Mrs. Norris today. She told me her son, Jerry, is going to camp for two weeks."

"Yeh," Jimmie grinned, "I told him I hoped the mosquitoes wouldn't have too much of a feast off him."

"Don't you wish you could go?" she inquired.

"Mom, I wouldn't go if I were a millionaire," Jimmie answered bravely, though within him burned the desire to go.

"But they play baseball, swim every day and go on hikes. At night they sit around a campfire, telling stories and toasting marshmallows," she continued. "You could even learn to swim, there!"

"No, I don't care for that kind of stuff," Jimmie replied, "I'd rather stay here with you."

That night in his bed, Jimmie rolled over and over. He thought about the camp and the fun he could have if he went. Then he thought about the clock. He would take it to the jeweler's tomorrow. His mother left early in the morning because she had to go cross-town. She did the laundry for a wealthy woman. Jimmie figured with his mother out of the house it would be easy to take the clock. Then, on his way home from school, he could pick it up and it would be chiming at dinner time. The seven dollars he saved would be enough to have it repaired.

The next morning, Jimmie stood before the jeweler as he examined the timepiece. "It will cost you seven dollars to have it fixed," he said quietly.

The boy grinned as he laid out the money. "When will it be ready?" he asked.

"I'll have it ready for you at noon," the man replied.

"Good, I'll pick it up on my way home for lunch," Jimmie shouted, as he ran out of the store.

Jimmie could hardly wait for the twelve o'clock bell to ring. He stopped in at the jeweler's and carefully tucking the clock under his arm, hurried home. He put the clock on the shelf, and ate the food his mother had prepared for him. He decided not to wind the clock. He'd do that when he came home from his delivery route, that evening.

... It was near six when Jimmie yanked open the door and shouted, "Hello Mom!" He glanced at the shelf. The clock was gone!

"Mother, the clock!" he barely blurted out.

His mother glanced at him. "I sold it so you could go to camp, for a vacation," she said softly. "You've been working too hard."

Jimmie's face fell. "It was fixed—I had it fixed for you." The tears streamed down his face as he sobbed out the words. "I didn't want you to sell it. I don't want to go to camp."

"I know," she said softly. "The man who fixed it for you called here just as I got home. He said he didn't realize it at the time, but our clock is quite an antique. He gave me four hundred dollars for it. Now, will you go to camp?"

"Y-y-yes," came the faint reply from the happy lad.

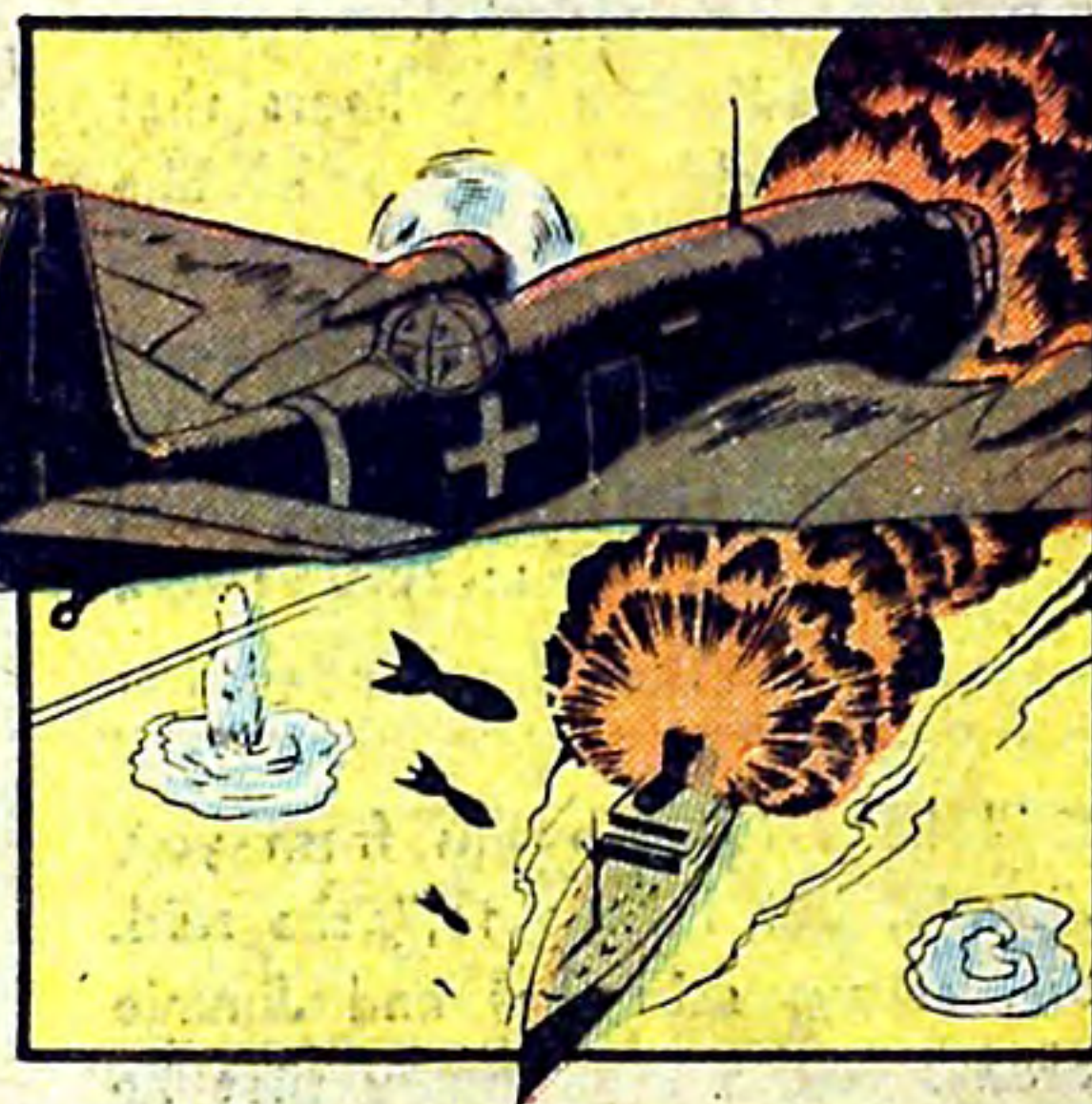
LADY SATAN



WE'LL BE MARRIED
AS SOON AS WE LAND
IN NEW YORK.
SAY... WHAT'S....



LOOK...
BOMBERS!

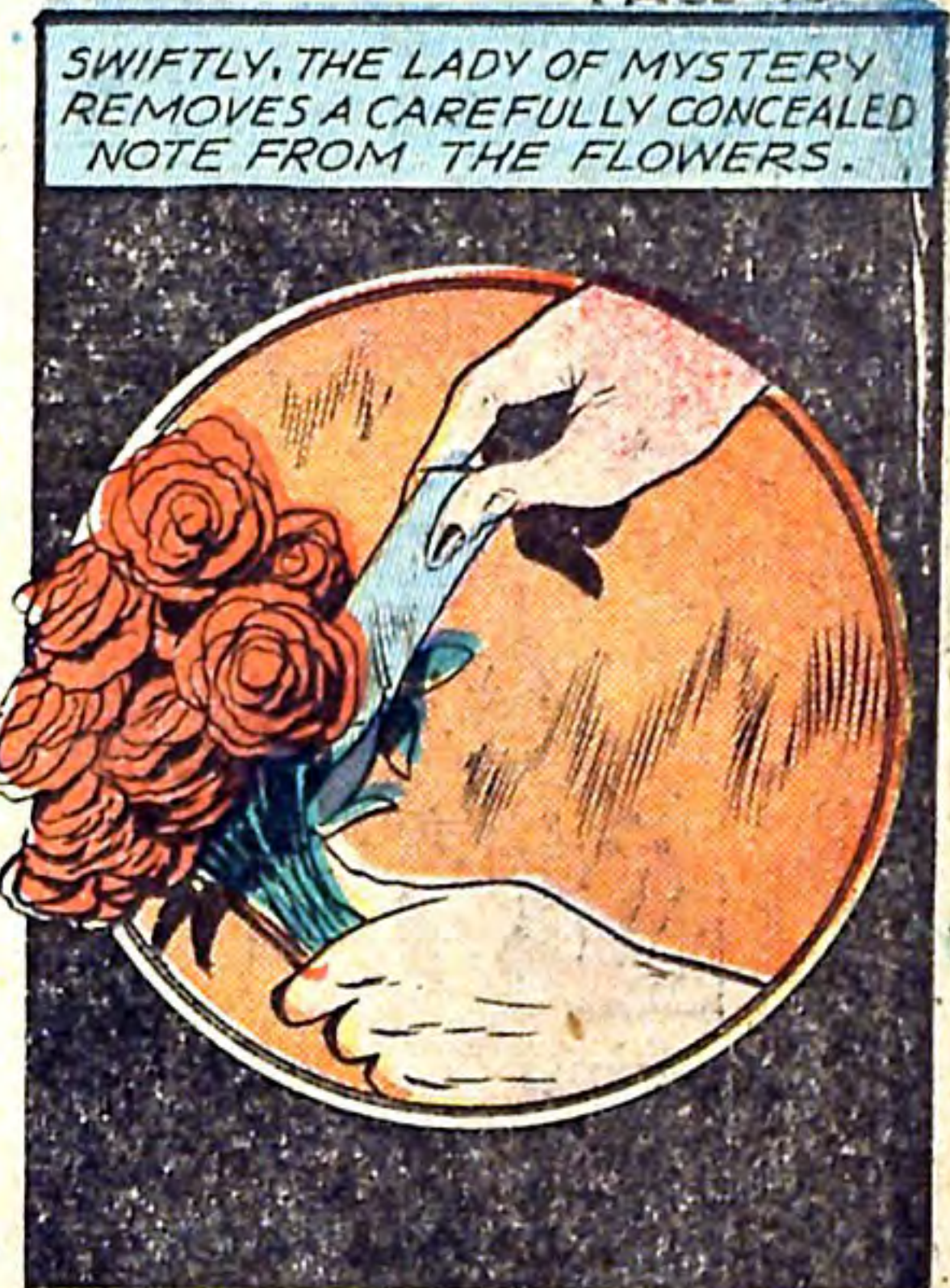


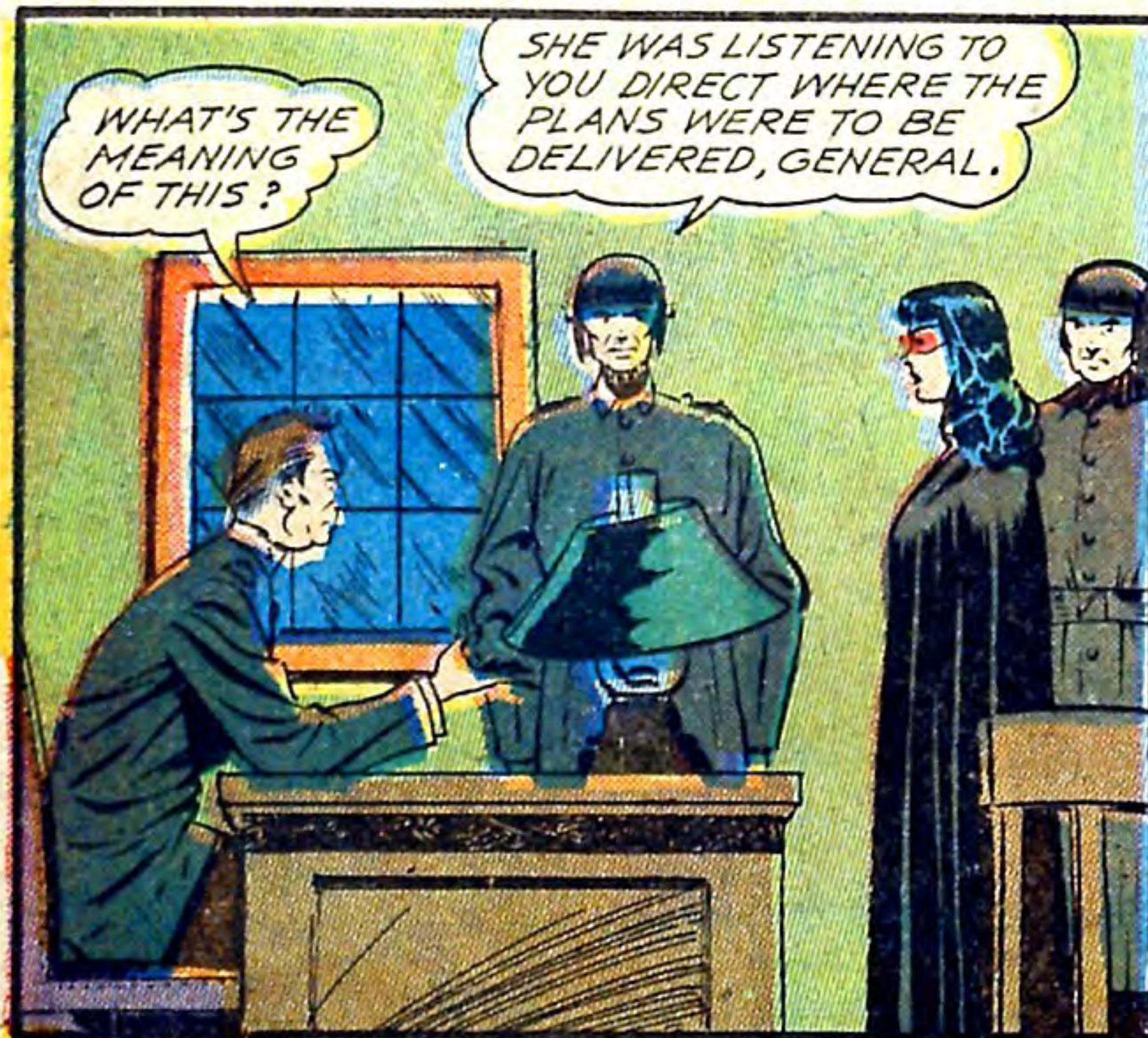
AS A RESCUE SHIP APPROACHES,
A HARSH BITTER MOAN LEAVES
THE GIRL'S LIPS.

ALL I EVER LOVE, DESTROYED
BY THOSE TYRANTS. I SWEAR
HENCEFORTH TO DEVOTE MY
LIFE TO THEIR DESTRUCTION.
MY ENEMIES WILL FEE!
THE WRATH OF
LADY SATAN.



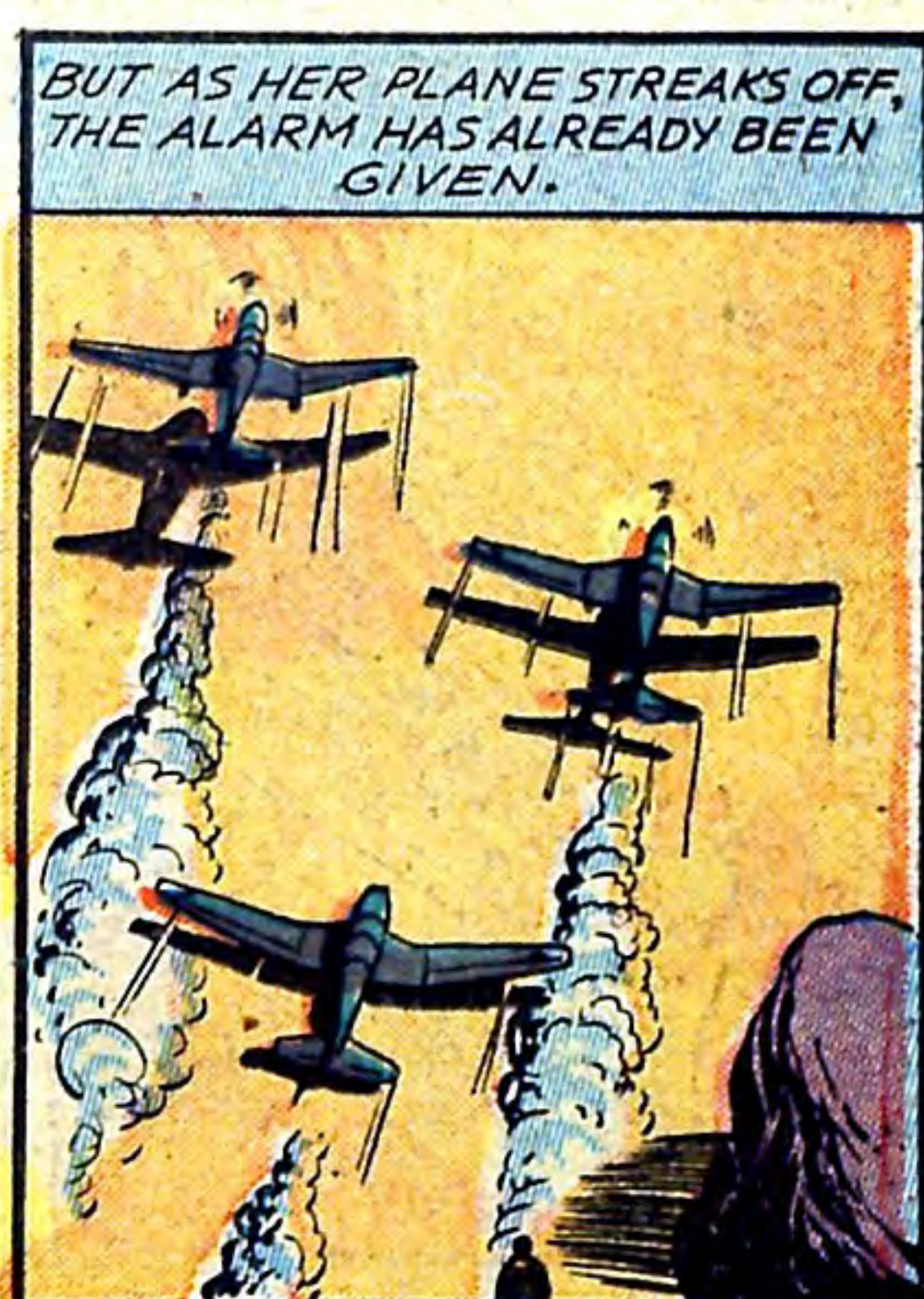
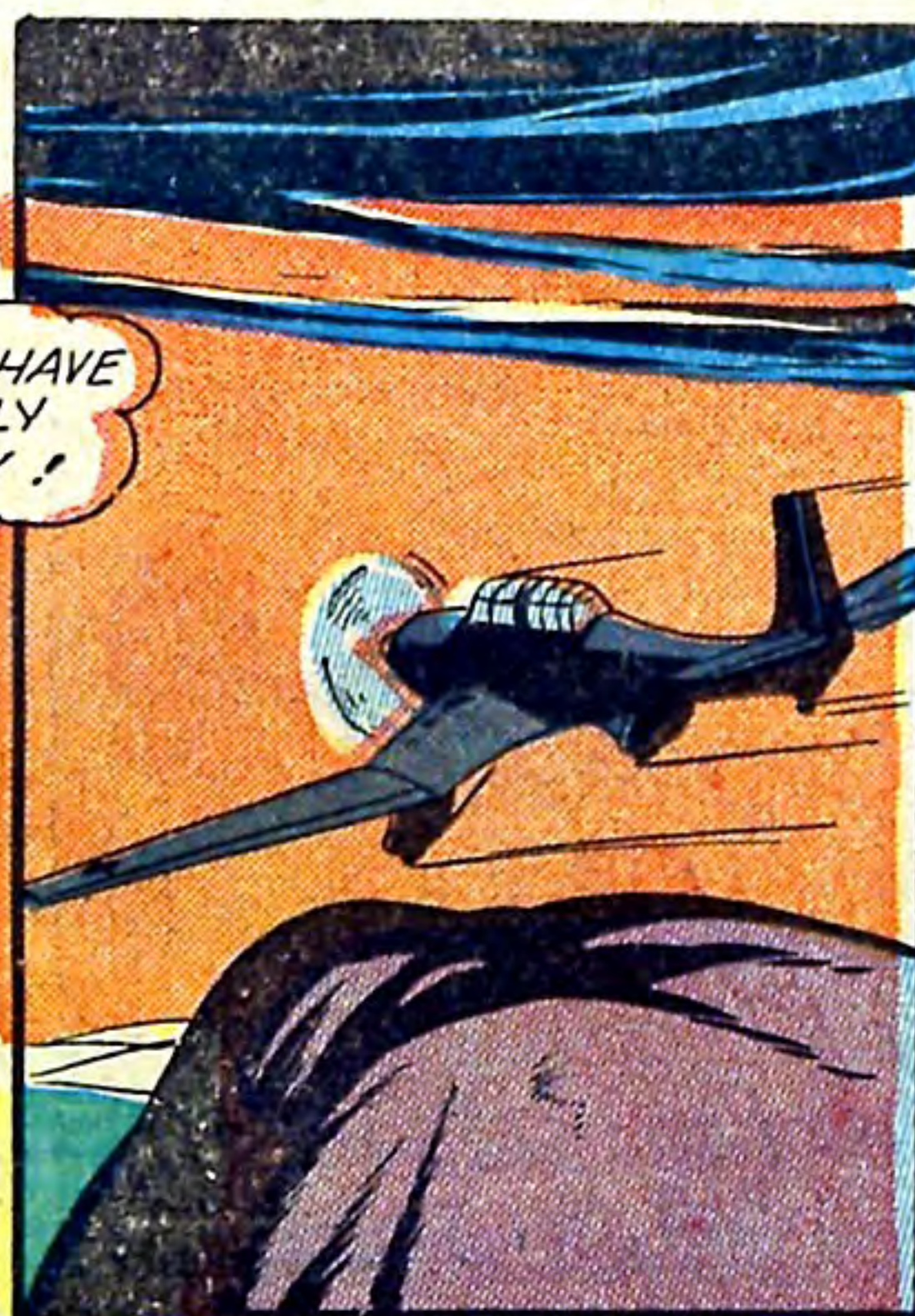
A STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
DEDICATES HER LIFE TO FERRET
OUT THE SECRETS OF THE ENEMIES
OF DEMOCRACY AND TO TURN THESE
SECRETS OVER TO THE NATIONS
ENGAGED IN A DEATH STRUGGLE
TO KEEP THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY
AGLOW. THIS WEIRD, SWIFT
STRIKING CHARACTER IS KNOWN
AS..... LADY SATAN.





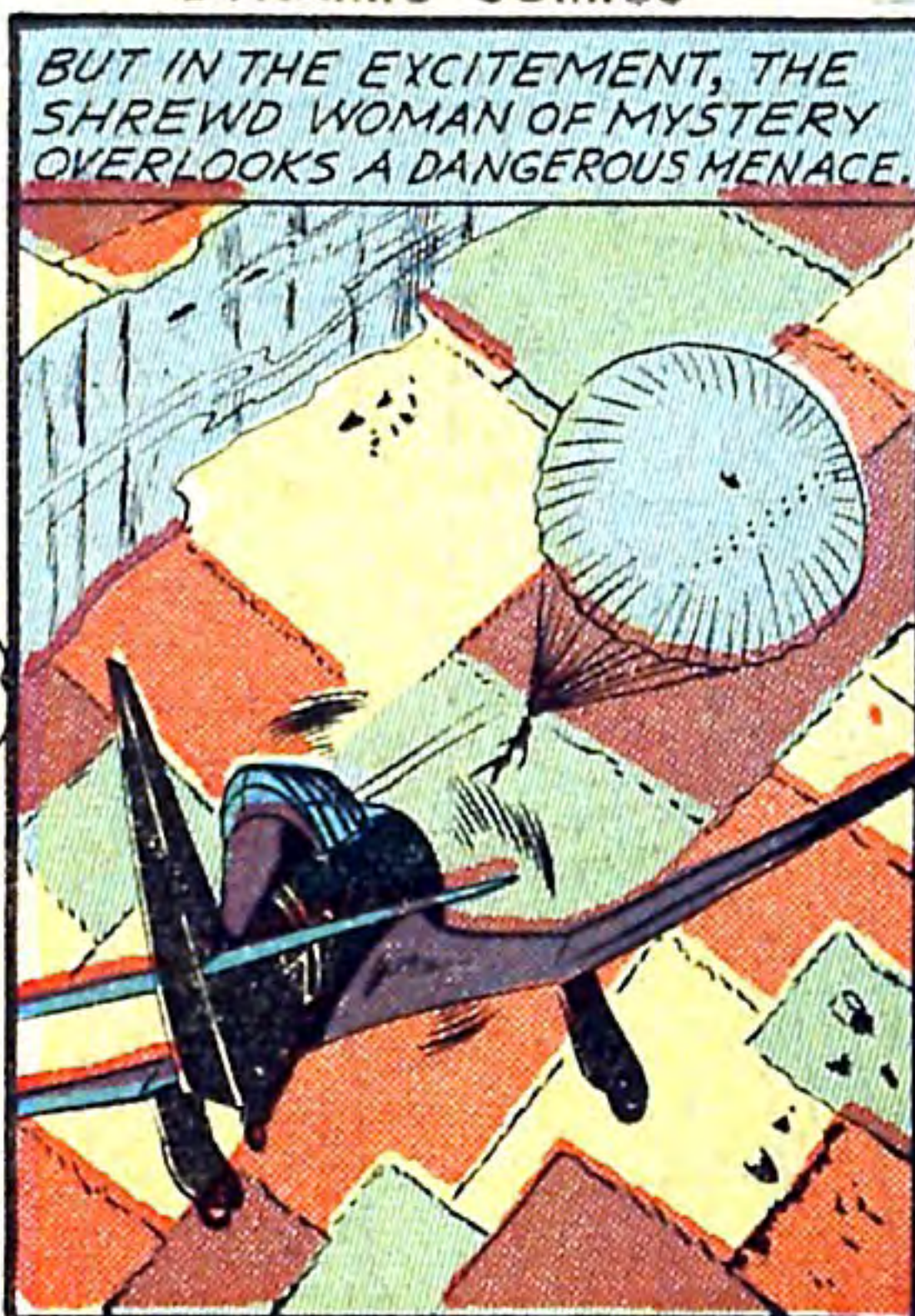


SATAN-YOU HAVE BEEN RIGHTLY NAMED, LADY!





FOOLS-THEY FORGOT THAT I'D GET OUT BEFORE THE CRASH!



BUT IN THE EXCITEMENT, THE SHREWD WOMAN OF MYSTERY OVERLOOKS A DANGEROUS MENACE.



HEAVENS... I'M NOT AS LUCKY AS I THOUGHT!

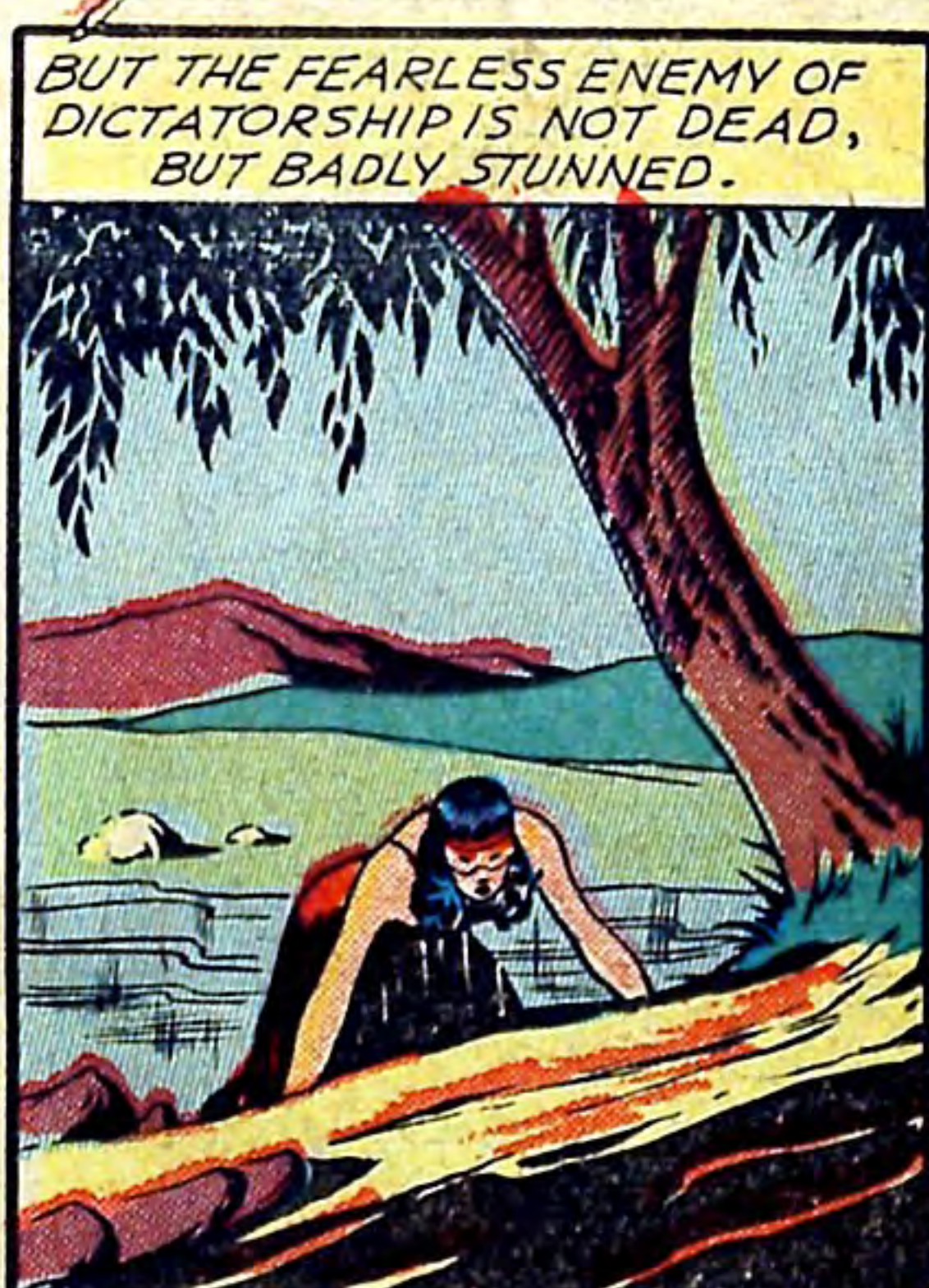


AS THE FLAMES CONSUME THE CHUTE, LADY SATAN HURTTLES DOWN.



AT LAST WE CAN REPORT THE DEATH OF LADY SATAN!

THAT FALL HAS SURELY KILLED HER. GOOD RIDDANCE TO THAT FEMALE DEVIL!



BUT THE FEARLESS ENEMY OF DICTATORSHIP IS NOT DEAD, BUT BADLY STUNNED.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

LOOK! SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!



GET HER IN THE CAR AND WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT HER FACE!

MASKED... WONDER WHO SHE IS?



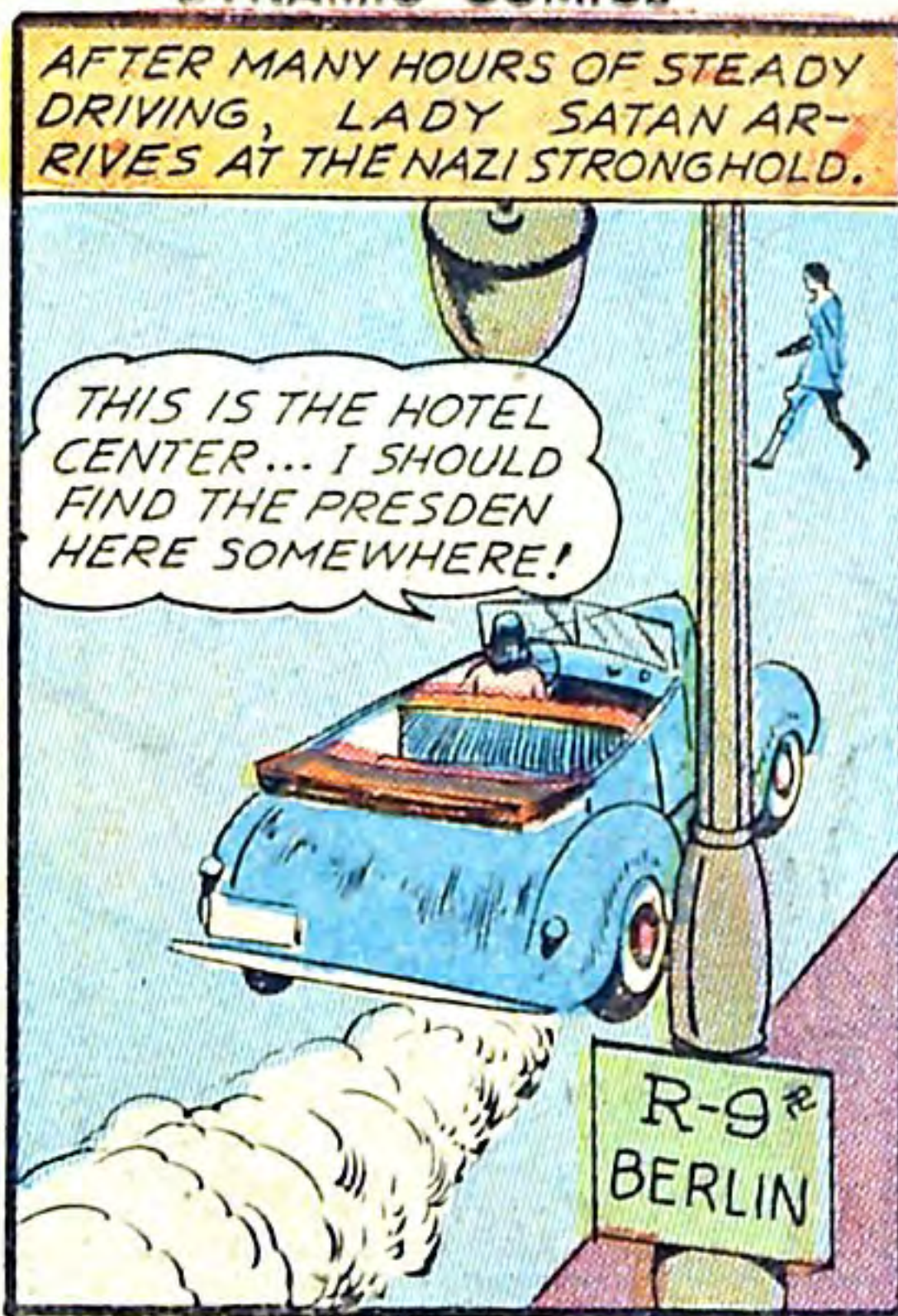
GOODBYE, MY DULL WITTED FRIENDS!

WHAT TH--!



THIS IS FUN,
IF I DON'T
GET SHOT!

KILL HER!



AFTER MANY HOURS OF STEADY
DRIVING, LADY SATAN AR-
RIVES AT THE NAZI STRONGHOLD.

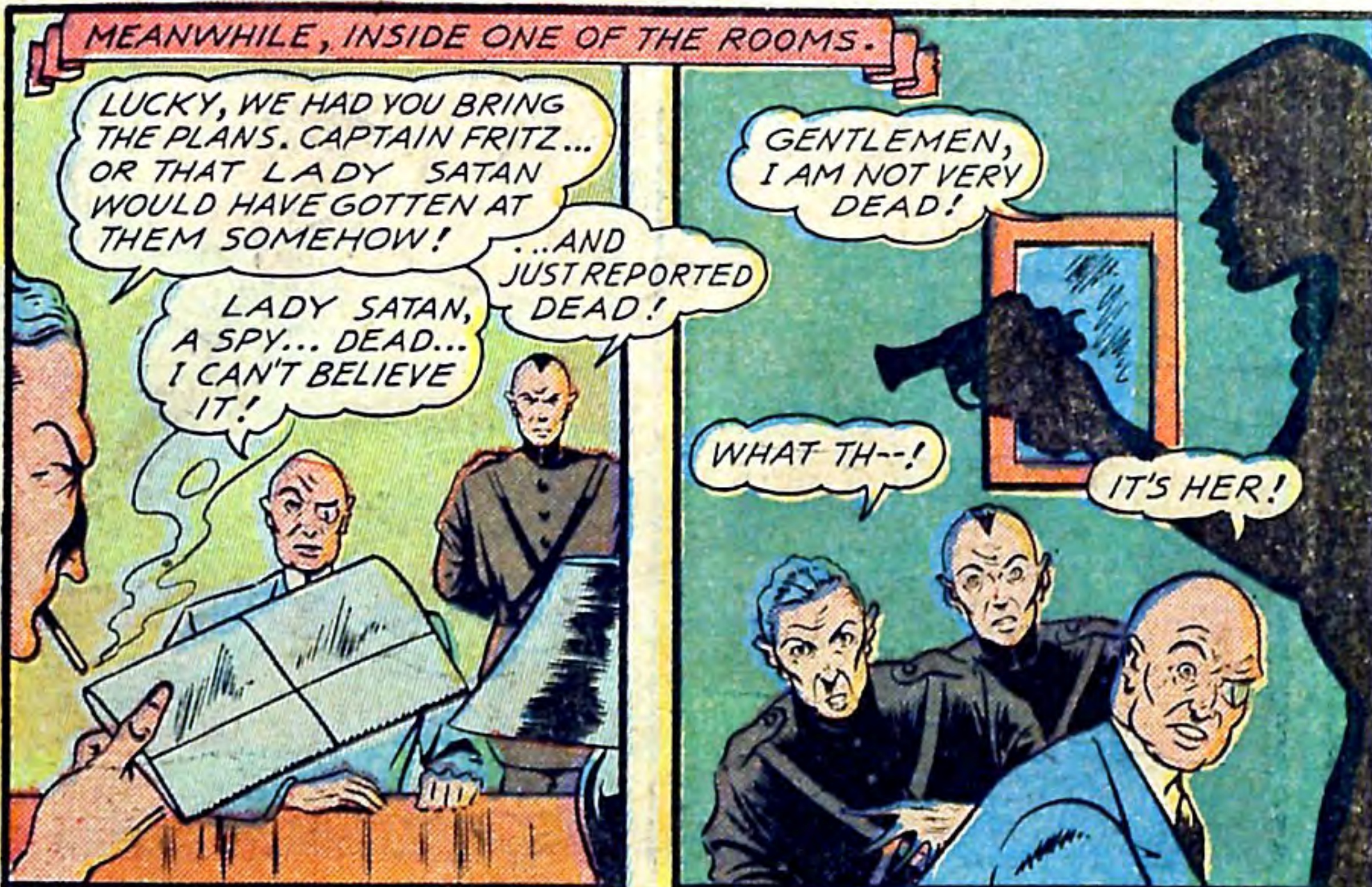
THIS IS THE HOTEL
CENTER... I SHOULD
FIND THE PRESIDENT
HERE SOMEWHERE!

R-9
BERLIN



THERE IT IS... AND
WELL GUARDED. I'LL
HAVE TO FIND SOME
WAY TO

HOTEL
PRESIDENT



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS.

LUCKY, WE HAD YOU BRING
THE PLANS. CAPTAIN FRITZ...
OR THAT LADY SATAN
WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AT
THEM SOMEHOW!

...AND
JUST REPORTED
DEAD!

LADY SATAN,
A SPY... DEAD...
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

GENTLEMEN,
I AM NOT VERY
DEAD!

WHAT TH--!

IT'S HER!



SEIZE THE
SHE DEVIL!

THEY'RE
ASKING FOR
IT... HERE
GOES!

KILL HER!



A DOSE OF
CHLORINE WON'T
HURT THEM!



NOW FOR
THE PLANS!

UGGGH!

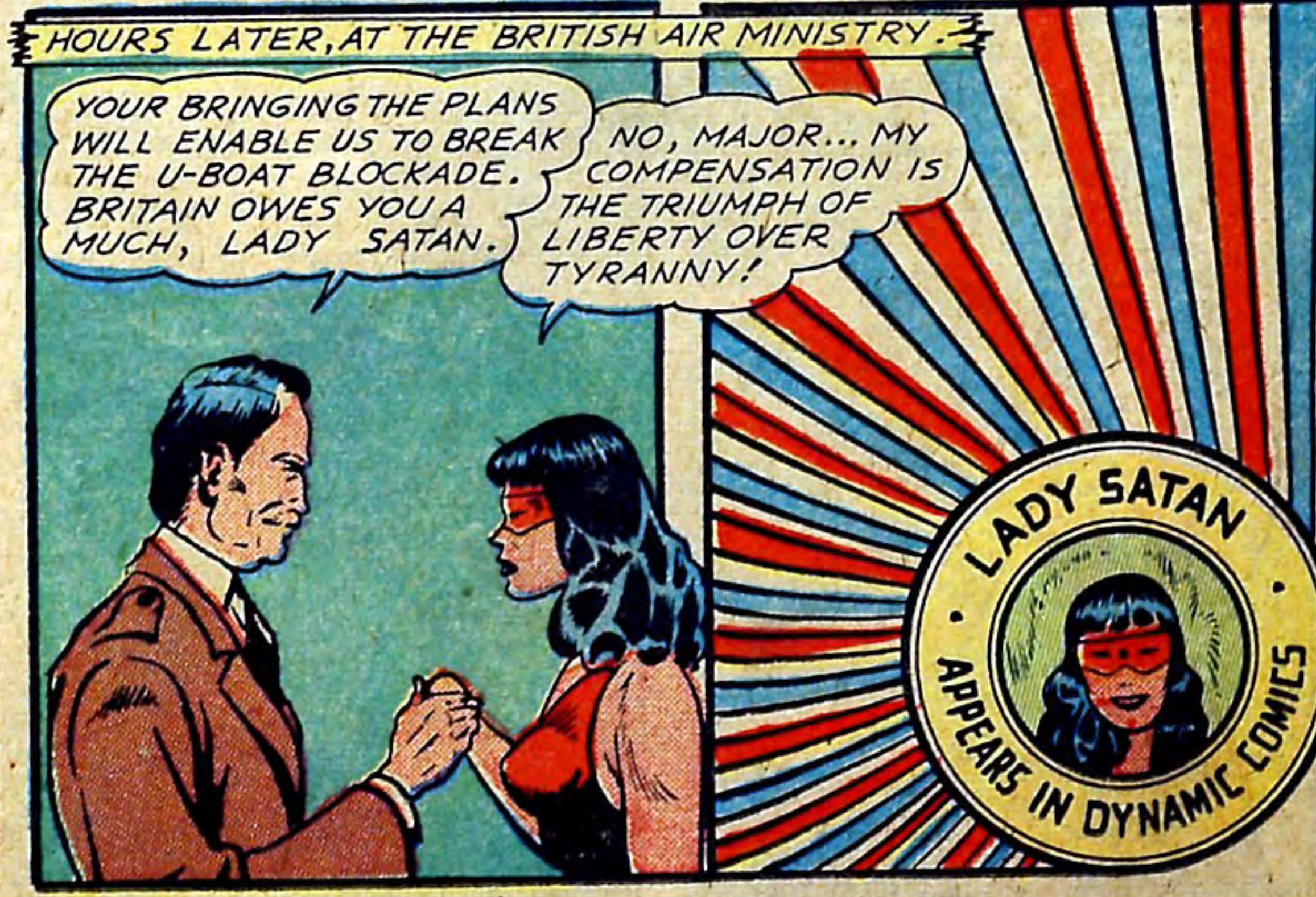
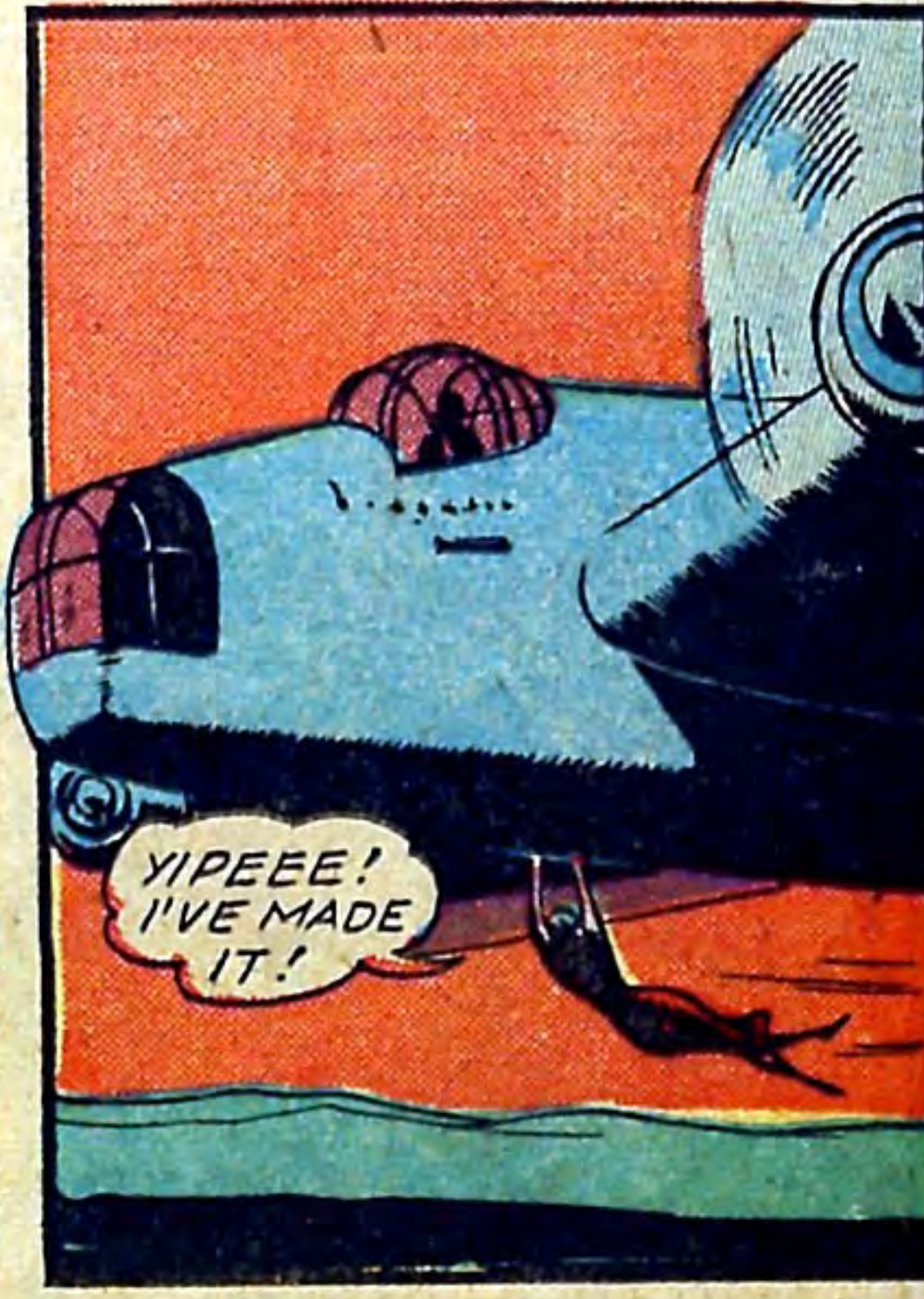
HELP!

AAGGGH!



HERE THEY ARE!
NOW TO GET
OUT....

NOT SO FAST
LADY
SATAN!



STAMP-O-GRAMS

PRISON MAIL

RULES AND REGULATIONS REGARDING "PRISON MAIL" IN MANY OF THE PRISONS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.

- ① EACH PRISONER ON ARRIVAL MUST SIGN AN AGREEMENT PERMITTING OFFICIALS TO OPEN HIS MAIL FOR CENSORSHIP, IF HE REFUSES HE DOESN'T RECEIVE ANY MAIL DURING HIS CONFINEMENT.
- ② NO PRISONER CAN RECEIVE A LETTER FROM A FORMER INMATE OR WRITE TO ONE.
- ③ WHEN A LETTER IS GIVEN TO AN INMATE, THE STAMPS ARE REMOVED, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT **DOPE** CAN BE PLACED UNDERNEATH THE STAMP.
- ④ AS A RULE ONLY ONE LETTER IS PERMITTED TO BE MAILED A WEEK - AND THAT LETTER CAN ONLY BE SENT TO A RELATIVE.

STAMPS IN THE NEWS

THAT MAIL CARRIERS ARE HONEST WAS PROVEN BY SOME UNKNOWN PERSON IN CHICAGO, WHO MAILED A DOLLAR BILL ATTACHED TO A POST CARD TO A PERSON IN NEW YORK. THE BILL WAS DELIVERED WITH THE CARD - THOUGH SOME TWENTY ODD PERSONS HANDLED IT. IT WAS A VACATION CARD INSCRIBED "PEOPLE ARE HONEST, ESPECIALLY MAIL CARRIERS."

THE POST OFFICE OF ANTHONY, NEW MEXICO AND TEXAS SERVES A COMMUNITY IN BOTH STATES.

WAR SLOGANS

WAR SLOGANS ARE NOW APPEARING ON "BRITISH MAIL" "GROW MORE FOOD" AND "DIG FOR VICTORY" ARE AMONG THE FIRST OF SUCH WARTIME APPEALS TO BE INCORPORATED INTO STAMP CANCELLATIONS.

STAMPS AS TIPS

PAUL BROWN, ASSISTANT POSTMASTER AT DES MOINES, HAS OFFERED A GOOD IDEA. HE SUGGESTS WE CARRY AROUND WITH US IN A BILL-FOLD, DEFENSE SAVING STAMPS (OF SMALL DENOMINATION) TO BE USED FOR TIPPING WAITERS AND BELL HOPS.

TWO SEALED MAIL BAGS FROM THE SUNKEN STEAMER "ATHENIA," FIRST SEA CASUALTY OF WORLD WAR WERE RECOVERED RECENTLY WHEN THEY WERE WASHED ASHORE IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

STAMP PORTRAITS



WALLACE BEERY THE "BAD MAN" OF THE MOVIES COLLECTS GOOD STAMPS.

PHILATELIC PHOOLERY



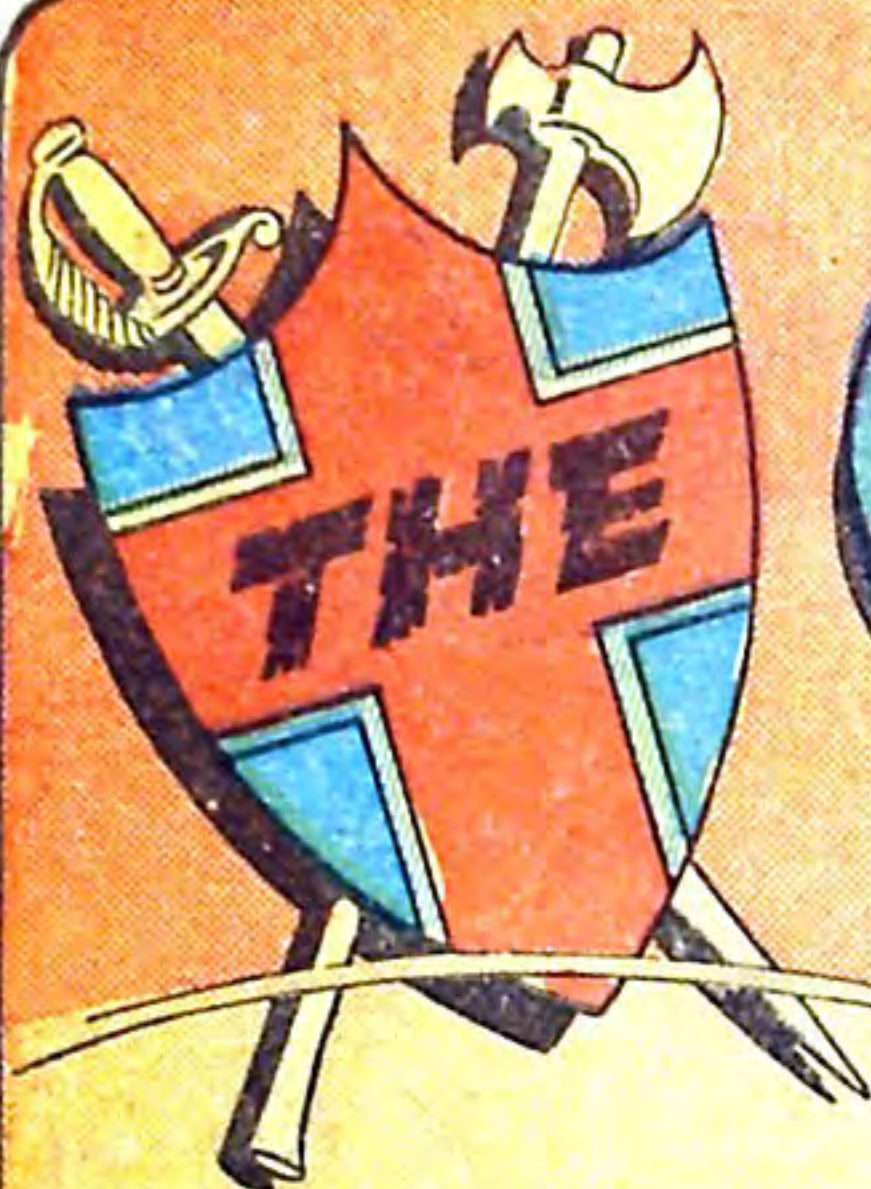
STAMP ROMANCE, STARTS IN FRIENDSHIP, N.Y., THEN GOES TO LOVE VA, THE NEXT ACT IS KISSME, FLA., FROM THERE TO RING, ARK., THEN COMES PARSON, KANS., THE LAST STOP IS THAT WELL KNOWN PLACE RENO, NEVADA.

ONE FOR THE ALBUM

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS APPOINTED POSTMASTER OF NEW SALEM, ILL., ON MAY 7TH, 1833, IN A COMMISSION SIGNED BY PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.



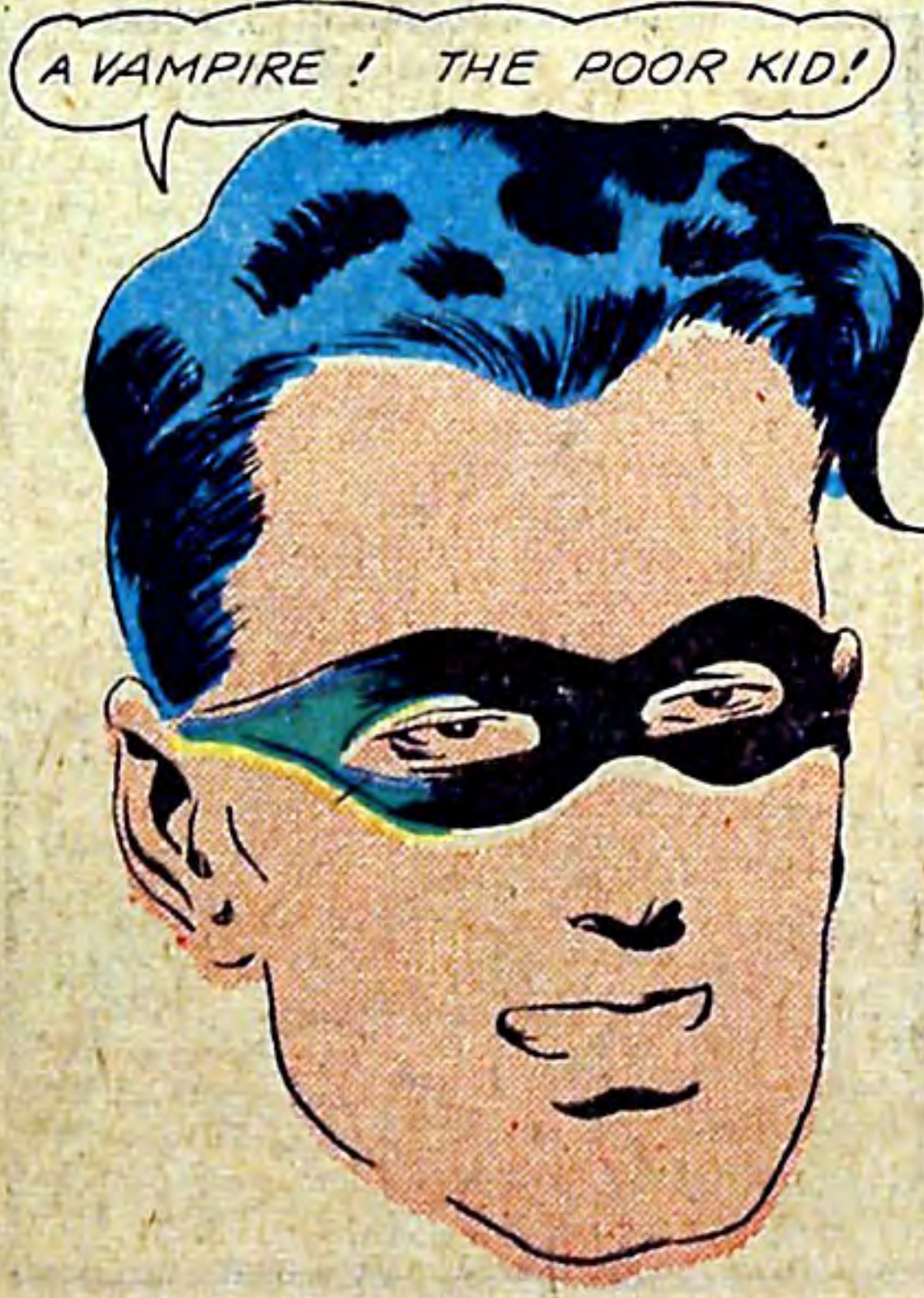
Green Knight

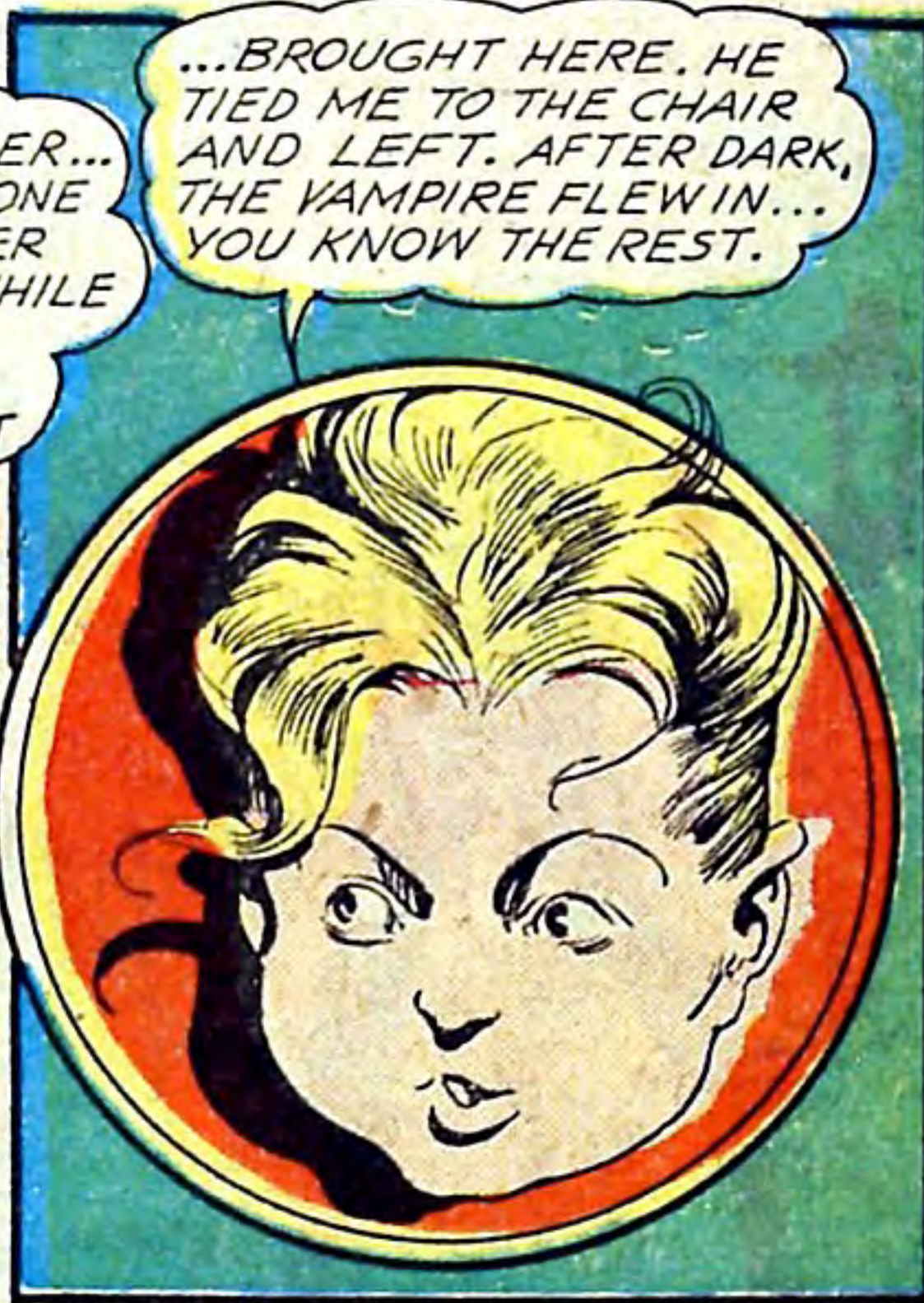


INSPIRED BY
THE HEROIC
KNIGHTS
OF OLD,
DENIS KNIGHT,
WEALTHY
AMERICAN
SPORTSMAN,
ADOPTS THE ROLE
OF THE
GREEN KNIGHT...
CHAMPION OF
THE OPPRESSED
AND
DEFENDER OF
THE RIGHT.



CLAD IN STRANGE RAIMENT AND ARMED
WITH A CRUDE BOW AND ARROW,
DENIS KNIGHT WANDERS ABOUT THE
TREACHEROUS EVERGLADES.







THAT'S THAT. LET'S GET GOING LANCE. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

OKAY. BOY, YOU SURE DO PACK A TERRIFIC WALLOP.



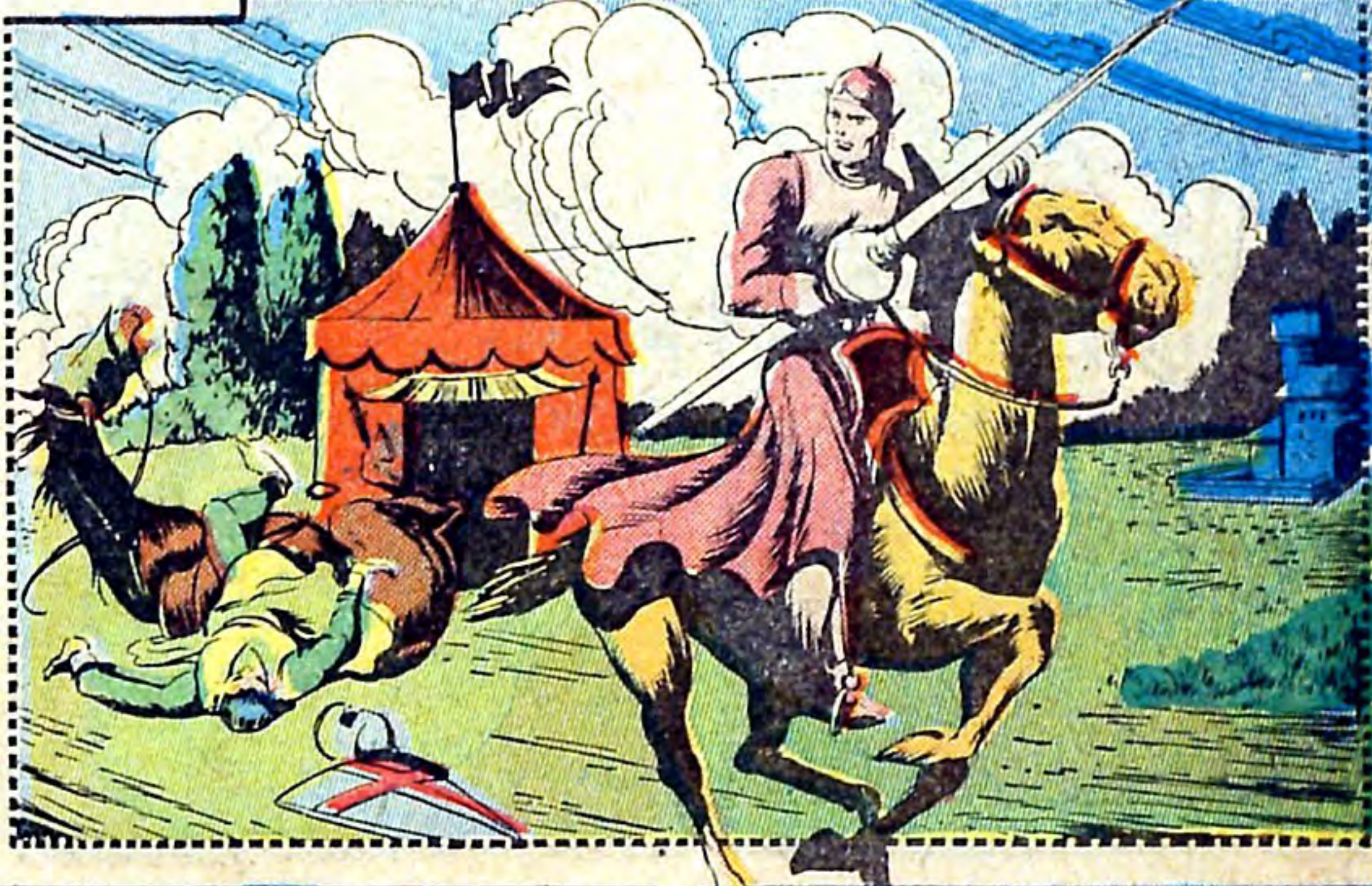
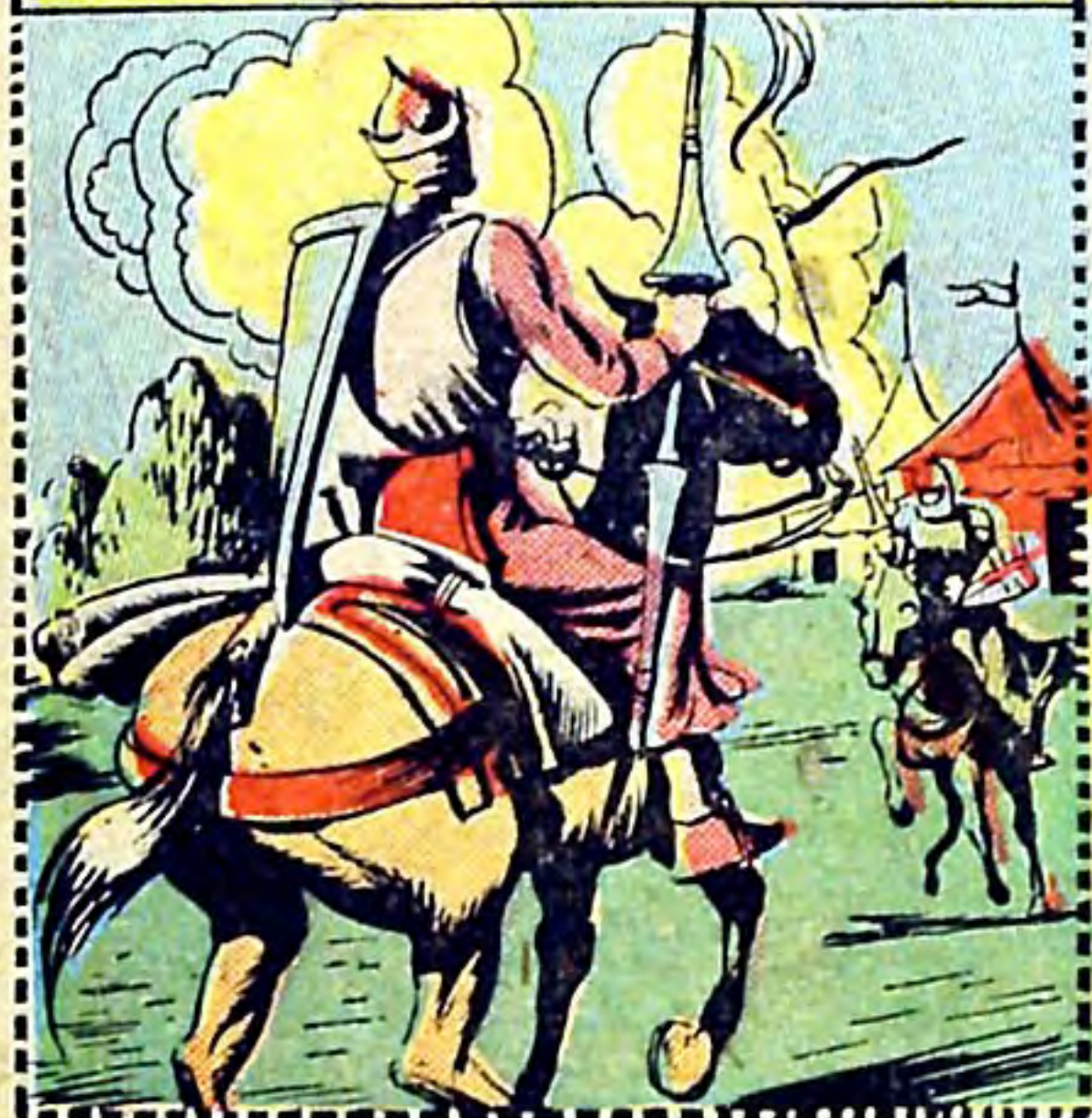
THIS IS MY COLLECTION OF RELICS FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.

GEE!

LATER, IN THE PRIVATE MANSION OF DENIS KNIGHT.

...AND GREAT BATTLES WERE FOUGHT IN DEFENSE OF THE OPPRESSED AND RIGHTEOUS.

"BRAVE KNIGHTS USED TO JOUST WITH EACH OTHER IN TOURNAMENTS."



SO I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A MODERN KNIGHT... A DEFENDER OF THE OPPRESSED AND CHAMPION OF RIGHT!

GOSH! COULDN'T YOU SORTA ADOPT ME. THEN WE BOTH COULD...



AS THE GREEN KNIGHT AND LANCE WE'LL ROAM ABOUT AS THE DEFENDERS OF THE OPPRESSED AND CHAMPIONS OF RIGHT!



IMPRESSED BY THE BOY'S SINCERITY, DENIS KNIGHT ADOPTS THE LAD TO ASSIST HIM...

...MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN...

BUT, DALE, IT'S DANGEROUS FOR A GIRL TO GO ALONE INTO THE EVERGLADES!

VAMPIRES ARE A SILLY SUPERSTITION!



PRETTY DALE PATTERSON ENTERS THE MYSTERIOUS EVERGLADES...



... AND COMES UPON THE DESERTED HOUSE AT DUSK.



AT THE WINDOW LURKS AN EVIL VISAGED HULK.



A PRETTY VICTIM FOR MY MASTER HA, HA! HA, HA!



OH!



AS DALE ENTERS THE OLD HOUSE.



BLOOD... NICE WARM BLOOD! HEE, HEE!



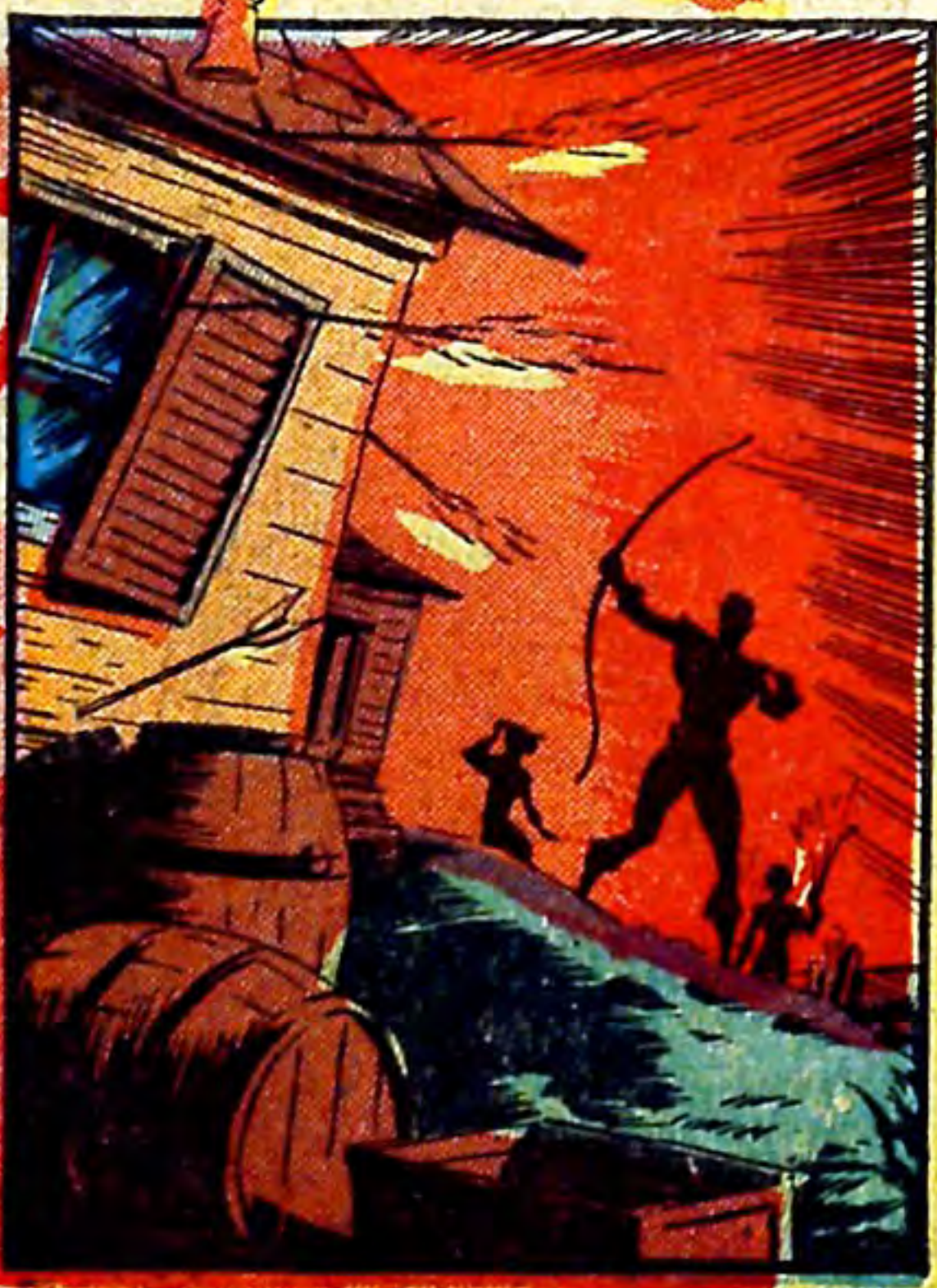
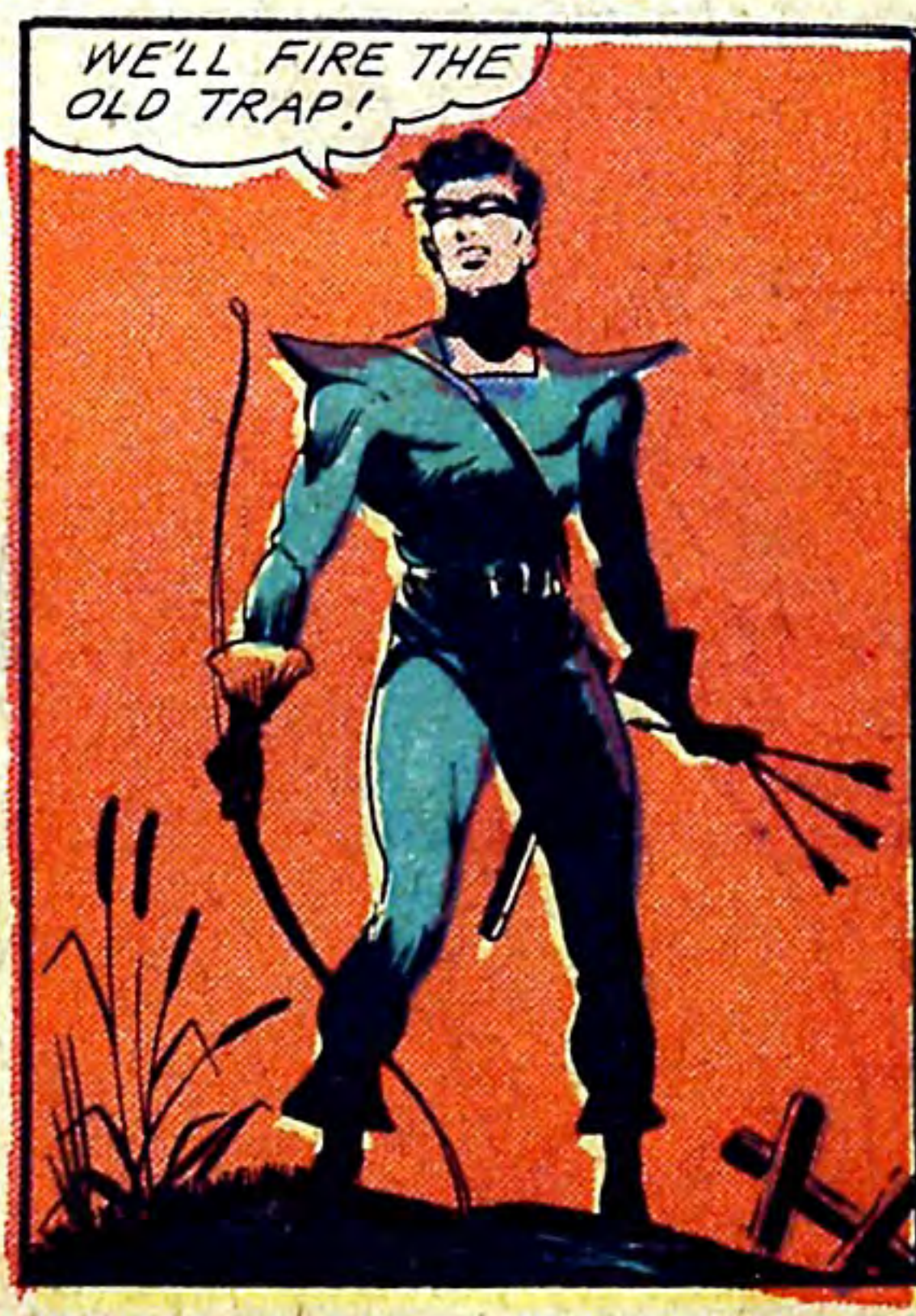
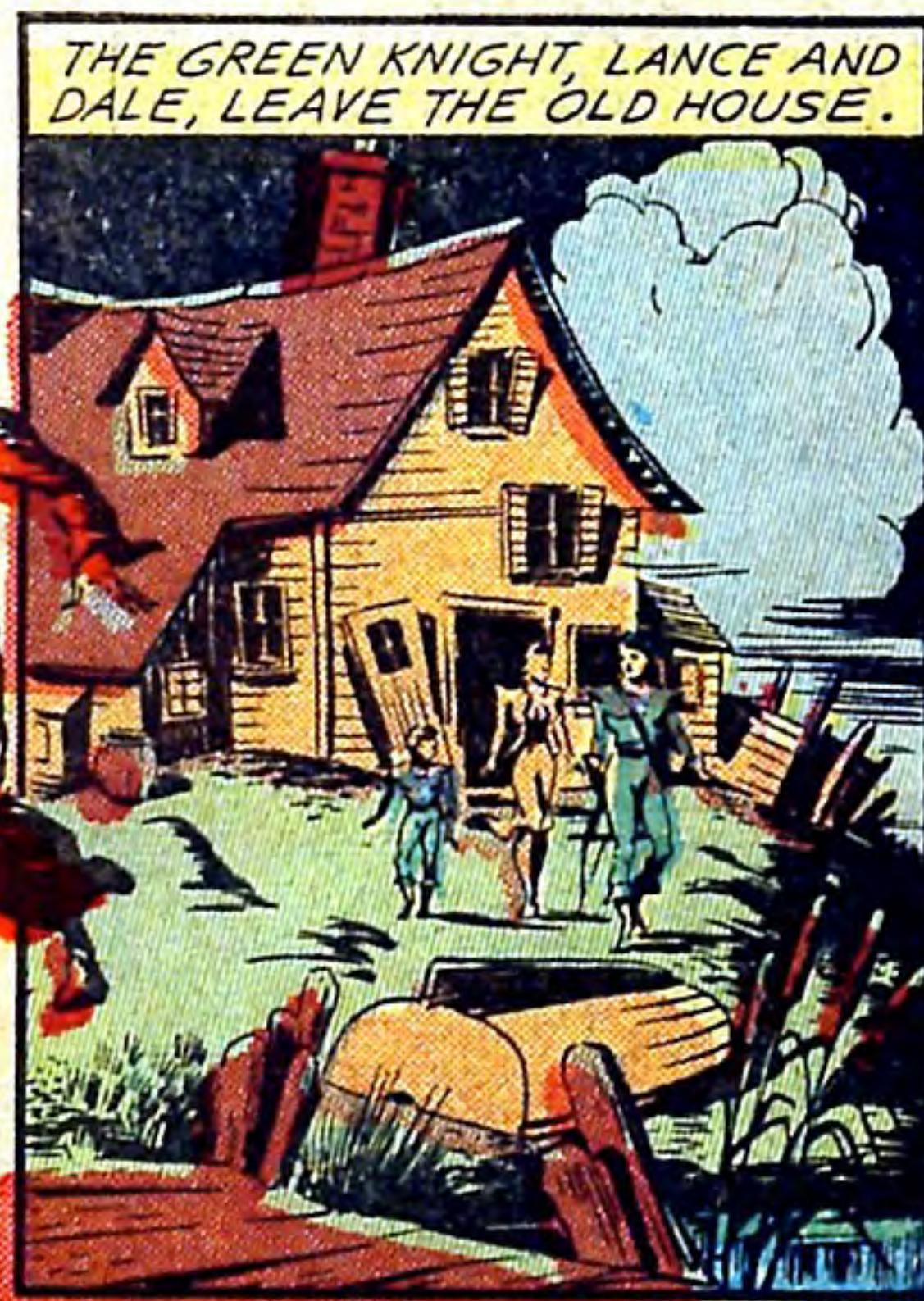
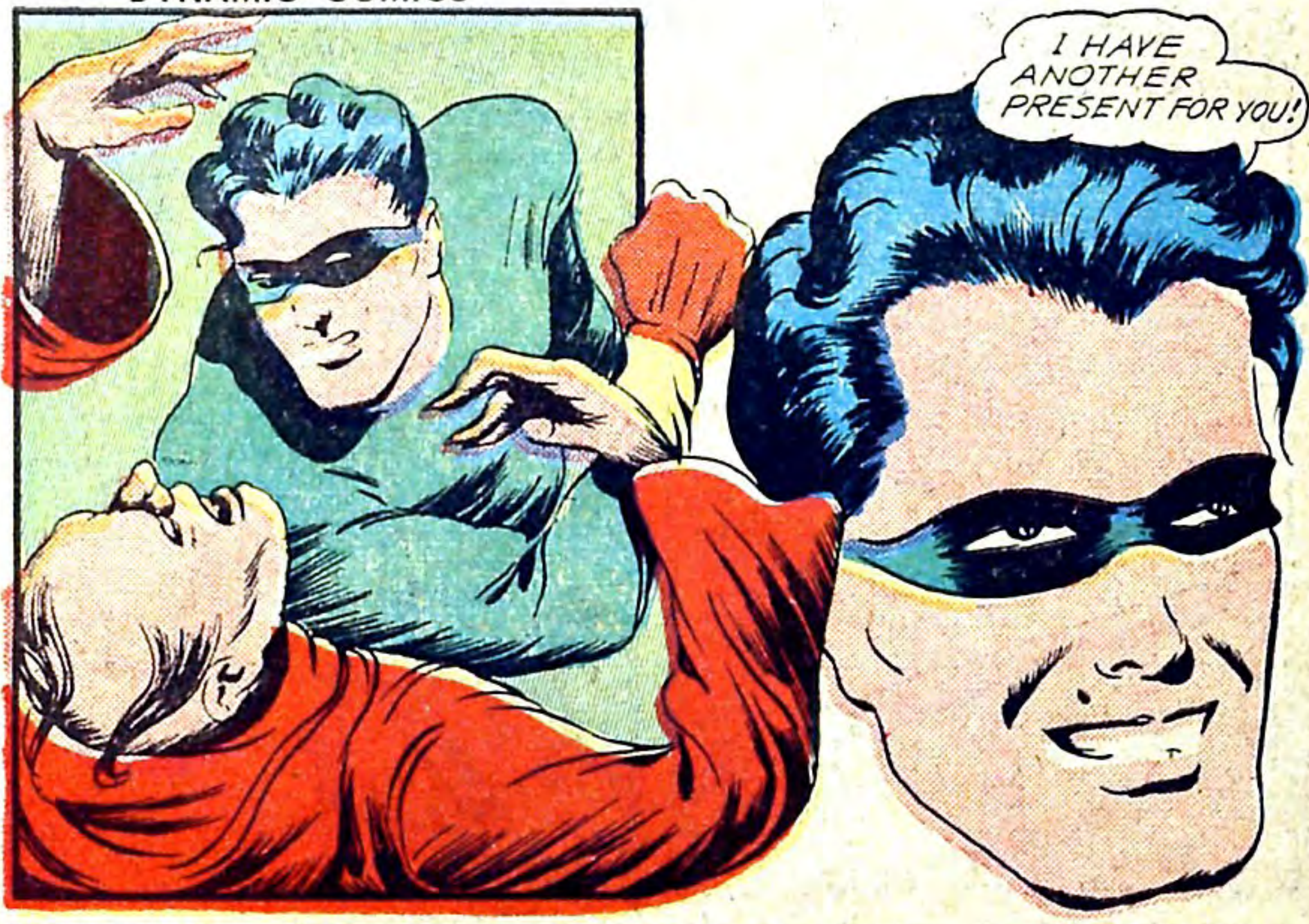
AT THAT MOMENT, TWO FIGURES APPROACH THE OLD HOUSE... THE GREEN KNIGHT AND LANCE.

WHAT...! ANOTHER VICTIM, YOU FIEND?



WE'RE JUST IN TIME!

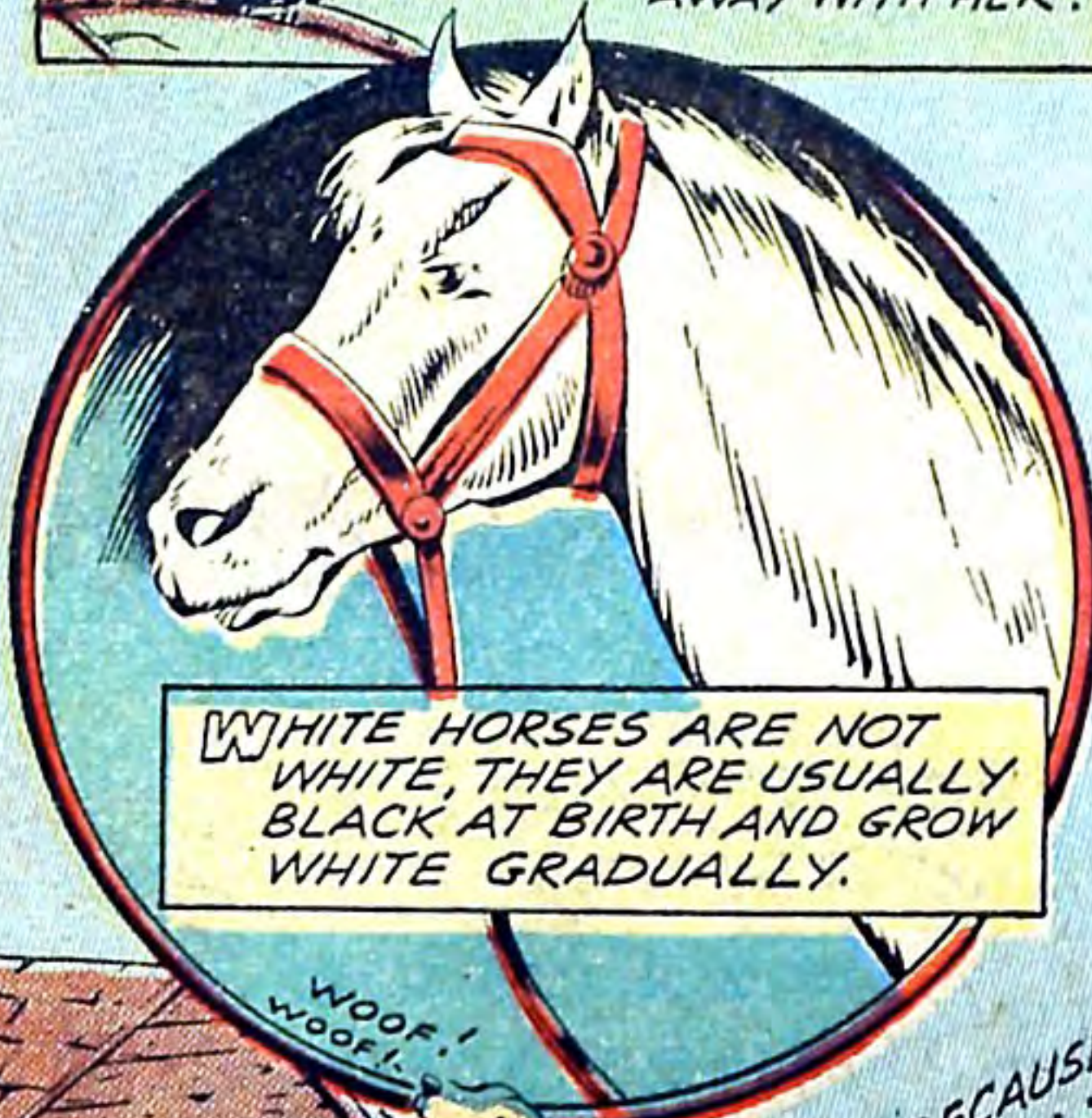




THAT'S ODD!



THE OWL SITS BESIDE A HEN ON A BOUGH, WHEN THE BOW GIVES WAY, THE OWL JUMPS ON THE HEN AND FLIES AWAY WITH HER.



WHITE HORSES ARE NOT WHITE, THEY ARE USUALLY BLACK AT BIRTH AND GROW WHITE GRADUALLY.

IT'S AGAIN THE LAW.



FOR A BOY 13 YEARS AND A GIRL 12 YEARS TO MARRY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.



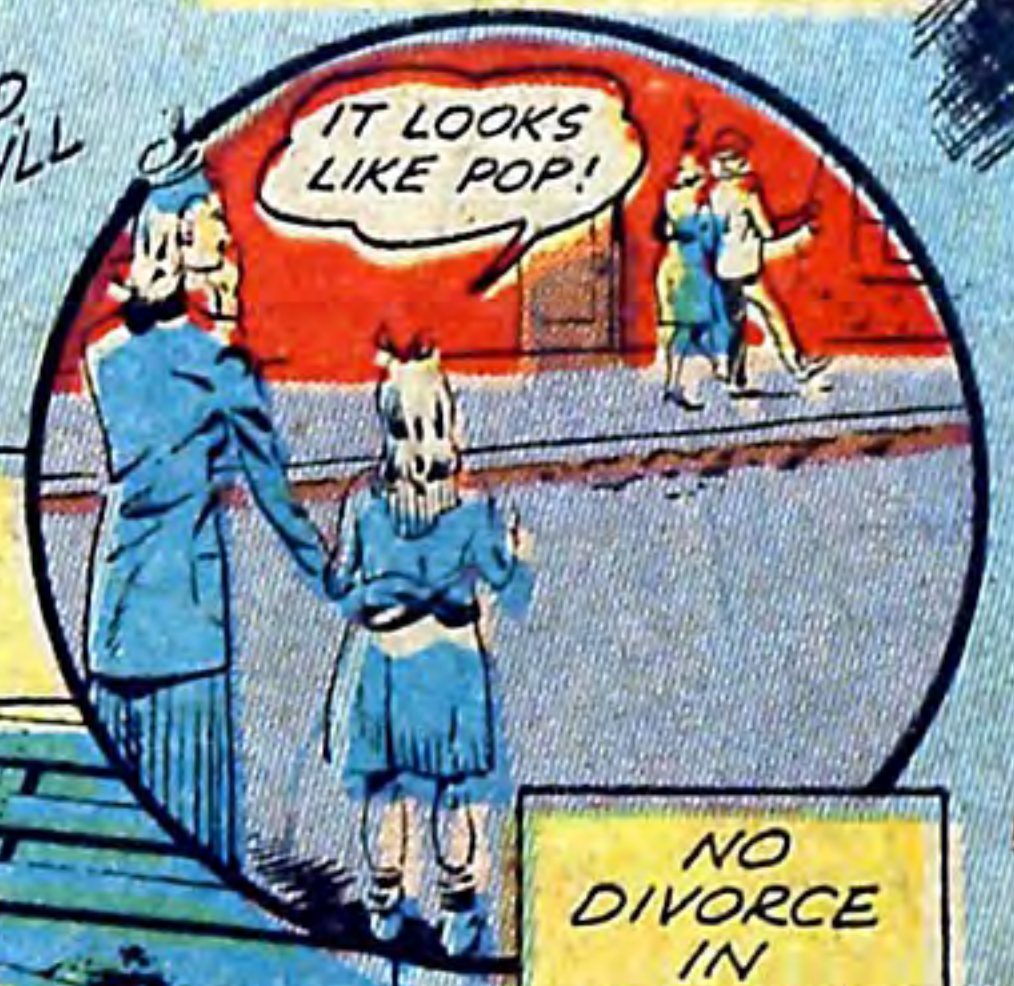
ELECTROCUTION IN NEW YORK STATE AUG-6TH 1890



FIRST POISON GAS ATTACK, YPRES, FRANCE APRIL-22ND 1915



DOGS BARK BECAUSE THEY'RE TIED UP. THEY GIVE THEM A YARD TO RUN IN AND THEY'LL STOP BARKING.



IT LOOKS LIKE POP!

NO DIVORCE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

DON'T TOUCH

A SQUIRREL, THEIR TEETH ARE SHARP AND THEY WILL BITE WITHOUT WARNING.



STATE MOTTOES

CALIFORNIA, "EUREKA" (I HAVE FOUND IT)
CONNECTICUT, OCT. 1842 - QUI TRANSTULIT SUSTINET. (HE WHO TRANSPLANTED STILL SUSTAINS).
NEBRASKA, MARCH-1867. EQUALITY BEFORE LAW.

STATE FLOWERS

ALABAMA GOLDEN ROD.
GEORGIA CHEROKEE ROSE.
VIRGINIA AMERICAN DOGWOOD.



SOLOMON FOUNDED THE FIRST TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM. 1012 - B.C.



IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO KEEP A ROOSTER IN MANY TOWNS AND VILLAGES.



HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

A STRATEGIC AIRPORT OF THE
R.A.F. SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ.

CAN AN ACE PILOT IN AN OBSOLETE
CRATE COPE WITH TRAINED
MEN IN THE MOST MODERN
PLANES? IT'S A QUESTION
LEFT FOR SERGEANT BELL
TO ANSWER.

ANOTHER OF OUR FRIENDS JOINS HIS DEPARTED COMRADES!

I'LL BET DALE TOOK A COUPLE OF HEINIES WITH HIM, SARGE?

A GREAT FLYER... BUT THAT'S THE GAME OF WAR.

KEN BATTLE
BILL FIELD
FRED PROCTOR
JIM DALE

INSIDE THE CANTEEN, FLIGHT SERGEANT BELL REPORTS THE LATEST CASUALTY.

SUDDENLY...

MESSAGE FROM HEAD-QUARTERS, SERGEANT! BLITZ STARTING AGAINST THIS SECTION. WE'RE ORDERED TO HOLD THE AIRPORT TO THE LAST MAN!

YOU HEARD THE ORDERS, MEN... UP WE GO!

THE NAZI'S BEGIN THE HAIL OF DEATH BEFORE THE R.A.F. MEN CAN REACH THEIR PLANES.

THEY'VE WRECKED MY SHIP, SARGE. I'D LIKE A CRACK AT 'EM.

HOP INTO MINE... I'LL USE ONE OF THE OLD TRAINING SHIPS!

WHAT A LOAD! TO THINK I'VE GOT TO LEAD THE SQUADRON IN THIS!

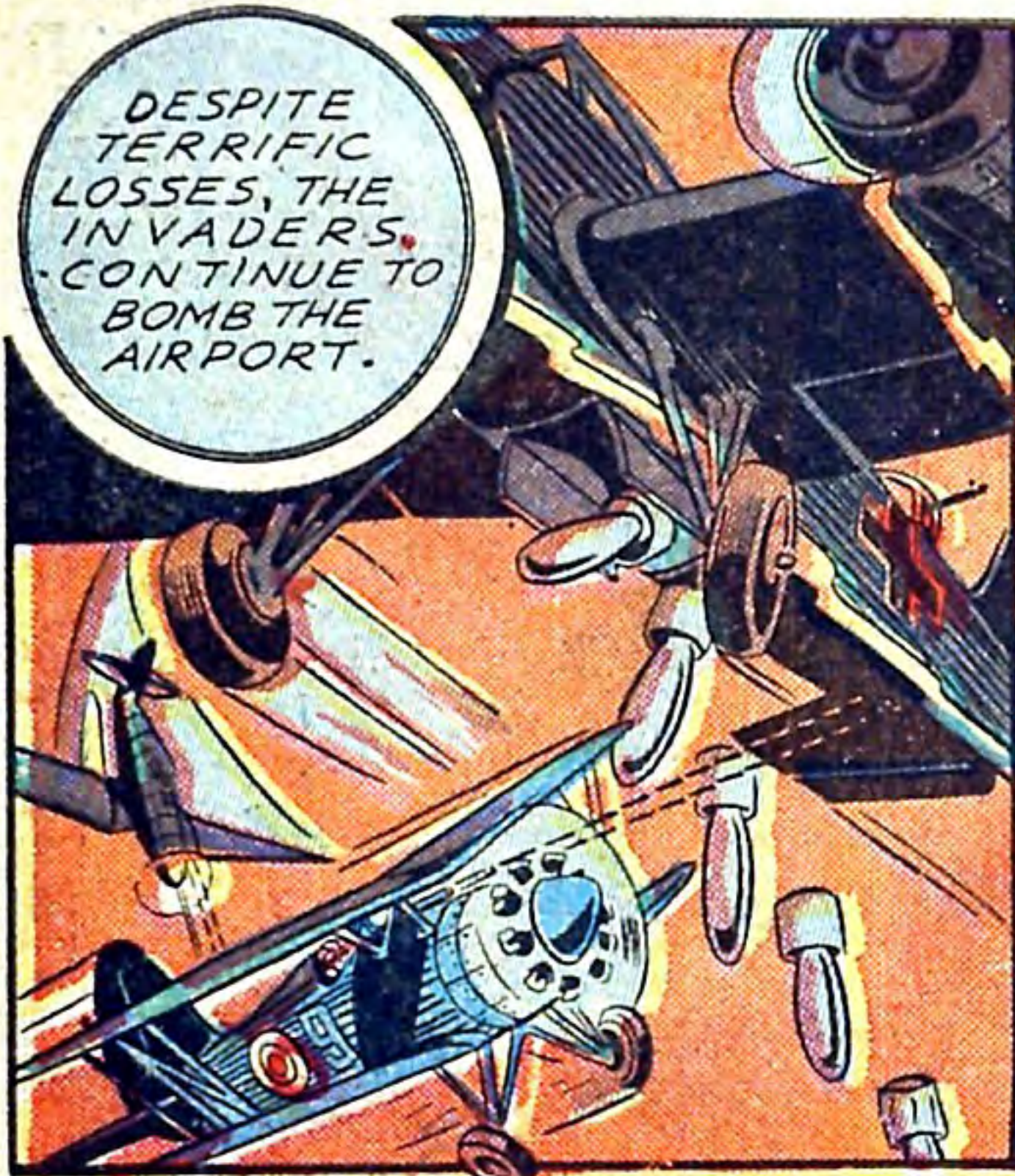
USING AN OLDFASHIONED LIGHT ARMED TRAINING SHIP, THE FLIGHT SERGEANT WINGS OFF TO JOIN THE OTHERS.

THE SMALL RAF PATROL PREPARES TO MEET THE CHALLENGE FROM THE NAZIS.

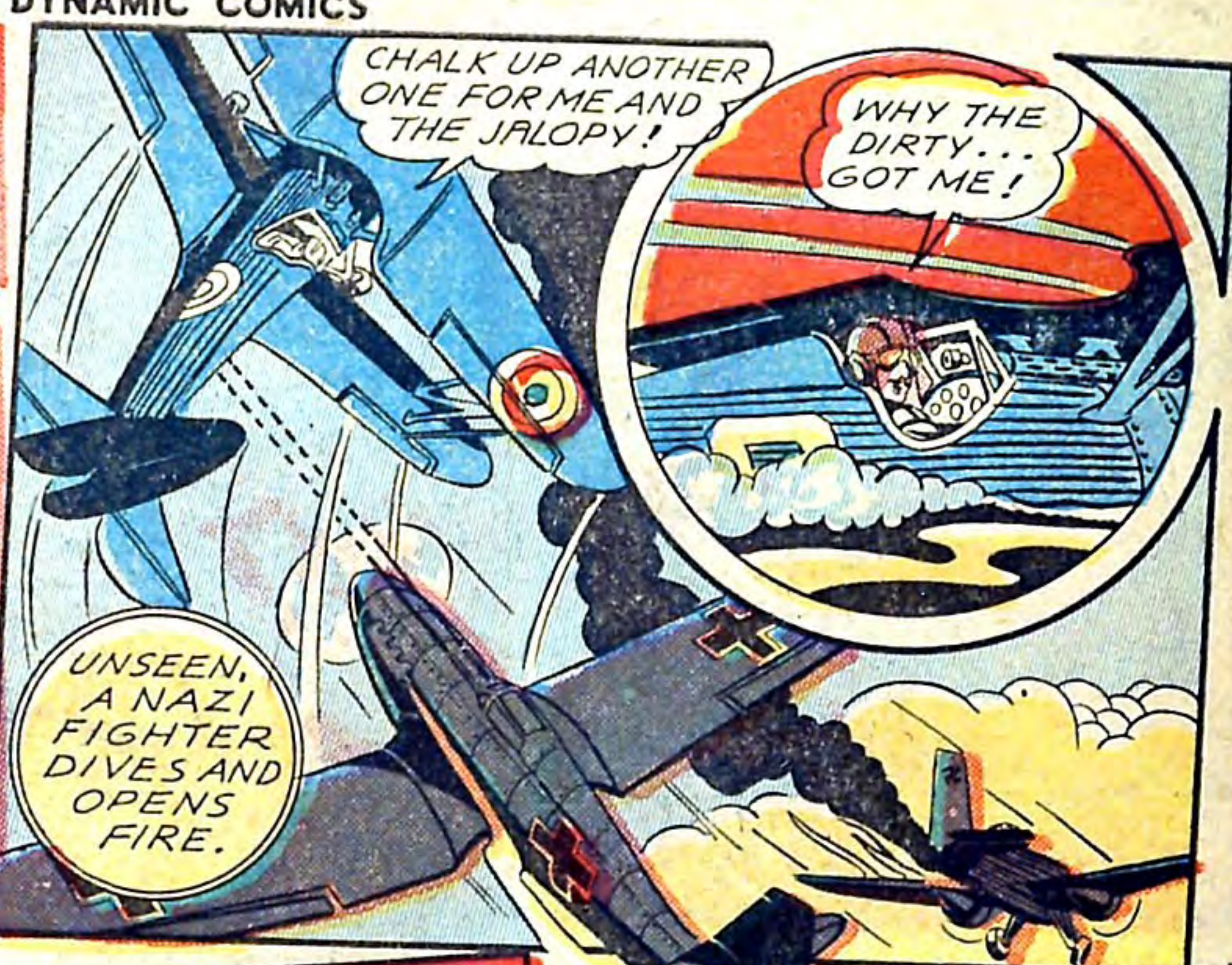
ONE OF THE BOYS' IN TROUBLE. MAYBE I CAN HELP?

IN SPITE OF HIS ANTIQUATED PLANE, SERGEANT BELL GOES TO AID A MEMBER OF HIS PATROL WITHOUT HESITATION.

PLANE AFTER PLANE CRASHES AS THE R.A.F. FIGHTERS BEAT OFF THE ATTACK.



DESPITE TERRIFIC LOSSES, THE INVADERS CONTINUE TO BOMB THE AIRPORT.



CHALK UP ANOTHER ONE FOR ME AND THE JALOPY!

WHY THE DIRTY... GOT ME!

UNSEEN, A NAZI FIGHTER DIVES AND OPENS FIRE.



THEY'RE LEAVING. AFRAID OF A FEW BRITISHERS. HMM... I'VE GOT TO LAND THIS... PLANES ARE VALUABLE!

THE R. A. F.'S DEVASTATING ATTACK SENDS THE ENEMY FLEEING... BUT THE FLIGHT SERGEANT HAS HIS TROUBLES.



DOUSE THE FIRE AND WHIP THE OLD JALOPY INTO RUNNING SHAPE... WE'LL NEED EVERY SHIP!

YES SIR!



THAT LEAVES NINE OF US, THE HOME OFFICE CAN'T SPARE ANOTHER PLANE AND I'LL BET THEM HEATHENS'LL BE BACK!

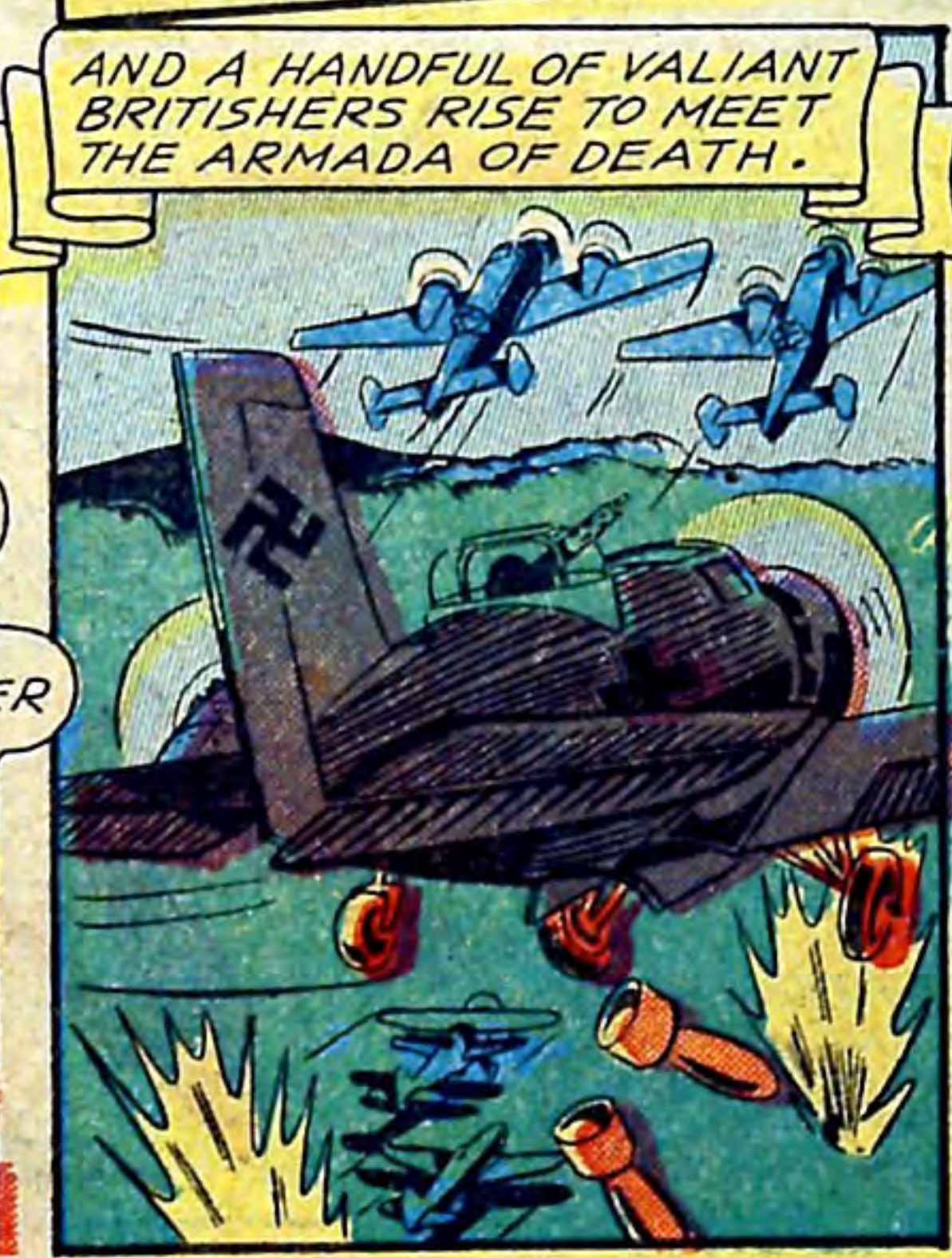
WE GOT TWENTY SEVEN OF THE BLIGHTERS, SARGE, BUT THEY TOOK EIGHT GOOD MEN!



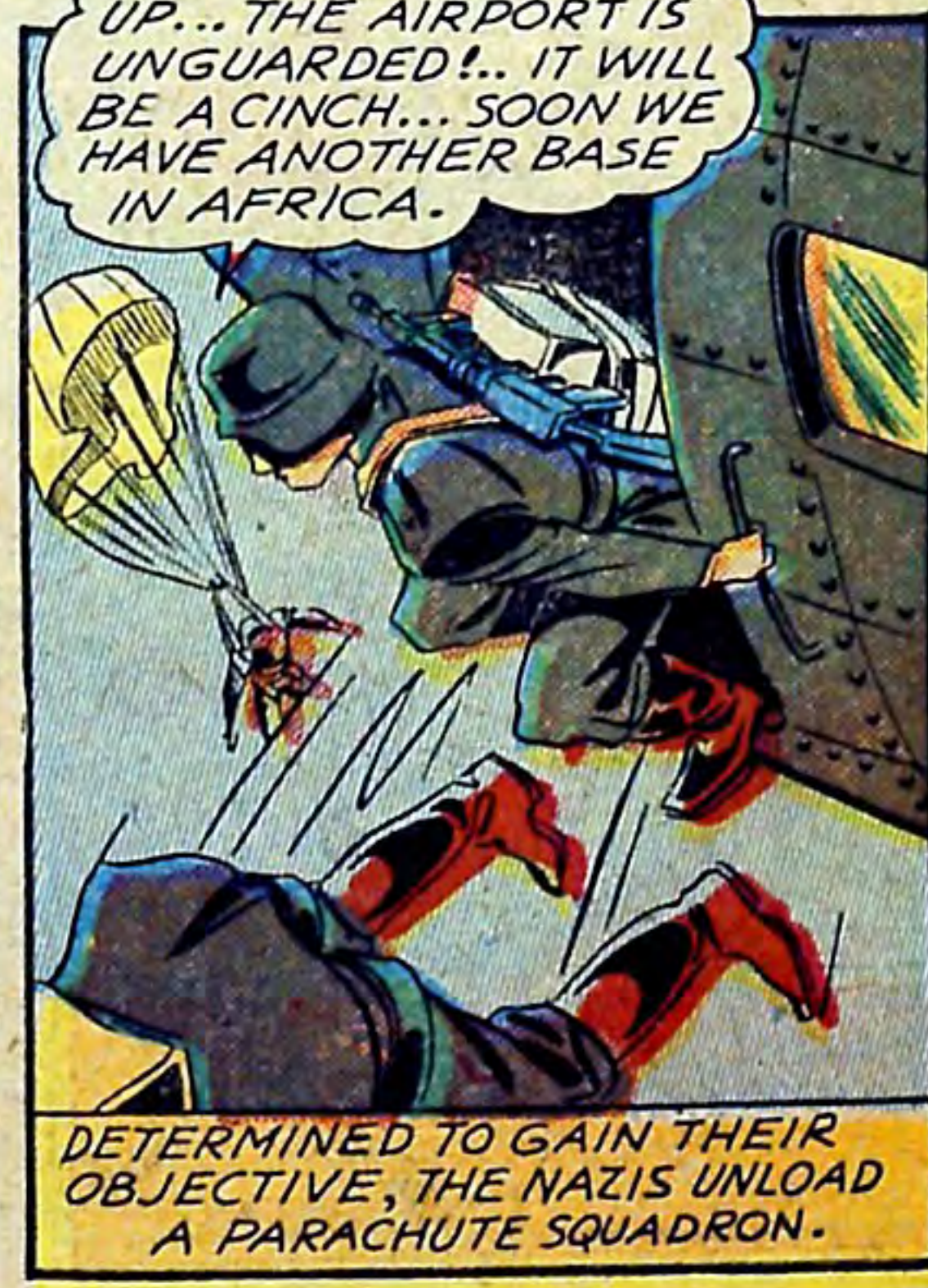
SUDDENLY, THE SKY IS DARKENED WITH COMING PLANES.

LOOK, THEY'RE COMING... MILLIONS OF THEM!

NINE AGAINST A MILLION... BUT THAT SHOULDN'T STOP US. ORDER THE PATROL UP!

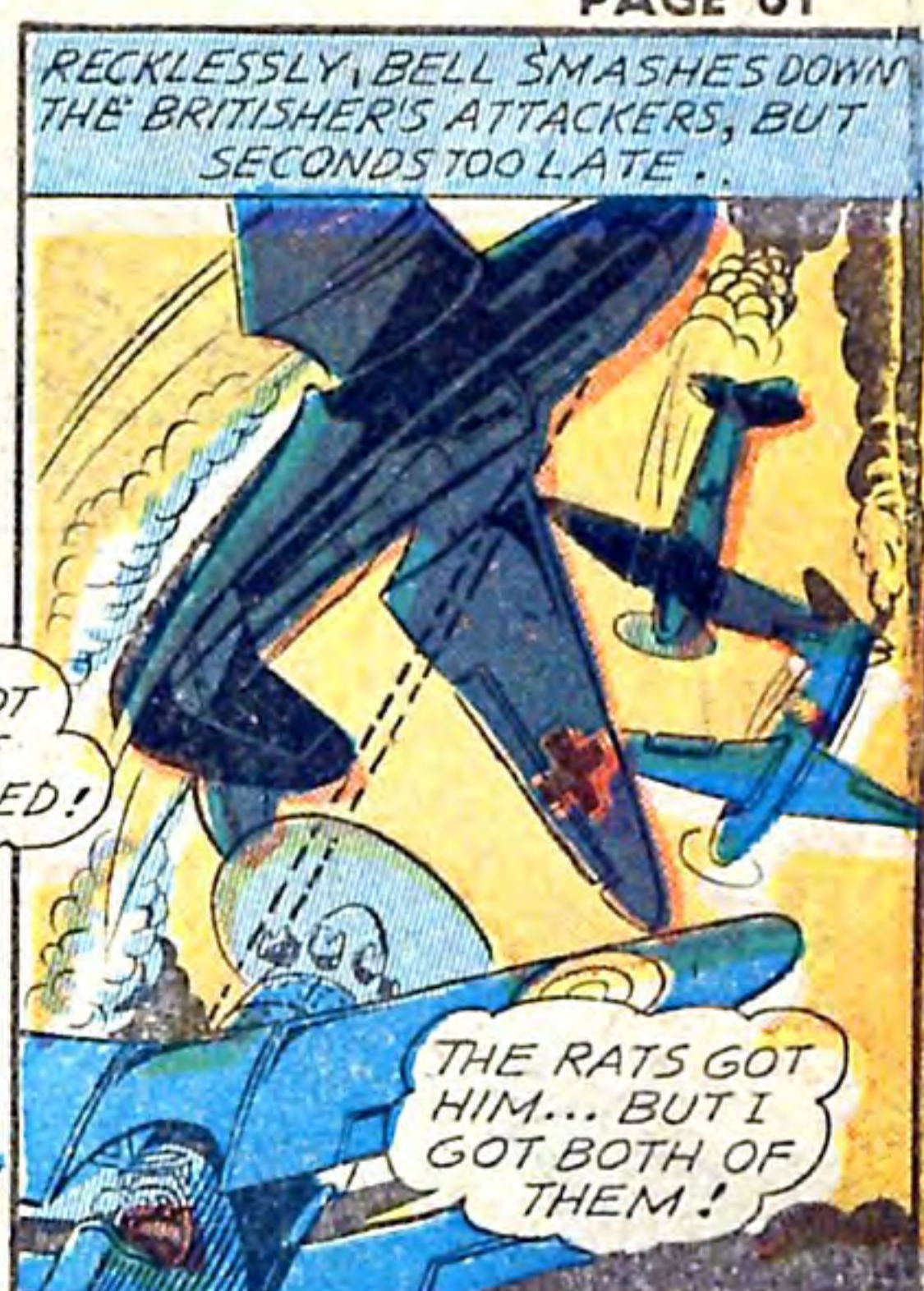
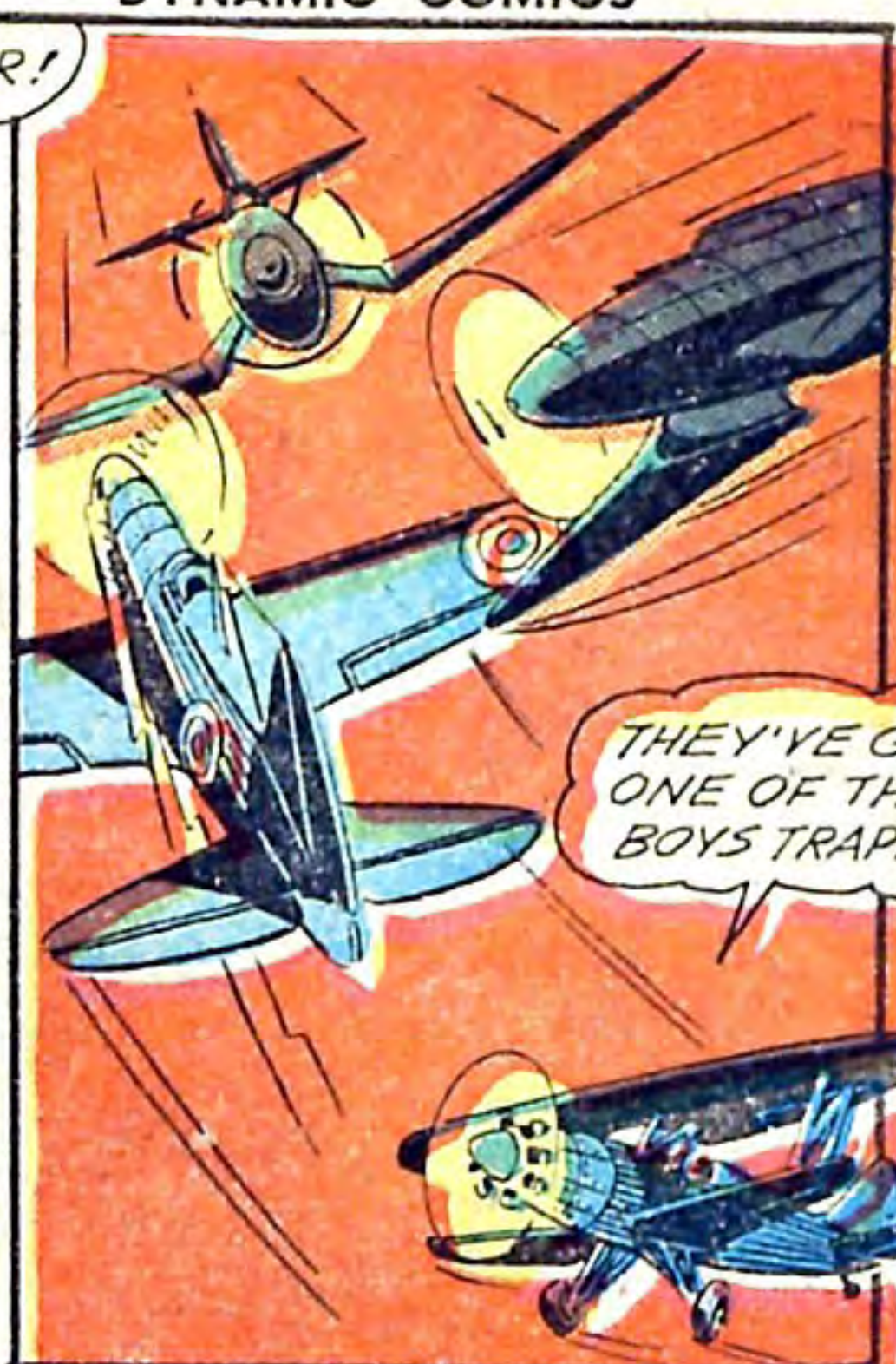


AND A HANDFUL OF VALIANT BRITISHERS RISE TO MEET THE ARMADA OF DEATH.

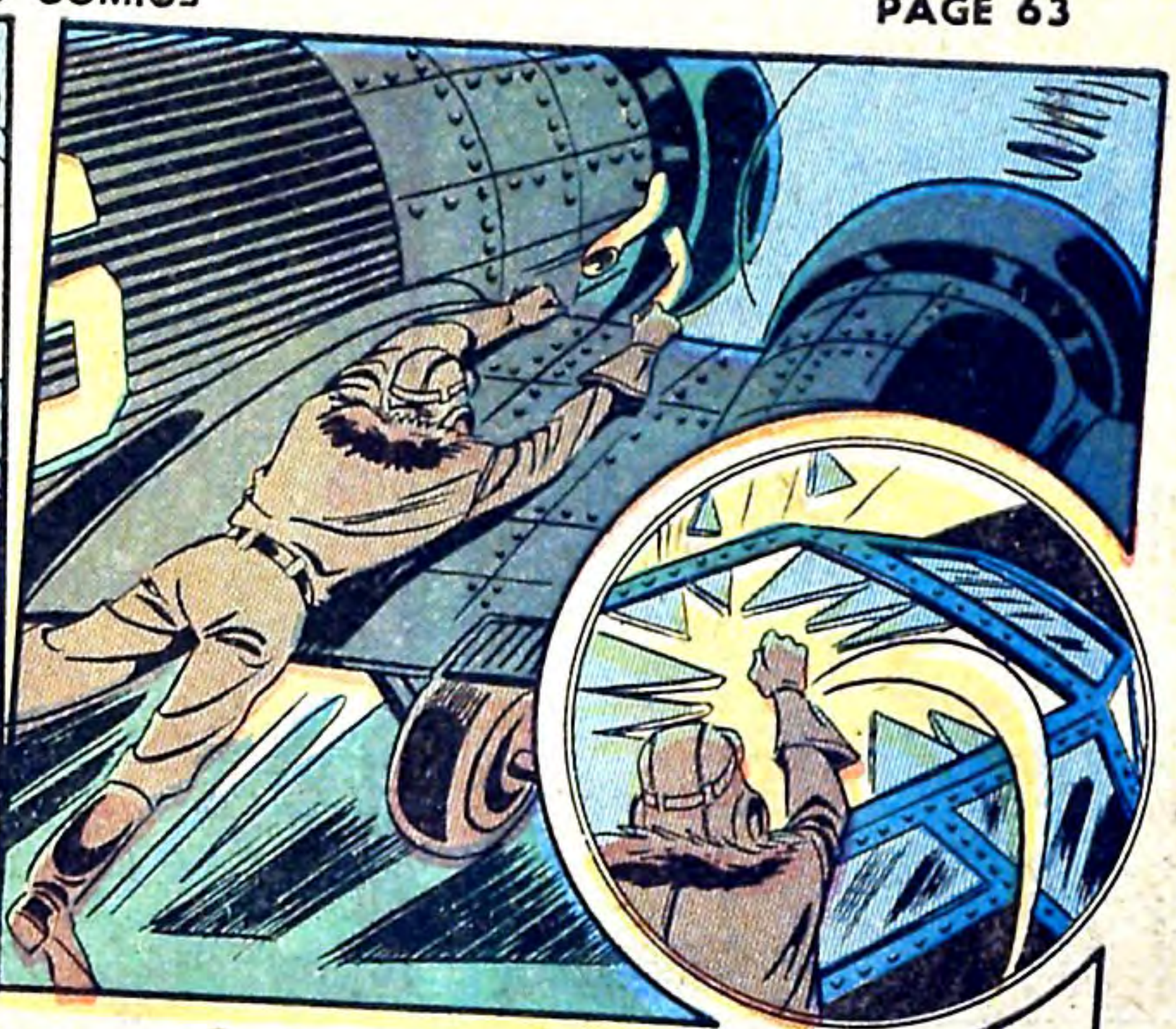
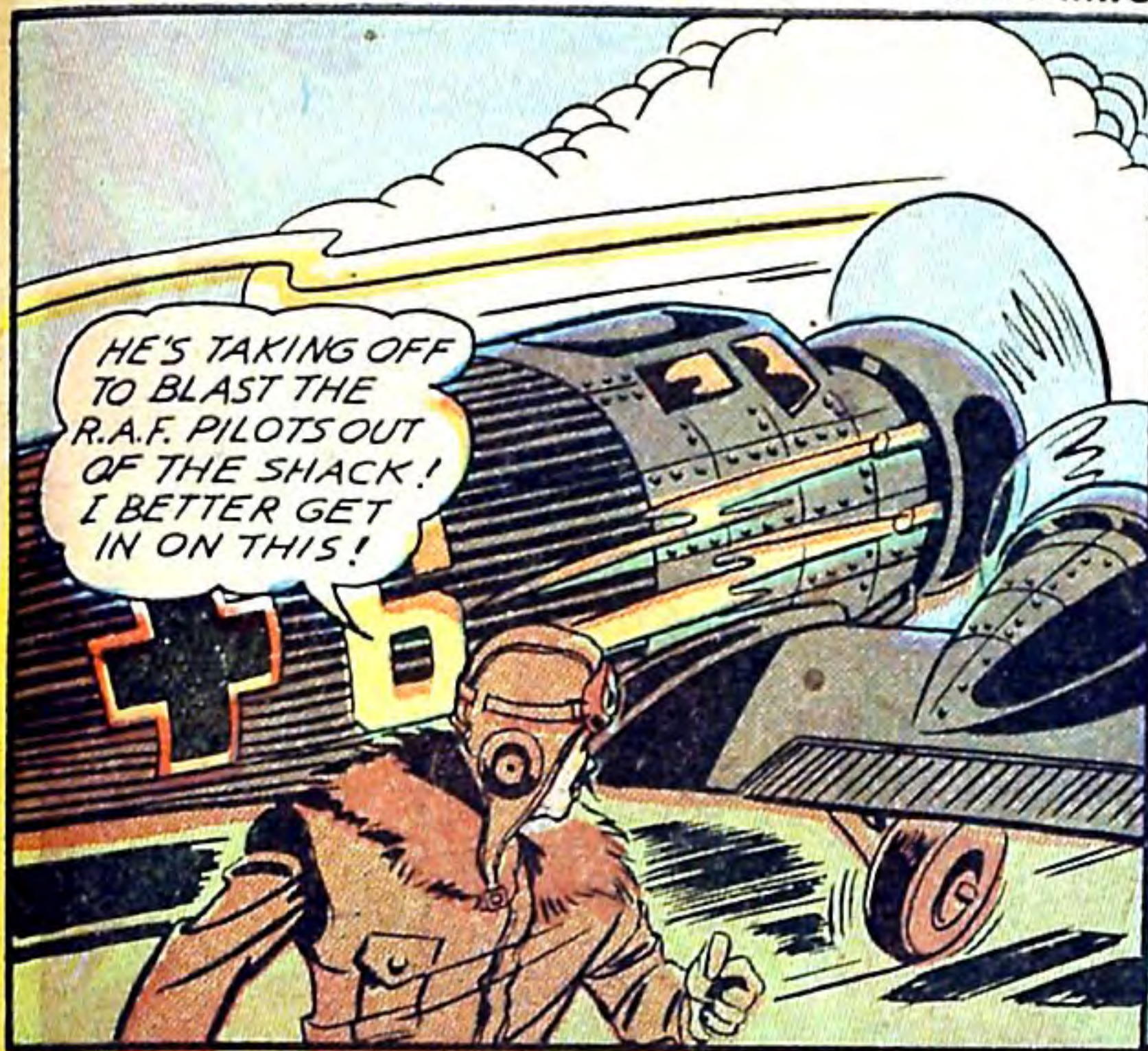


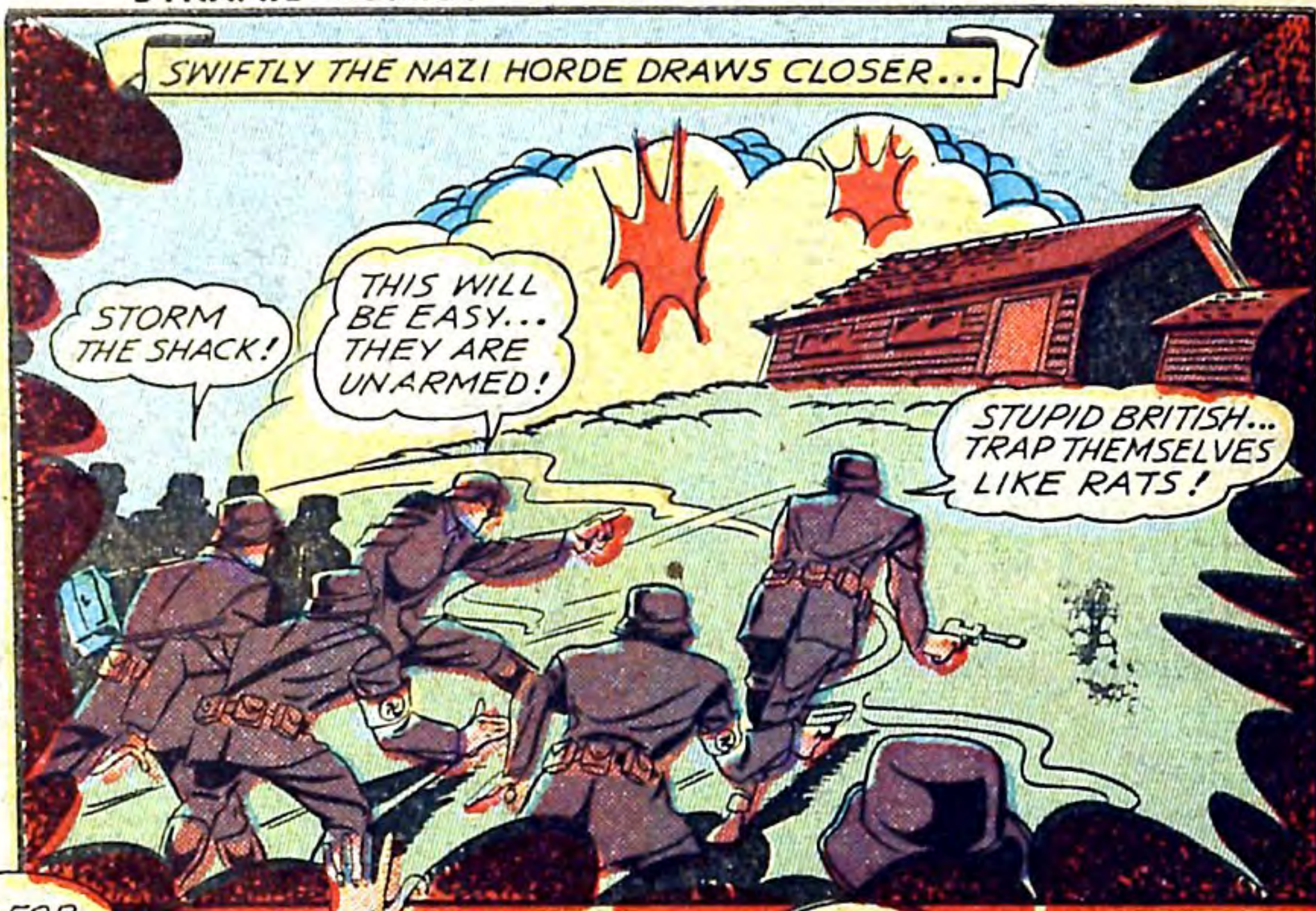
THE PLANES ARE UP... THE AIRPORT IS UNGUARDED!.. IT WILL BE A CINCH... SOON WE HAVE ANOTHER BASE IN AFRICA.

DETERMINED TO GAIN THEIR OBJECTIVE, THE NAZIS UNLOAD A PARACHUTE SQUADRON.

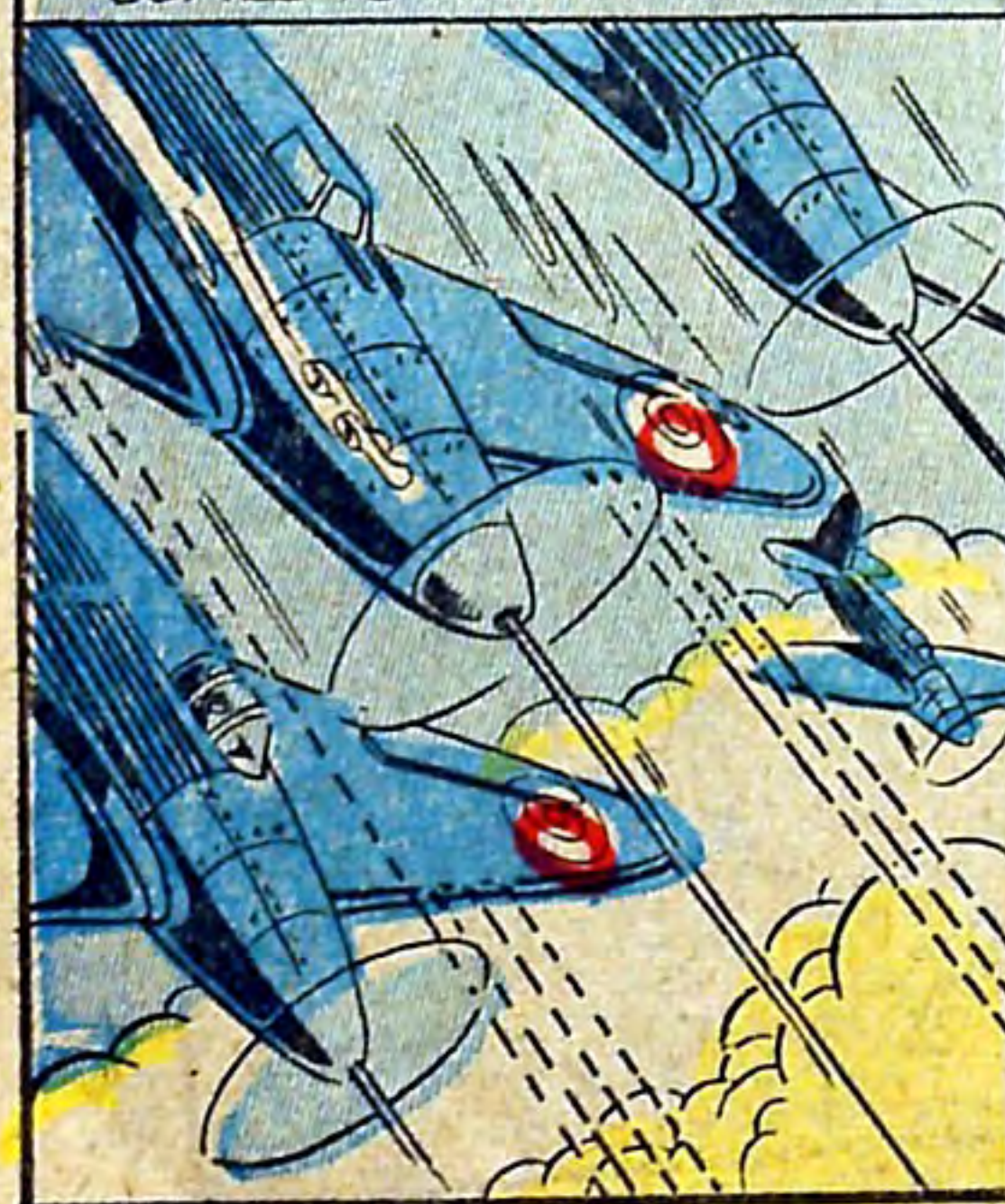








SUDDENLY, A DRONE OF FAMILIAR MOTORS AND A R.A.F. SQUADRON COMES TO THE RESCUE.



INSTANTLY, THE BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS OPEN AN ATTACK. TRAPPED, THE NAZI MEN AND MACHINES ARE SHATTERED BY THE DEADLY FIRE.



IT'S THE GLORY OF THE R.A.F. ALL RIGHT! THAT WE OWE OUR SKINS TO, EH, MEN?



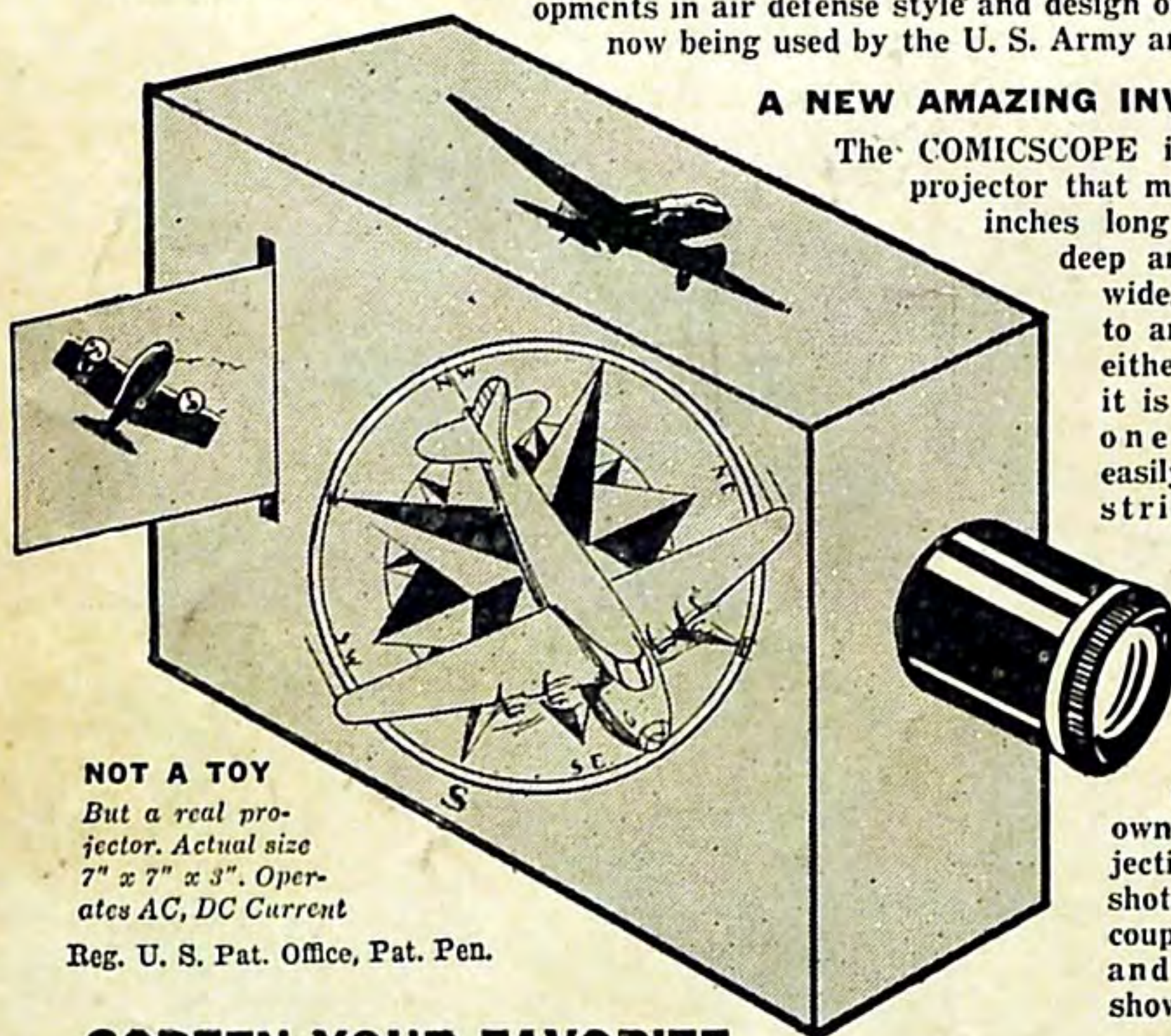
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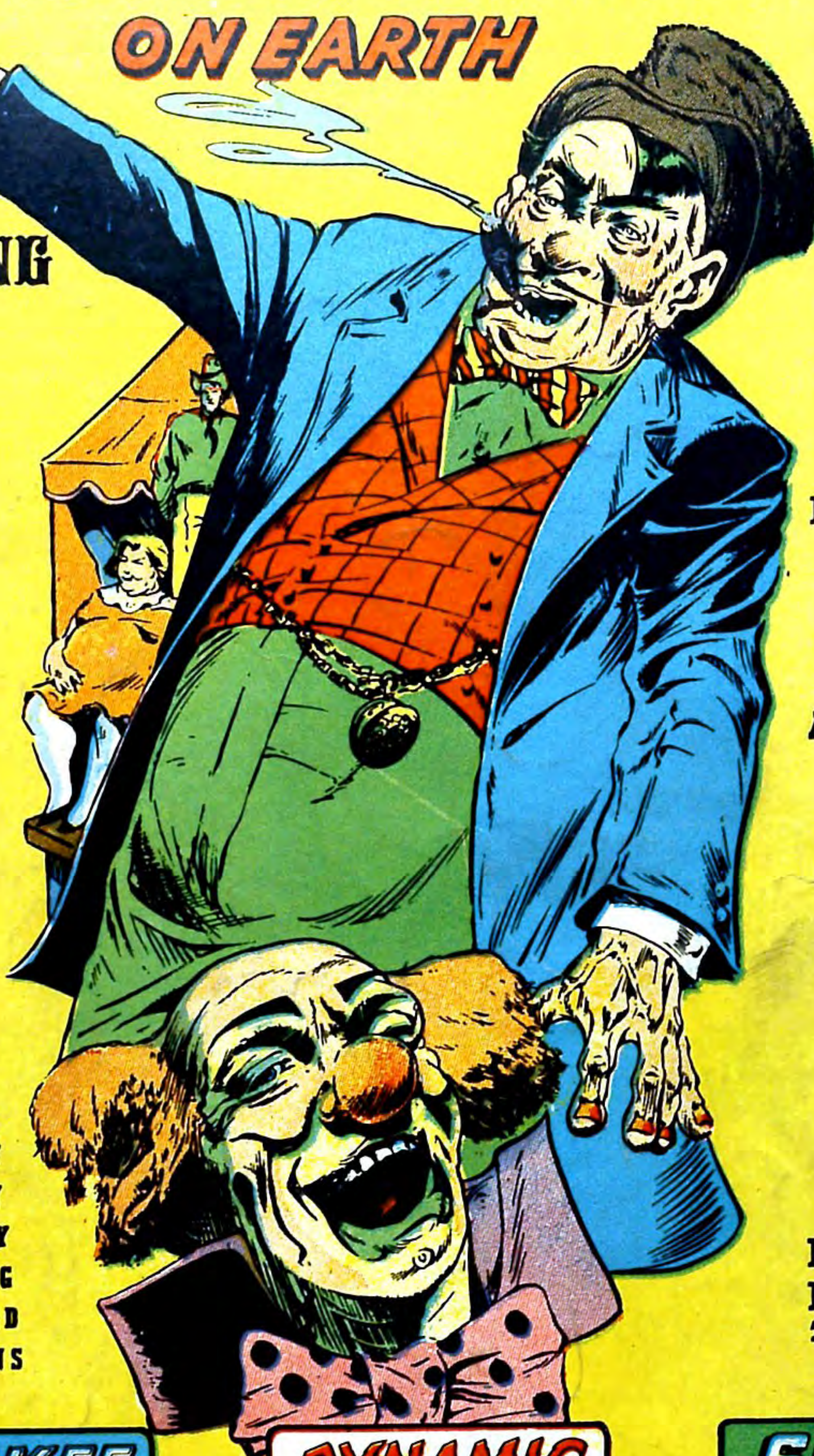
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